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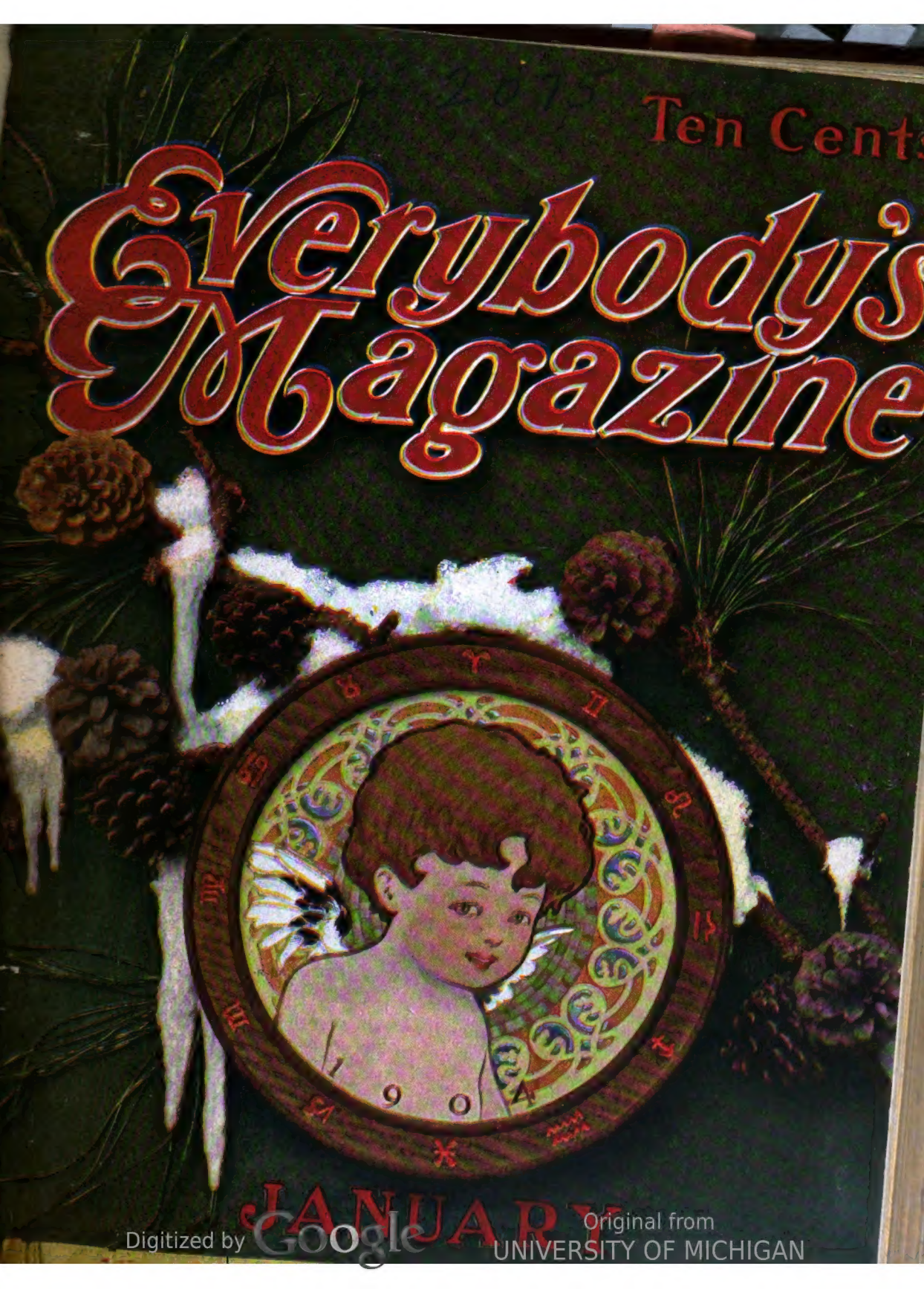

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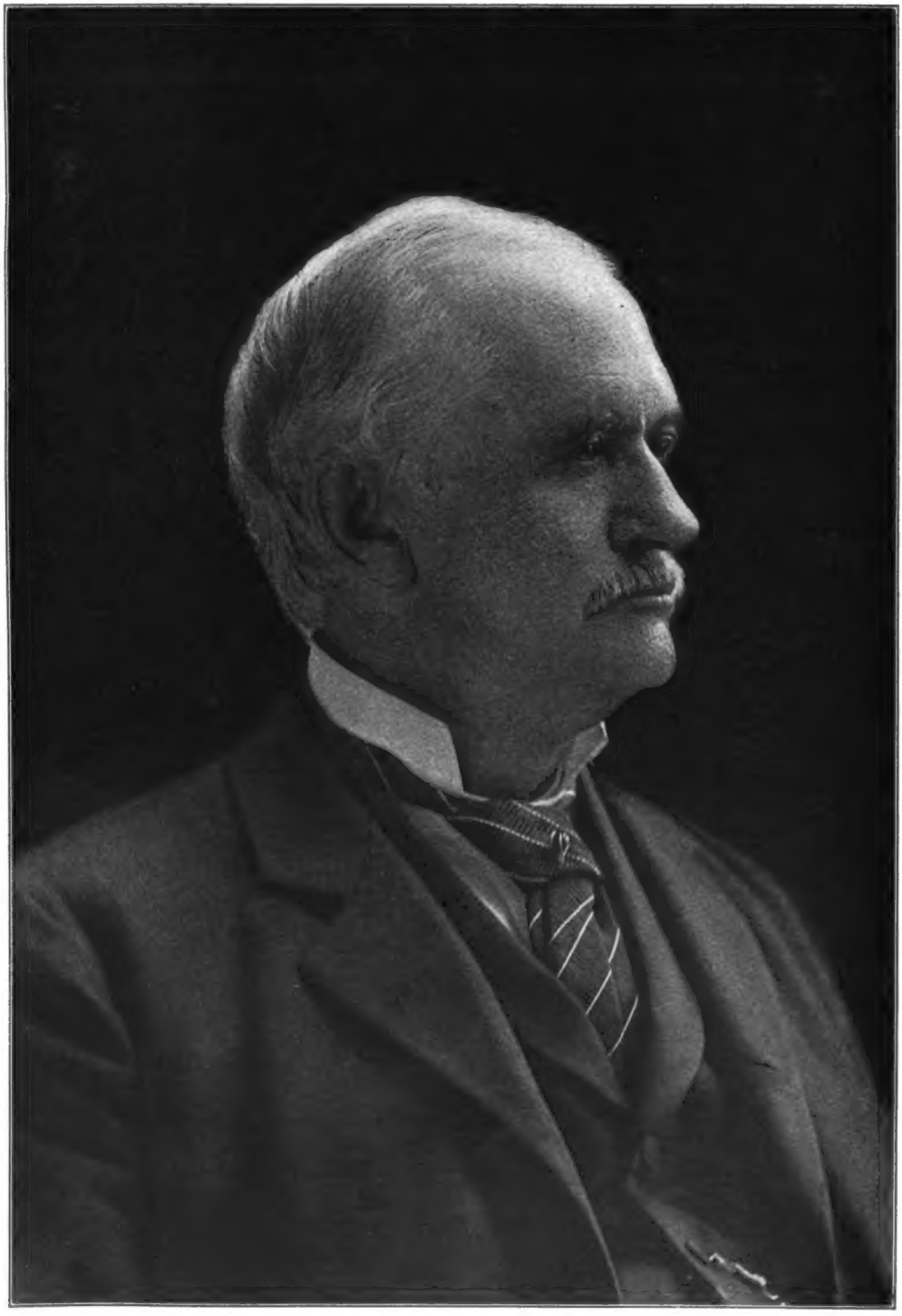

SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, OF ALABAMA.

The distinguished champion of an Isthmian Canal, who believes the waterway should be across Nicaragua rather than by way of Panama.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. X. JANUARY, 1904. No. 1.

AND WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

By Ex-Speaker David B. Henderson*

A clear, brief summing-up of the three vital questions—The Canal; The Tariff; Finance—that are now being discussed by the ablest Senators and Representatives in the Fifty-eighth Congress

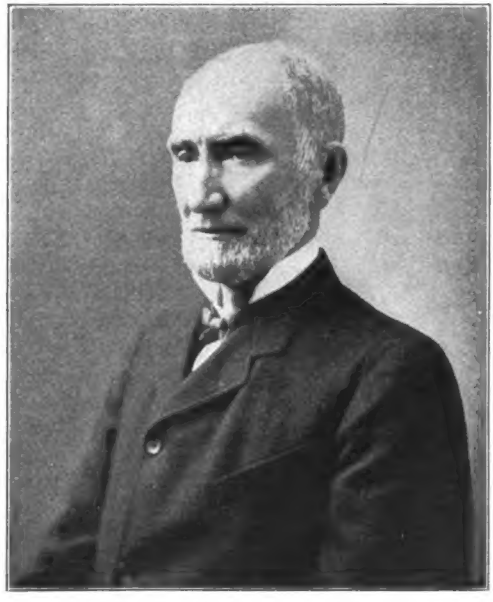
IN his proclamation calling an extra session of Congress to meet November 9th, the President named only one reason: the passage of legislation to put into operation the treaty which the Senate has ratified, fixing our commercial and reciprocal relations with Cuba. But there are other great questions before the body which is now in its regular Fifty-eighth Session. Three important problems are being talked and thought of by the people, and upon them there should be quick, wise action or assurance of rest. These are:

1st. The Isthmian Canal question.

2d. The Tariff question.

3d. The Money question.

It is fortunate for the country that the money question will be handled in both Houses by strong, well-posted men skilled in financial legislation, who are giving close attention to the involved problems of our monetary system. There is Aldrich in the Senate, Chairman of the Committee on Finance. He believes in action, but not merely for the sake of action, always has a strong motive when recommending legislation, carefully plans his campaigns and then moves to win, but never to destroy. There is also Senator Allison, a member of the same committee, ever safe and far-seeing, who is against any legislation until he knows it can be safely enacted, and when "in doubt" will not try to "win the trick." Unless these two Senators are fully agreed to favor financial legislation grave doubts may be entertained of Senatorial action. Senators Platt, of Connecticut, Hanna, of Ohio, and Spooner, of Wisconsin, three thoughtful and courageous men, are also potential Senatorial factors. On the Democratic side we have Senator Daniel, of Virginia, a lawyer of ability, and a writer of law books, and an orator, who, before he entered the Senate, was a member of the House. Senators



SPEAKER J. G. CANNON, ILLINOIS.

*EDITOR'S NOTE.—David B. Henderson, of Iowa, refused assured re-election to Congress and the Speakership because he opposed certain tenets of the Iowa State platform. Like his predecessor, Speaker Reed, he has come to New York to practise law. The article was delivered November 2d, and is the ex-Speaker's first utterance on politics since his retirement. An ardent protectionist, Mr. Henderson voices his own convictions on the tariff. The case for the opposition will be stated in our next number by a prominent Democrat.

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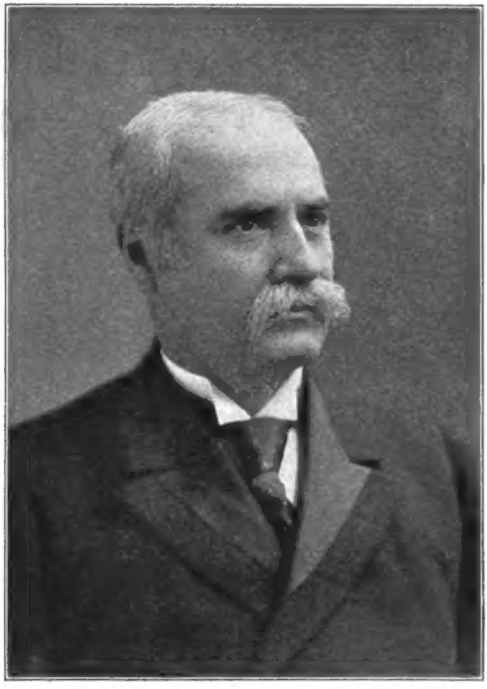

SENATOR N. W. ALDRICH, RHODE ISLAND.

SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON, IOWA.

Teller and Money have both been life-long students of financial problems.

SENATOR J. C. SPOONER, WISCONSIN.

The House of Representatives is fully provided with experts on money questions. Indeed, Mr. Speaker Reed used to say there were too many money experts in the House. Its financial leaders are Fowler, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, Hill, Overstreet, Payne, Dalzell, McCleary, Babcock, and Curtis, of Kansas, all of whom have borne part in past contests. On the other side there are such vigorous talkers and thinkers as Thayer, of Massachusetts, and Pugsley, of New York. The latter, a banker by profession, is perhaps the ablest Democrat in the House on financial matters and he has made a special study of our monetary laws and needs. These men with Judge Bartlett, of Georgia, a tireless student of the subject, are on the House Committee on Banking. The incoming Speaker, Mr. Cannon, has always had well-defined ideas and convictions on the money question.

What are the issues in the monetary controversy? The gold standard is fixed, and notwithstanding sceptics and critics it will remain fixed. Until the present able Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Shaw, took office, federal bonds alone were used as security for deposits of the public moneys. Secretary Shaw changed this, and State and municipal bonds are now received as secu-

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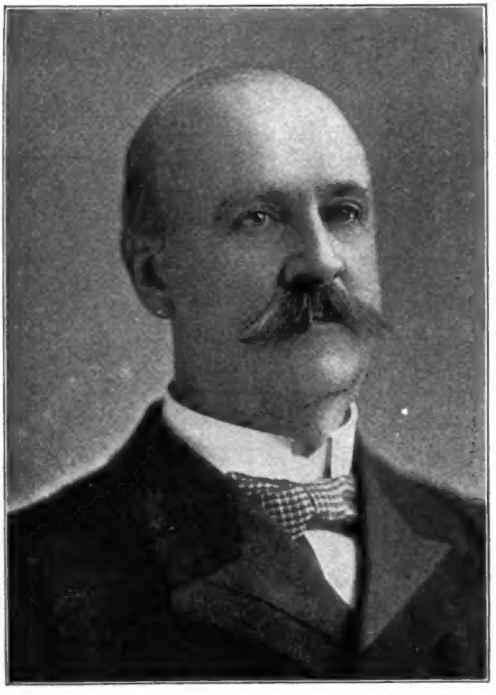

SENATOR A. O. BACON, GEORGIA.

SENATOR F. M. COCKRELL, MISSOURI.

rity for public deposits, but only in exchange on the basis of about seventy-five per cent. for United States five-per-cent. bonds now held for that purpose.

Section 5153 of the Revised Statutes, as amended, provides, in part, as follows:

". . . and such depositaries may also be employed as financial agents of the Government and they shall perform all such reasonable duties as depositaries of public moneys and financial agents of the Government as may be required of them. The Secretary of the Treasury shall require the associations thus designated to give satisfactory security, by the deposit of United States bonds and otherwise, for the safe keeping and prompt payment of the public moneys deposited with them, . . ."

The Secretary of the Treasury construed this to empower him to use other than United States bonds and is acting upon that construction. There are now about $29,000,000 of Government deposits thus secured, including $5,000,000 of Philippine certificates. So that to-day municipal bonds are received by the Government, under strong regulations, as security for public moneys deposited in national depositaries.

Senator Aldrich introduced a bill on February 11, 1903, going further than the Secretary, to make available securities for United States deposits, "the first mortgage bonds of any railroad company, not including street railway bonds, which has paid dividends of

SENATOR A. P. GORMAN, MARYLAND.

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CONGRESSMAN J. W. BABCOCK, WISCONSIN.

CONGRESSMAN J. A. T. HULL, IOWA.

CONGRESSMAN W. P. HEPBURN, IOWA.

not less than four per centum per annum regularly and continuously on its entire capital stock for a period of not less than ten years previous to the deposit of bonds." The Aldrich proposition has many friends, but a large, conservative element in the country is unwilling to try this experiment, at least for the present. It seems as though the Secretary of the Treasury had gone quite far enough in the construction of the federal statute above quoted, and it may be doubted whether Congress will permit such liberal legislation as the Aldrich bill proposes. Indeed, there are many able men who shake their heads gravely at the Secretary's action, but few will claim there is any real danger. The Secretary has proceeded most cautiously under his construction of the federal act, for he has only about $29,000,000 secured by municipal bonds while there is in round numbers about $170,000,000 in national bank depositaries.

Some monetary legislation may be stimulated by the available cash balance of the Treasury, which, on October 27, 1903, amounted to about $225,000,000. But it should be observed that the receipts and expenditures of the Government are running nearly together. From the statements of the Government on October 27, 1903, it appears that the excess of receipts over expenditures only amounted to $1,201,000. Surely this is a safer condition for our people than borrowing millions of gold to meet the current expenses of the Government. This growing available cash balance will certainly attract the attention of thoughtful legislators, but without inducing extravagance. It is safe to say that, remembering the conservative make-up of the Fifty-eighth Congress, the men who are long on brains and short on speculative tendencies will safely guard the monetary interests of the people.

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL

Early in the extra session look for a vigorous pyrotechnical display on the Isthmian Canal, with that conscientious, able Senator, John T. Morgan, in the lead. He has long advocated the building of the Nicaraguan Canal and Colonel Hepburn of the House, Chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, was equally vigorous in advocating the same route. Under the lead, however, of Senators Hanna, Spooner, and Platt, of New York, the Panama Canal project received the recognition of the Senate, and the House conferees yielded, though not cheerfully, to the legislative will. Spooner, of Wisconsin, secured the passage of an amendment which provided for the payment of $40,000,000 to the New Panama Canal Company of France for all their

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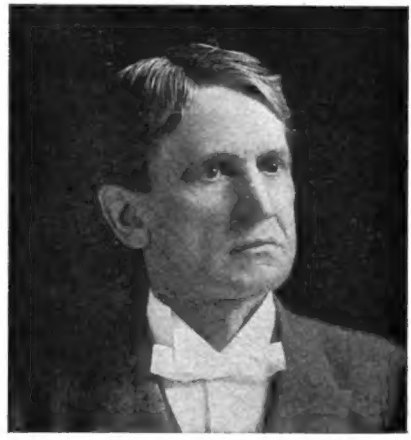
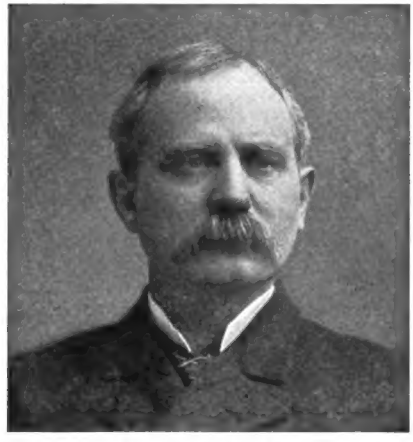
rights, privileges, franchises, concessions, grants of land, right of way, unfinished work, plants, and other property; at the same time providing that if the Government of Colombia failed to grant proper concessions to the United States for the carrying out of the Act, the President should then turn to the Nicaraguan route and, "within a reasonable time and upon reasonable terms," build the canal by that route. The Colombian Government, being deaf, dumb, and blind to the spirit of the age and to its own interests, has thus far done nothing, and the friends of the Nicaraguan route contend that the time has arrived for the President to act. The President cannot lightly pass over the preference of Congress, and it is his duty to consider seriously before abandoning its manifest purpose, a purpose which was applauded and approved by the American people. Representative Burton, of Ohio, voiced the sentiment of the country when he exclaimed: "It is in the power of Congress to declare that we shall have a canal between the two oceans, and I say: 'Way for the canal! Make way!'"

The cost, including everything, as estimated for the Nicaraguan Canal, is about $205,000,000; by the Panama Canal, including the $40,000,000 purchase, about $182,000,000, or $20,000,000 less by the Panama than by the Nicaraguan route. The advantages stated by the Commission concerning the Panama Canal are that it is 134.57 miles shorter than the Nicaraguan from sea to sea, it being 49.9 miles by the Panama as against 183.66 by the Nicaraguan route. It should be remembered, however, that the cost of either route can only be approximated by the wisest engineers and may largely exceed any estimate we yet have.

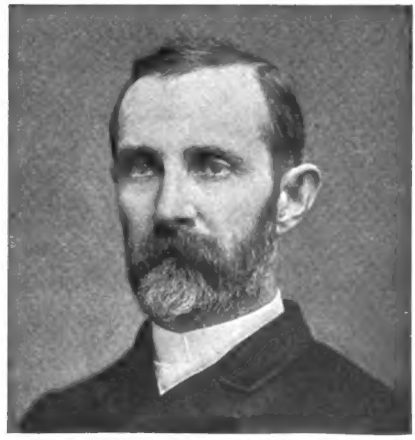
What should constitute "a reasonable time and upon reasonable terms" was fully discussed in the House of Representatives on June 26, 1902, when the conference report was debated. The question of putting a limit upon the time allowed to the President for action, in the event of the failure of the Panama route, was discussed, and Colonel Hepburn, in reply to a question, said: "There were three such proposals: one a limitation for six months which was not agreed to; another for twelve months which was not agreed to; and another for eighteen months with a like result. The Senate would permit no such limitation and the House adopted the conference report by a vote of 259 yeas to 8 nays, fully aware that the law would leave this very question open. The intention of the Congress was not to tie the hands of the President on so vital a matter. I do not speak for the views of the President, but it is unfair to draw unfavorable conclusions from the brief delay in this matter. It is clearly his duty to exercise every reasonable means with-



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM RICHARDSON, ALABAMA.



CONGRESSMAN CHAMP CLARK, MISSOURI.



CONGRESSMAN D. A. DE ARMOND, MISSOURI.

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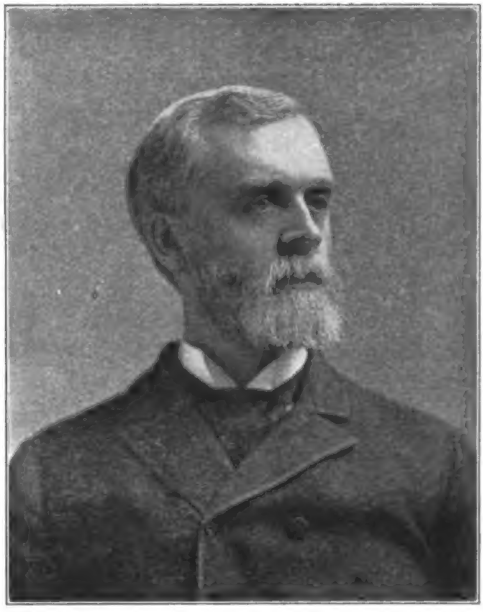
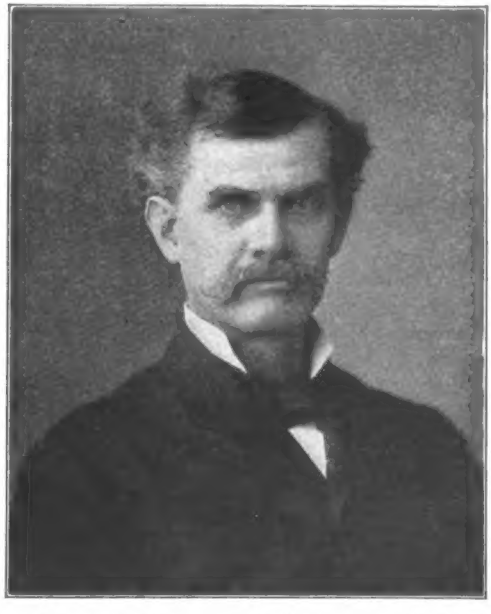


CONGRESSMAN S. E. PAYNE, NEW YORK.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN DALZELL, PENNSYLVANIA.

out bowing to Colombian avarice, or midnight ignorance, to make sure that the Panama route cannot be adopted; and when the time arrives which is reasonable when proper terms are not secured, then the critic may speak. The South Americans are erratic, revolutionary and singular people who may condemn a thing today, approve of it tomorrow and wipe out an interested State the day after. But the United States of America and its plans and purposes should and will survive. Of one thing we can rest assured, that not one dollar will be paid by this Government to the Colombian people not authorized by existing law.



CONGRESSMAN J. S. WILLIAMS, MISSISSIPPI.

I have too much faith in the sagacity of Senator Morgan and of Colonel Hepburn to believe that they will dash into action in the canal matter without serious thought. There are strong men in the House who will be heard from vigorously on this great question. For instance, there is Mr. Sherman, of New York, an excellent counsellor; Burton, of Ohio, one of the greatest students of questions involving the water routes of this country and of the world; Richardson, on the Democratic side, and many others will not be led into passing what must be understood as condemnatory resolutions because the President has not seen fit to take up the Nicaraguan route.

THE TARIFF

In respect to the tariff, what if king legislation may be expected? There will be only one question before the Congress: Should it be reduced?

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Two reasons are offered in favor of reduction:

1st. To kill the Trusts.

2d. To reduce on those interests that are too highly protected.

How is Congress to reach trust-made goods? What percentage is made by trusts? The highest estimate is one-fifth of the country's manufactured product, and it is conceded that the trusts have nothing to do with the remaining four-fifths. Can Congress afford to cripple this four-fifths during such time as the one-fifth is pursued with the legislative knife? Besides, how is the distinction to be made? How are these interests to be segregated? To ask these questions will destroy the argument in favor of this plan, unless it is submitted to one who is troubled with ignorance or wilful disregard of law and facts. If A is sick, will it cure him to make B sick? This is surely losing sight of "The greatest good to the greatest number." If trust-made goods, *i.e.*, goods manufactured by a trust, are bad, does that prove that goods untainted by the trusts are also bad? And suppose you destroy the one-fifth made in this country, by a radical lowering of duties, are there not other countries making the same things and will not they promptly take advantage of the reduction, attacking the four-fifths of non-trust-made goods? Is there not thus introduced a new foreign competitor into your American field, armed for a destructive attack upon the whole five-fifths of our manufactured product? Congress will doubtless take time to think over these propositions and still more time before acting upon them.

CONGRESSMAN JAMES HAY, VIRGINIA.

As to the second reason for reduction: All admit that certain goods are too highly protected, and with respect to others the protection is not high enough. The fundamental reason for protection is to make up to our laboring interests the difference between wages here and abroad. In other words, we add a duty to foreign-made goods, to make them as dear as they would be if made in this country by our own well-paid, well-fed, well-housed and highly skilled labor. Our law is based upon this theory, and without going back among the fathers or beyond Republican days we find among its advocates: Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, Blaine, Reed, and Dingley, and such men of the present day as Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, and Grosvenor, of the House of Representatives, and Aldrich, Allison, Hanna, Spooner, Foraker, Lodge, Depew, and the two Platts, of the Senate. It is a subject about which these men feel strongly and they will go to defeat before surrendering to a free-trade sentiment that seeks to destroy the great protective edifice now blessing the country.

It has been no trifling battle that secured protection to these United States, and advantages have reached every part of the land because of it. No portion of our people have enjoyed its beneficent fruits more fully than our laboring classes. Though the trusts have been developing and increasing in number and strength, none has grown greater than the labor trust. Its chiefs need but touch a single wire and every trade will be in action rushing to its own defence. I say "labor trust" fearlessly, for there is now a compact organization of labor's capital, its brain and its muscle, and no trust is more watchful, more alert, more unyielding, and more tyrannical than the labor trust. I do not challenge the right of labor to organize and mass their capital for the common good, but this is equally true of all kinds of capital.

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and the time has arrived when every kind of trust should feel the firm hand of governmental control and regulation.

While the House of Representatives is Republican and under present conditions, a free-trade bill, or one approximating free trade, will never reach the Senate. A better demonstration of facts and conditions must be made than is yet before us. When legislative correction of tariff schedules becomes necessary it must be and will be considered in the calm of national politics and not before or during the heat of a Presidential battle. Congress and the wise men of the country comprehend this, and prediction is made that no hostile action will be taken during the present session.

The increasing wealth of the country is not confined to trust-made goods. We are all growing richer, more powerful and happier. The American home, whether situated on the farm, in the city, or in the village, is comparatively a palace, and a protective policy more than anything else has enabled our people to build such homes. Immediate conditions and experiences are not a safe guide to the law-maker. The conditions and experiences of the past must also be considered in order to qualify wisdom for new and safe laws. Other nations are studying these problems and all eyes are measuring the work of the American people. Why is Great Britain now considering the adoption of protection? It is because the United States holds the lead in the great intellectual struggle of life. With our population yet in safe control as compared with other nations, and enjoying boundless resources, we will continue to lead, unless unwise counsels induce us to destroy the greatness we have achieved.

I do not believe that there is any general movement to support the claim that "the tariff is a tax." We have those that so believe and they see it that way; but protection is the settled policy of our country. Our Democratic friends incline now to the cry that "the tariff is the mother of trusts." It is more popular they think in these days of the growth of the trusts, but who yet has proved the charge? Trusts were born away from American shores and thrive where they were born.

POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

Reviewing the situation on these three questions it is difficult to believe that anything will be done in respect to tariff legislation at this meeting of Congress. Nor is it likely that anything will be decided about the money question unless it is to deal with the available cash balance, while it is not possible to believe that Congress will further consider the Isthmian Canal matter until attention is specially brought to it by the President.

In respect to these several questions one important factor must never be disregarded, viz.: the personality of the incoming Speaker, Hon. J. G. Cannon. A conservative man by nature, his twenty-eight years in Congress have equipped him with a rare knowledge of governmental affairs. He has thought much about the forthcoming session of Congress and there will be no serious errors of policy while he wields the gavel. The "Uncle Joe" of the nation is close to the people, but he is also close to duty, and will wisely serve the former by keeping close to the latter. While others may be perplexed at new legislative moves, Mr. Cannon will know at a glance the moving power and will be ready to meet it for welcome or for war. Above all he is an honest man.

In what manner will the influence of the President and his Cabinet be expressed on these three questions? Will they or will they not urge immediate legislation? It must be remembered that a Presidential campaign is impending and that the greatest wisdom should be exercised in respect to federal legislation. The Cabinet is a real tower of strength, for the President has surrounded himself with a group of very able and conservative counsellors who may be depended on to advise most sagaciously in all matters of policy. All of them are intense Americans and will shield American interests before any other. Their counsel will be freely asked by the President and freely and conscientiously given. It has been claimed in some quarters that the relations between the President and the Congress are strained and even unfriendly. Nothing could be further from the fact. The President treats all the lawmakers with respect and most friendly consideration. He is glad to hear them on all public questions and a Democrat is as welcome as a Republican. He is quick and may seem at times abrupt, but it is true, emphatically true, that he is ever courteous and friendly. He has not the gentle gifts of President McKinley, but he has his heart and hand.

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And how excellently equipped we will be in the legislative branch! Senators Allison and Aldrich have been referred to, one a conservative and the other a radical, but when the two agree good results must accrue. Senator Hanna is a legislative siege-gun, backed by a protective constituency which will not permit him to close his eyes to the agricultural interests. His colleague General Foraker, equipped for debate as few men are, is a tireless worker. There is no better debater in the Senate than Spooner, who knows thoroughly the wants of the great Western constituency. The scholarly Lodge, Platt, of Connecticut, strong, able, and safe, the two New York Senators, astute, able, sagacious, representing the most popular State in the Union—all will be watchful of great interests.

The House is particularly strong in its membership. Eighteen years of public service have demonstrated the all-round powers of Mr. Payne, the leader of the House. Mr. Dalzell, one of the brightest intellectual blades in Congress, and one of the most tireless workers, though a fearless is a wise and kind debater. General Grosvenor is one of the truest men on the floor of the House. President McKinley once said to me: "Don't be afraid of Grosvenor; put him anywhere and he will be serviceable. Trust him in any committee position and you will not regret it." Major Lacey, the hardest worker in the House of Representatives, is safe on any question. Governor Hull has grown stronger year by year; the head of the great Committee on Military Affairs, his wisdom is written on the statute-books of the country. Mr. Tawney, the Republican whip, is a valuable member of the House. He has ardent convictions and is often inclined to be headstrong, but a more valuable law-maker is not in the body. Mr. McCleary distinguished himself early in his public career by attacking and demolishing the financial theories of Mr. Towne, at that time his colleague. No man is better equipped on financial questions. Mr. Curtis, of Kansas, was on the caucus committee that framed the present law fixing the gold standard. Mr. Overstreet, of Indiana, a very able lawyer who was the Secretary of the Atlantic City finance committee, is one of those valuable men who are always at work and always thinking. Mr. Fowler works and thinks with great rapidity, is full of argument, ready with information, but also willing to listen. Representative Hill is one of the strongest men in the House on financial questions. Impulsive he sometimes seems, but never to such an extent as to drive him into error. Mr. Babcock, chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, is not an unknown factor in legislation. He has risen from the ranks of the laboring poor to be one of the strong men of the country financially and mentally. A man of great boldness and independence, his foresight has been of immense benefit to his party.

The Democracy must be carefully considered in looking for the probable action of the Fifty-eighth Congress. That party has now the advantage of an able, wise, and experienced leader — Senator Arthur P. Gorman. Many good and patriotic men would be glad to see him made the Presidential nominee on the Democratic ticket. He has the support, in legislation, of one of the purest and most upright men in Congress—Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, whose voice invariably commands respectful attention in the Senate. Senator Tillman is always alert even when there are no "niggers" to be killed. Senator Bailey is an able lawyer and legislator who is on the threshold of a great career. Senator Bacon, of Georgia, on seven important committees, has a strong influence, but is more a patriot than a partisan. The minority has also Senators Bate, Berry, Blackburn, Carmack, Culberson, McCreary, and Newlands, all strong men.

Nor is the House without able Democratic Representatives. Mr. Richardson, floor leader on the minority side in the last Congress, will make his influence felt, and his old colleague on the Committee on Rules—Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, an excellent debater, will be heard from. Judge De Armond, an able lawyer, entering on his fourteenth year in the House, is a hard hitter in debate and invariably catches the ear of the House. With Williams the erudite, of Mississippi, the new Democratic floor leader, the witty Champ Clark, Hay, of Virginia, Cowherd, of Missouri, Sam Cooper, of Texas, Jones, of Virginia, and several others I have not space to name, it is manifest that the Republicans, who are in control in House and Senate, will have able company and must hew to the line, if they would retain national authority.

The country has little or nothing to fear from the coming sessions of this Congress.

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A Christmas Failure

By Maximilian Foster

With Illustrations by Power O'Malley

OF all the bewildering multitude of unexpected happenings bound to occur in a coal mine, most numerous of all are the holidays. At Fairchance, Loree, the General Manager had a list of fifty-eight and was still adding to the score. They ran from New Year's Day at one end to New Year's Eve at the other, and between these the working time was sliced into a vernier scale with historical, political, and sacred anniversaries whose origin it would have taxed the diplomacy of a papal delegate to explain.

"There are so many of them," said Loree, groaning in spirit, "that the beggars sometimes forget them themselves. But I suppose, after all, that we can't get away from Christmas."

Miss Ogden looked him in the eye scornfully. "You cannot, indeed!" said she, tartly. "I sometimes think you would like to abolish Sundays, too."

"Yes, you're right! I would," he answered promptly, and without shame. "The better the day the better the deed—and I'm for work first, last, and always."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you needn't tell me that. I suppose you would like to have your men live and eat and sleep in the pit."

Miss Ogden was a privileged character. She was known officially on the pay sheets as "The Community Worker," but the engineering corps and the General Manager called her "The Lady Experiment"—that is, behind her back. There was something of determination in her character that did not invite familiarity, but, on the other hand, demanded the most explicit respect. They might call her an experiment when she was out of ear-shot; in her presence they hardly dared to draw breath in the knowledge that she was a self-assured, reliable, and thoroughly positive fact. Not objectionable—"I'll wring the neck of the first of you that grins at her," vowed Loree—not in the least objectionable, only determined and self-convinced. Ordinarily, Miss Ogden's duties were to look after the miners' wives and

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children and do what she could otherwise toward uplifting this chaotic and polyglot assemblage drawn from every quarter of the Old World. "It's what you choose to call wrestling with the impossible, isn't it?" she asked, with a smile that reduced them all to a dejected answer that it was. "I thought so," she continued, "and you will, therefore, please step aside and not bother." Her ministrations were innumerable. They ran all the way from beef-tea in the apogee to a perigee of soap. Between times, she administered regular applications of sound, common-sense advice, or perhaps hot flannels, gruel, ginger tea, and similar efficient remedies, but, nearly always, it was either advice or soap—soap most of all. When she wasn't nursing babies, or helping the women clean up their homes, or tending the sick or—as Mrs. Flaherty, the boarding-boss, called it—reading the riot act to the men, she was preaching into her subjects' ears the esoteric theory of the possibilities and use of soap as applied to a home and people. Perhaps the most notable effect of all this was that she was commonly known among "the blocks" as The Soap Lady; and once, when it was noised about that her birthday was imminent, her subjects presented to her no less than forty-three bars of soap-tar, laundry, Castile, and toilet, most of which she recognized as having herself presented to the donators. Loree laughed fitfully when she told him. "I can see what you're driving at," said he, "and if you succeed you'll be canonized." He laughed aloud again, failing to see that Miss Ogden was looking at him with cheeks aflame. "Oh, I can see you—St. Emily—we'll have a shrine and a figure in Castile—a bar of soap in one hand—scrubbing-brush in the other."

Miss Ogden stopped him with an angry exclamation. "That's it!" she cried. "You won't do anything for these people yourself, but you sneer at others that are trying. All you think of them is how often you can drive them into that pit below and how much toil you can wring from them day after day. It's shameful!"

He checked his mirth suddenly and looked at her. They were standing at the time on the hill-side overlooking the mine. Below were the pit-mouths screened by their gaunt, uncomely tipples, grimy and hung about with clouds of coal-dust. The clatter of the coal upon the screens, the roar of the trundling pit-wagons, the shouts of the top-men and the strident *hoo-hooo* coughing of the hoisting engine's exhausts came to them sharply across the quiet air. "There!" she exclaimed, "there's dirt and ugliness, and hard toil and all the rest of it there, and you would drive these men to a life like this and leave them nothing else. It's heartless."

He answered her gravely. "Don't think me heartless. If I treated the men, at any rate, in the way you seem to think, none of them would stay with me. You must admit that. It's hard work, I'll allow, but we all of us have to do that, and it's not a beautiful life. What I feel against them—we all feel the same way, I think—is that they don't do anything apparently to help themselves. I think we look at them for this with a feeling of resentment."

"You don't give them a chance," she retorted, bitterly.

"They won't let us. What are we to do with a people that look upon kindness as a trick, and then when they find it isn't a trick, try to impose upon you? No, we can't do anything but treat them with exact fairness—that's as much of a business proposition as paying our bills. In time, we find out the men we can trust as they trust us, and so we hope to keep on, and improve them and ourselves little by little."

She repeated her first observation. "You don't give them a chance. You don't go among them—you're not cordial. You don't know the first thing of their hopes and ambitions and what they want." She cried all this at him, plainly resentful. She was beginning herself to feel that subtle undercurrent of resentment that marks the first outcropping in all forms of social unrest—the detestation of discipline, the growl of the under dog.

"Some of us won't take the trouble," he responded; "but some do, and find out. It's more money they want. That's all they ask for. If we spread ourselves in doing things for our men, the things you and I would like to do, we would have a hornet's nest about our ears. The sociologists would cry paternalism, and the labor people would clamor for more money. There would be a strike on our hands before you could draw a breath. If we could spend this money toward improving them we could spend it just as easily in wages. That's what they would say. You've been here only a few short months, but I've seen this thing the better part of my life. One can do something with the white

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men"—he used this term, common in the soft-coal mines, to denote the English-speaking workers—"you can do something with them. But what are you going to do with a class of people whose ways you can't understand, and whose language you can't speak, and who won't try to learn to live in the ways of this country? Tell me? What in Heaven's name can you do with people you can't amuse, much less educate?"

"That's a very foolish idea!" she put in promptly, "and heartless, too!"

"Not heartless—only hopeless. I've reduced myself to hoping that we can get along without open friction. I try now merely to get out of them the work we pay them for. And that seems hopeless at times, too."

"Oh, I see," she answered, disdainfully, "you think it a crime because they take an occasional holiday."

Loree, at this, began to laugh.

"You needn't laugh. I'll beg you to remember that 'all work and no play' makes Jack a pretty dull boy."

"I can tell you," he retorted, laughing again at her seriousness," "that all play and no work makes the devil to pay. Did you ever think of that? But don't worry over my theories about holidays. They were crushed to a pulp years ago. I'm even ready to declare another myself—a Thanksgiving Day."

"Indeed, and for what, please?"

"Thanksgiving that Christmas comes only once a year. It's the worst of them all. It means a week's spree. I wish we could do something to stop it—there, don't get angry with me, I mean to stop the drinking, not the Christmas holiday. But what are you going to do with men and women whose only known form of amusement is getting drunk? Tell me?"

"You shall see. You say they can't be amused—*I'm* going to try. I'm going to show my people just what Christmas means. I promise you this Christmas won't be forgotten soon."

"They never are—there's too much to remember. What I wish is that they could be forgotten. Good luck, though, in your venture, and send us the bill. We'll pay the shot bravely."

He walked on to his office, and was looking among his papers when Ackroyd, of the engineers, came in. The young man was grinning, his face covered with a smudge of coal-dust, and every white tooth more white and prominent by the contrast. "Well," demanded Loree, "what are you grinning at like a gargoyle?"

Ackroyd slapped himself on the knee and broke into a loud guffaw. "Got a joke—a corker!" he cried. "Say, you know that Hunky and his woman that lives down at the east end of Block No. 15; Mike Patuka's his name?" Loree nodded casually. "Well—say, Miss Ogden, y'know—why, she gave his woman a box of soap last week, if they'd clean up their house. It's a reg'lar pigsty, you see. They have five kids and keep four boarders to boot. Well, Patuka was thirsty and out of cash last night when one of those river speak-easy men came along, and, say, what d'you think Patuka did? You can't guess?"

Loree didn't try.

"Why," laughed Ackroyd, slapping his knee again, "he swopped all the soap for a drink!"

"The scoundrel!" cried Loree, disgustedly. "Did he do that?"

"But that ain't all," Ackroyd went on. "Andy Muska—you know him, the bottom cager in No. 3 shaft—Andy told me about it. You remember Miss Ogden's telling us how sick Patuka's oldest boy was and how she couldn't make out what it was and how they wouldn't let the doctor in when she sent him. You mind how she used to take him jelly and chicken soup. Well—oh, my eye—say, I nearly died laughin'. Say, that kid wasn't sicker'n I am. They just stuck him in bed every time Miss Ogden hove in sight, and the whole crowd lived high, you bet, on the soup and the jelly and things."

Loree didn't laugh. "How long did this keep up?" he demanded.

Ackroyd's air of glee changed suddenly to confusion. He answered that it had gone on for a week, when Patuka's neighbors, it appeared, had discovered this ruse of the family, and under threat of giving the trick away, had cut off their base of supplies. But the day following the miraculous cure of the Patuka child, the mysterious sickness fell upon the neighbor's first-born, and to the intense but silent rage of the Patukas, they had seen the jellies and chicken soup they justly considered their own conveyed by Miss Ogden into the house adjoining. Loree rang his desk bell furiously. "How much time is there coming to Mike Patuka?" he asked the pay clerk. There was very little, it appeared; Patuka had been loafing for ten days.

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"You go down to the pit-boss at No. 1," said Loree, sharply, to Ackroyd, "and tell him to fire Patuka—chuck him out of the pit and send him here for his time. I'll put a stop to things like this!"

He sat down at his desk again, buried in thought. "D—n them all!" he muttered under his breath, which was strange, since he was thinking wholly of Miss Ogden. He knew what craft and low cunning meant in all its forms, and would not have been shocked had it been tried on himself. But Miss Ogden—He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Say, fellers," observed Ackroyd to the transit gang that afternoon, "what you think?" They were lining entries at the time in one of the new workings, and Ackroyd was critically painting in the whitewash sights on the entry roof. "Say—what do you think? The old man's got a mash on the Lady Experiment!"

It was late in the day when the telephone at Loree's elbow rang sharply. "It's Miss Ogden," said the small voice over the wire. "I have a favor to ask, Mr. Loree."

"Anything in my power," he volunteered.

"Well—now—" the voice was somewhat hesitating. "Please, Mr. Loree, have they really discharged Mike Patuka?"

"Er—um—well, yes, Miss Ogden, he has been loafing for ten days. Yes, I'm quite sure he is discharged. I did it myself."

"I want you to give him another chance, then. The Patukas are among my best families."

"Your best what?" demanded Loree. "Oh, yes, I understand, but the man's a scoundrel."

"Oh, aren't you mistaken? Please take him back. He says he is going to get drunk and kill himself and his family."

"He'll probably get drunk anyway," Loree observed. "But if I must, Miss Ogden, I'll take him back for your sake. Tell him to report to the pit-boss to-morrow."

"Thank you, oh, so much, Mr. Loree."

Loree hung up the receiver and told a clerk to send for the borough interpreter. "You go down to the blocks," he said when the man arrived, "and tell them that if they play any more of their tricks on Miss Ogden I'll land the lot of them in jail. They know *me!*" The man nodded and left on his mission. He, too, knew the story, but one look at Loree's eye convinced him that he had better not grin. But once outside, he grinned all the way to the blocks, and could hardly keep himself from it while he was telling the culprits that jail yawned for them all. "By h—, you go to chail, Mike Patuka, mibbe so. Head boss tak' you and you old woman. You look out."

MIKE PATUKA WAS HER STRONGEST ALLY.

But Mike, putting on an air of stupid ignorance, hunched up his shoulders and threw out protesting hands. He was innocent. "I no do annythings—you keel me if I do, plees, meester. Vat you say?"

At the other's departure, Mike sat himself down to master the situation in the only way known to himself, and at midnight was dead to the world and all its cares, including the empty bottle that "his woman" belabored him with about the arms and shoulders till it broke. So it was two days later when he presented himself to the pit-boss, who cursed him candidly. "You go up to the office, I've got no work for you," said the pit-boss, and Patuka went and returned. He was protesting wildly. "Me go offitch!" he cried,

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"offitch tell me 'go see peet-boss.' Me see peet-boss, peet-boss say 'Go see offitch !' What you make a skeeny beesness on me? Bimeby I keel you—keel myself an' old woman. You see!"

"Aw, go to h—," said the pit-boss. "Get to work there now!"

Wildly shaking his arms at the indignity, Patuka went howling down the entry to his mine-room.

It was a fortnight before Christmas when Miss Ogden found that her plans were complete. She had arranged a tree for the children, ice-cream and cake afterward, and a dance in the evening for the men and women. She was confident of success—she was sure she would win the day. Christmas, she determined, should be a day at Fairchance set apart for good feeling, merriment, and sober pleasures. There should be none of the carousing, the fights, and the drunkenness that marked the usual holidays at the mines; they should all in the end be obliged to her for the very things they had tried and failed most miserably to do. It was a very confident young woman that went her round those days.

Loree, who had stood off in the fear of seeming officious, grew uneasy with many doubts. He knew about the tree and the cake and ice-cream and the dance in the evening, and was not disposed to view the prospect hopefully. "May I suggest?" he asked at length. "Might I say a few humble words to the lady in charge?"

Miss Ogden laughed happily. "I'm not unintelligent," she answered. "I'm ready for all sorts of advice."

"Thanks. I've seen this sort of thing before. I'd like to know whether you intend acting as hostess at this dance. It's all right for you to manage the tree, but I'd much rather have a few of the C. & I. police run the entertainment later. I am sure they can conduct themselves as hosts with the most charming dignity and gracefulness."

Her answer was a laugh—laughter of the most pronounced merriment and derision. "Why, my dear Mr. Loree," she demanded, "do you think I am going to get up this dance of mine—do all the hard work and all that, and then let some one else have all the fun? No, indeed!" She glanced at Loree's troubled features, and laughed again. "Why, I expect to have every local newspaper devote columns to me as the leader of Fairchance society."

"If you see your name in a paper," he answered, grimly, "it will be as among those present at a riot. Most of the men will be drinking—and some of the women, too. Miss Ogden, I'm afraid to have you do it."

"You needn't be," she replied. "I know nearly all the men and every one of the women. They all treat me with great respect, and some of them are most friendly."

"Patuka, for instance," he put in.

"Patuka is about the most friendly of all—they're really nice people when you get to know them,"

"When you get to know them—maybe," he said, doubtfully. But the young woman ignored his serious face and the apprehension of his words. "Do you know," she volunteered, thoughtfully, "I think I am making headway."

"I hope so, Miss Ogden—perhaps you are." But at the same time Loree had certain mental reservations she would not have been pleased to learn. He spoke again, this time with a strain of anxiety that he strove to hide under a rather bantering tone. "I hope this turns out different from one Christmas dance up here in the coal region. We had a dance once that wound up in a murder and a riot that maimed a dozen more. You cannot mix the Slav and the Hun at a drinking bout and hope to escape trouble. Don't you think it would be best to have one dance for the Huns and another for the Slavs? There are the Russians and the Finns, too. The Finn people are quiet enough, but there'll be a row if the two mix."

No, she said. She was going to have them all together so that they would get acquainted on terms of equality and friendship. There should be no difference; she felt that her tact and good sense were equal to any emergency. Loree reflected in his own mind that its only parallel was an innocent child trying to juggle together a keg of powder and a candle. A bit of a stubborn child, it was, too. He resolved then that he and a corps of C. & I. police should be conveniently at hand at Miss Ogden's dance in Fairchance.

"If you don't succeed," he asked, curiously, "what then?"

The young woman looked at him proudly. "I shall not fail."

"But if you should," he persisted. He had drawn closer to her, and was looking in-

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tently into her face. "I don't know," she faltered, "I must not allow myself to think of failure. This is my mission in life—I cannot fail."

"There is another mission in life," he said, softly, "one better fitted to you." He stretched out his hand and laid it upon hers. "Ah, Miss Ogden, I sometimes pray for your failure—I think——"

She drew away from him sharply, and turned rosy to the tips of her ears. "Mr. Loree," she cried, "I beg of you not to talk to me like this."

Then she was gone, and Loree was looking stupidly at the floor, cursing his own temerity.

Trembling between embarrassment and dismay, Miss Ogden fled with her rosy cheeks toward the first sanctuary that offered—the open door of the school-house. She halted for a moment under the portico to flog her disordered feelings into line, and having once composed herself, walked on into the school-room. There a new confusion awaited her, Miss Berdan, the teacher, was rapping smartly on the desk for order while before her stood two smut-faced youngsters obviously culprits before the bar of justice.

"THERE!" SHE EXCLAIMED, "THERE'S DIRT AND UGLINESS, AND HARD TOIL, AND ALL THE REST OF IT."

"Oh, for the land's sake! "cried Miss Berdan, at the sight of her. "I'm so glad you stopped by. I'm nearly dead with these young ones, they'll drive me out of my wits to-day. What's in them I don't know, unless it's the ancestral old Nick!"

"Possibly it is Christmas," suggested Miss Ogden, her mind upon that important subject again. "I think they scent it in the air."

The school-teacher threw up her head disdainfully. "More likely it's fried herring. I never seem to smell anything else around here. It's enough to — NOW — you THERE!—come here at once, Smelka Patuka." This to one of the two culprits before the bar, a child with a shock of yellow hair, unkept and uncombed, a squat-faced, snub-nosed descendant from that scourge of Europe, Attila the Hun. "You, now—what do you mean by making a face like that?"

Smelka's face convulsed itself anew, this time into a portent of impending tears. "Ow!" she wailed, "Ossip Semonoff he makes me a pinch by der laig!"

Miss Berdan cast up her eyes in despair. "There's been trouble between them for a week. I've just found it out. The girl stole

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some candy from the store, it seems, and the boy has been torturing her between open violence and threats of telling the storekeeper because she didn't divide. Here—you—Sibble Osscup. You—I mean, you—yes—Ossip Semonoff—what do you mean, now, by pinching Smelka?"

The boy hunched up his shoulders after the manner of his kind and contorted his face into a very convulsion of denial. "Pliss, ticher—pliss—I tell you everythings. I spik—I tell you the trut', school-ticher. I peench nobodies—she's liar. I tell you trut'—she's liar—chess, school-ticher. I spik trut', me—Ossip Semonoff!"

"Silence!" cried the sorely taxed Miss Berdan. "You go to your seats, and if I hear another word from you to-day, I'll—I'll skin you alive!"

But Smelka, so far from walking to her seat, stood glued to the place. "Pliss, school-ticher," she said, "pliss, I go home now. I makes me to help my old woman washes the dish."

Miss Berdan turned dejectedly to the visitor. "Now will you listen to that?" she demanded. "Old woman!—that's what they call their mothers. Whatever can you do with children like that?"

"Pliss, I go home," repeated Smelka, in a dull monotone. She had begun it the third time when Ossip Semonoff arose in the proud conviction of speaking a great truth.

"Ticher—pliss, school-ticher," he yelled, triumphantly. "She's liars—sure. She goes mind baby for Mike Molonowsky old woman. Heem seeck. She gets money for it, sure. That's right—I spik trut'. I see her from the store she buys apples for five cents."

"She's sick," murmured Miss Berdan, in a far-away voice of fear and doubt. "I wonder with what it's sick? Smelka, have you been tending a sick child? What's it got? Answer this instant!"

"Pliss, school-ticher—pliss, I go home now. I makes me to help my old woman washes the dish," answered Smelka, stolidly unswerving from her original idea.

"Answer me immediately. You know what happens to children that don't tell the truth. Answer me!"

Ossip Semonoff, the dominant genius of the occasion, was grinning with an excess of triumph from ear to ear; and in the rear of the room arose another small figure and waved a grimy signal in the shape of a small hand, all its fingers widely outspread and wriggling in an agony of supplication. "Pliss—ticher—pliss, I know what makes you if you go to tell lies."

Smelka buried her nose in the crook of her elbow, and began to snivel dismally. "Speak the truth, now, Smelka," commanded Miss Berdan. She ignored the small figure in the background, and bent her energies toward wringing the fatal secret from the girl. "Is this true about the sick child?" But the small person in the background was not to be denied. "Pliss, ticher—pliss, I know—pliss, meessus"—and then he roared it in all that fulness of joy that goes only with the true revelation of wisdom—"pliss, ticher—you go to Hell!"

This fragment of infant theology struck Miss Berdan as if into a figure of graven stone. She stood there stolidly, her mouth open in dismay, and Smelka began to cry. "Pliss, I go home by my old woman. It's lies—the baby ain't seeck."

Ossip also took a hand. "It's lies!" he roared. "The baby he haf scarlets-fever—yay—chess!"

"Go 'home at once!" commanded Miss Berdan, pushing Smelka toward the door. "To think of that child coming here after nursing a baby with scarlet-fever."

"Yah—chess—she's liar!" mocked Ossip, and the school-teacher turned upon him in a perfect access of fury.

"I'll fix you, Ossip Semonoff—you leave this room at once! Go home, I say—get out of here this instant!"

The small boy's face underwent a thousand conflicting changes. "You go home at once!" cried Miss Berdan, imperatively.

Ossip started on a run for the door. The first shock of astonishment, the first wild, momentary doubt gave way to the realization of joy. He was grinning from ear to ear. "Pliss—chess—chess, ticher, I go home."

Miss Berdan plumped herself into her seat, and raised her hands abjectly. "Come back here," she called, wearily, to the departing urchin. "You take your place, and don't let me hear a sound from you!" Ossip, halted in his flight of joy, turned miserably, assumed a hang-dog expression, and went scuffling to his bench.

Miss Ogden made her announcement to the children. It was received with a stony silence. She saw from their stolidity that none understood its significance. "It's for everyone—all of you are invited. Don't you understand?"

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"Pliss, meesus—pliss, I ask you." It was Ossip Semonoff again. "Pliss, meesus—how much costin' to get in, pliss?"

When Miss Ogden, beginning again, explained painfully that it cost nothing, and that there should be a present for every child, a murmur of astonishment hummed through the room. This vast magnificence was still incomprehensible, though as a class they were of a people that were for ever by craft and devious scheming striving at all times to get something for nothing.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Berdan. "What d'you think of them?"

On Christmas Eve, the arrangements were complete. The tree, glorious with its wealth of tinsel, candied figures, candles, and cotton snow, stood in the centre of the school-room, and around it were arranged the presents—skates, jack-knives, books, a congress of dolls, tin kitchens, toy carts, tops, marbles, and all the other hundred and one wonders of the toy-shops. Miss Ogden, drawing upon the company liberally, had stinted for nothing. She sat down now and looked upon her handiwork, while Miss Berdan stood in the background exclaiming in admiration. "All this for those little savages!" cried the teacher. "Why, it's as good as any child in the land might want!"

"SHE SAW SMELKA PATUKA STANDING IN THE DOORWAY."

Miss Ogden nodded complacently. "Now, if you don't mind," she said, "I'll send down for Mike Patuka to come up here."

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Berdan, "what d'you want him for?"

"Oh, just a plan—you'll see, soon enough."

So the word went down the blocks that Mike Patuka was wanted at the school-house. He was found at home, a beer-keg at his elbow and of no mind to be disturbed.

"Me go school-house—naw!" he answered, but the interpreter, considering his mission important, advised Mike that he would go if he had to be dragged every foot of the way. So Mike, swearing sullenly, took another deeper draught at the keg, and went on his unwilling way.

"Perhaps it would be better," volunteered Loree, "to let me stay here with you. I hear you've sent for Patuka."

"No—you'll interfere," answered Miss Ogden, laughing. "You'll please not bother."

Mike Patuka, entering the school-room, grabbed at his hat like an organ-grinder's monkey, and stood scuffling his feet in embarrassment. "Pliss, meesus"—always the inevitable "pliss"—"what you want for Mike Patuka?"

"Sit down," she said, and Mike sat gingerly upon the edge of a chair, twirling his hat in his ham-like hands. He was grinning awkwardly, at a loss to understand the situation.

"Now, Mike," said Miss Ogden, "we've been very good friends, haven't we?"

He nodded and a wide grin overspread his face. "Sure—you save me my chob!"

"Never mind your job, Mike; I have a favor to ask." She drew her chair a bit nearer, and proceeded. Presently, the grin faded, blank stolidity settled upon his face, he twitched uneasily upon the knife-edge of his chair, while his hat twirled faster and faster in his hands. Then, like a winter's sun striking through the darkling clouds, the grin of reason shone upon his face. He understood and said so. "Chess!" he chuckled. "They comes to drink by the Chreestmas Days—hey, sah! Dat is the time—chess.

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Me—Mike Patuka have a keg—you come, hey?" Miss Ogden frowned dismally, and began again. It was that they should *not* drink in the holidays, she said, and Mike's face fell again. So she went on, explaining with a painstaking minutiæ of detail all the sad effects of these Yule-tide excesses, and Mike's face grew heavier, more stolid, more stupid then ever.

"Not you alone," cried Miss Ogden, "that mustn't drink, but all the others, too!"

Some ray of intelligence penetrated the man's heavy mind. He grasped the idea, and began bobbing his head violently. "Sure—I 'stan' sure, now—chess, I fix him!" he roared, delightedly. He clapped his hat on his head, and slapped his sides. Miss Ogden was delighted, not to say excited.

Mike Patuka was her strongest ally.

She told him her plan. He was to help in the Christmas entertainment. He must go from house to house in the morning and tell each man and woman that Miss Ogden begged they would not drink but would save themselves for a much better time later on.

"We have a band—lots of music for the dance—and cake and ice-cream, too, and lemonade, and there will be prizes for the best dancers. Oh, they are fine prizes, Mike, just think of it, Mike; twenty dollars for the best couple, and furniture and books and a fine pipe and a looking-glass for the others. Then there will be fire-works, too! Isn't that better than getting drunk, Mike?"

Patuka nodded his head in a perfect transport of pleasure. "Sure, I keep him right—you watch me, Mike Patuka!" And roaring with glee, Mike went swaying out into the night. "Ho, you watch him, Mike Patuka!"

From outside the darkened windows of the school-house came portentous murmurs of a growing crowd. The tree was lighted; they had stacked the bags of candy, and behind each table of presents stood someone ready to pass them out—at one table, Miss Berdan; Ackroyd, sheepish and grinning, at another; the pit-boss's wife at a third, and so on around the room. The presents for the smaller children were grouped about the tree.

Loree listened to the growing murmur of the crowd outside. "It would have been better," he observed, "to have issued a ticket to each child, and made the crowd pass in line. I'm afraid of this arrangement."

"Not at all," said Miss Ogden, promptly. She was moving rapidly about, filled with nervous gestures, and a bright red spot on each of her cheeks. "Not at all; that would have made this like any common charity affair. This is to be just like a Christmas at home." Loree shot a glance at her; he saw her excitement, but thought it wise to say nothing more. Matters were too far gone now to make any new arrangements. He walked to the window, and pushed aside a corner of the shade. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, after one swift look. "What's this—the whole place has turned out; men, women, and children! You are not going to let in any but the children, are you?"

For a moment, Miss Ogden looked really startled. "The men and women, too, you say?" she cried. "Why, that's strange. They weren't asked." Then her face brightened into an air of comical dismay. "Oh, well, if they're all there, we must let them in. Perhaps, it will be just what is needed to make this a complete success." But Loree rather detected the note of question in her tone.

"All ready?" he asked, and at Miss Ogden's affirmative nod, walked to the door. "Look out, now—and Heaven help you!"

The door drew open, disclosing a pushing, struggling crowd striving at the entrance. For an instant, the lights of the glittering tree struck it silent; then the press of the crowd at the rear shoved the vanguard into the room. "This way, children!" cried Miss Ogden, with a reassuring smile, waving toward the tables. The children—they were of all ages, from five to fifty or thereabouts—swept out from the entrance like a wave bursting upon the barrier sand of an unknown shore, until the room, in a brief moment, was jammed. For the first few minutes, they stood about, abashed and stupid, unrealizing that all this was for themselves, for the spirit of Christmas-giving on a scale like this was something they had never dreamed. Then Ackroyd, grinning amiably like a satyr, pressed a doll upon Smelka Patuka. "Oh!" she gasped, hung back an instant, and then snatched. Clasping her booty to her breast, she dived among the legs of those nearest and scuttled toward the door. She would escape before captured. "Hey!" yelled Ackroyd, "come back and get the tin kitchen that goes with it!" But terror lent wings to Smelka's feet and she flew.

"I think," observed Miss Ogden, at this stage, "that it's really going to be a success."

"Hey—what's that you say?" cried Miss Berdan. "Laws o' me, I hope so. But I

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was— Children, how often must I say you mustn't snatch?" She cried this last in her most penetrating tones, and then, as if in realization of her excitement, dropped her voice to its most precise and even pitch. "Now, please not to touch. One at a time, my dears. There's Ossip Semonoff; now you, Ossip, please to step forward. A pair of skates for Ossip, and—here, you—stop that I say—I——"

Ossip, unable to restrain his cupidity, had snatched the skates with one hand and a jack-knife with the other. Three other boys, following his example, reached out for bounty, and the skates were vanishing like snow in a February thaw. "Stop it!" shrilled Miss Berdan. The table was too wide for her to reach across, so she stood beating the empty air with hands that sought vainly to slap the thieving youngsters. Her words, like her gestures, were unavailing; for in the midst of it, Cumacavitch, a six-foot miner, rolled forward like a mammoth, helped himself to two pairs of skates and several jack-knives, grinned amiably while she shrilled at him, and departed with a mocking "Me no 'stand." But to her relief, when the miner helped himself to a doll and a tin kitchen at the next table, she saw Ackroyd collar him, and make him disgorge. When she looked down at the table again, there was Smelka returned to the fray. "Gimme skates!" screamed the child, and began to snatch and Miss Berdan to slap at her hands. "They're for the boys!" cried Miss Berdan, "and not for you." Smelka, foiled, grabbed a pocket-knife and fled. At the next table, the pit-boss's wife stood staring blankly at nothingness where a moment before candy in bags had been stacked as high as her shoulders. "That boy there has every pocket full!" she screamed, and no one heard her. "Catch him!"

"What did you say?" asked Miss Berdan, turning toward her, and at this opportunity Smelka snatched the last pair of skates and was gone. Loree saw this small comedy, and laughed aloud. "It's getting warm," said he to Miss Ogden; "they have us raided already." Miss Ogden looked away from the tree where she had been handing out presents to the smaller children, and, seizing the unguarded moment, even her infants began to help themselves. After grabbing, they fled, driven by instinct to make off and hide the booty. Then a child set up a dismal howl. "He's stoled my dollies!" piped the sorrowful one, pointing toward a vanishing youth, making for the doorway with wild, backward glances. Loree caught him and took away the dolls and at the same time turned the boy out of doors. When he returned, Smelka had again flung herself into the activity, snatching now from the other children, a look of frantic excitement on her face. She snatched as a dog seizes a bone from another dog, and when Loree pushed her away from the smaller children, fell to snatching elsewhere.

Miss Ogden, awakened at last by the noise and confusion from the absorbing task of giving each child a present, had looked away from her charges, and was taking in the scene. The frown of dismay gathered on her brow anew, and she turned appealingly to Loree. "I'm afraid the bigger children are getting more than their share," she said. "I wish you would just walk around and see that the little ones are looked after."

He nodded, all amusement. "You had warning, dear lady," he answered. "The rule is 'Heaven helps them that help themselves.' And 'Heaven help those that try to stop their helping themselves.'" On his way across the room, he collided with one of the miners slinking toward the door laden with spoils. The man he knew to have no children, so he promptly seized the booty and ordered the man out of the room. After that, he fell foul of a woman whose cape bulged far beyond its natural girth. She, too, was laden with spoils, and seemed nowise abashed when the things were taken from her. "Get Connors," ordered Loree—Connors was head of the C. & I. police—"get Connors and have him stop these men and women that are taking away the toys."

But when Connors came, the affair was nearly at an end. "Some of your friends," Loree said to Miss Ogden, "have been helping themselves pretty freely, and I've had in Connors to stop this sort of thing." For an instant, the frown came upon her brow again and as fleetly went before the returning smile. But Loree thought the smile somewhat forced, though he said no more. "Connors," she called, "I wish you would go up to the boarding-house and get me four dozen spoons. The ice-cream people have forgotten to send them." Then she turned again to Loree. "They have been a little eager," she confessed, "but you see it is all new to them. They will learn after a while, and—and—well, I think it is going to be a success." Connors went on his errand, but

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wisely posted his lieutenants. When he returned, he found in the hallway a half dozen foreigners—Huns and Slavs and Poles—glaring sullenly at a pile of toys laid on the stairs. They all fell to jabbering again when he entered, but Connors only grinned—explanation seemed useless. Also, there was Smelka Patuka yelling in the foreground. "She had eight dolls hidden under the stoop," explained one of the officers, "and four tin kitchens, two pairs of skates, six knives, five bags of candy, a top, and two pitcher-books. She'd ben busy, she had."

Miss Ogden, her cheeks aflame with excitement, was still busy behind the table. "Oh, I'm almost beginning to think it has been perfect—though I say it myself that shouldn't. Didn't I tell you it would keep them from drinking?"

Loree nodded. "Grant you that," he answered, "and I can't quite understand it. But there's a long day before us."

"Have you had ice-cream?" asked Miss Ogden; she had turned brightly to a half dozen men and women that stood there obviously expectant. Behind them crowded all the others, as many as the room could hold, whispering and winking and nodding.

"Chess—we had some. You give me, Joe Rabbit—you give me presents."

Miss Ogden looked perplexed. "Why," she explained slowly, "the presents were for the children."

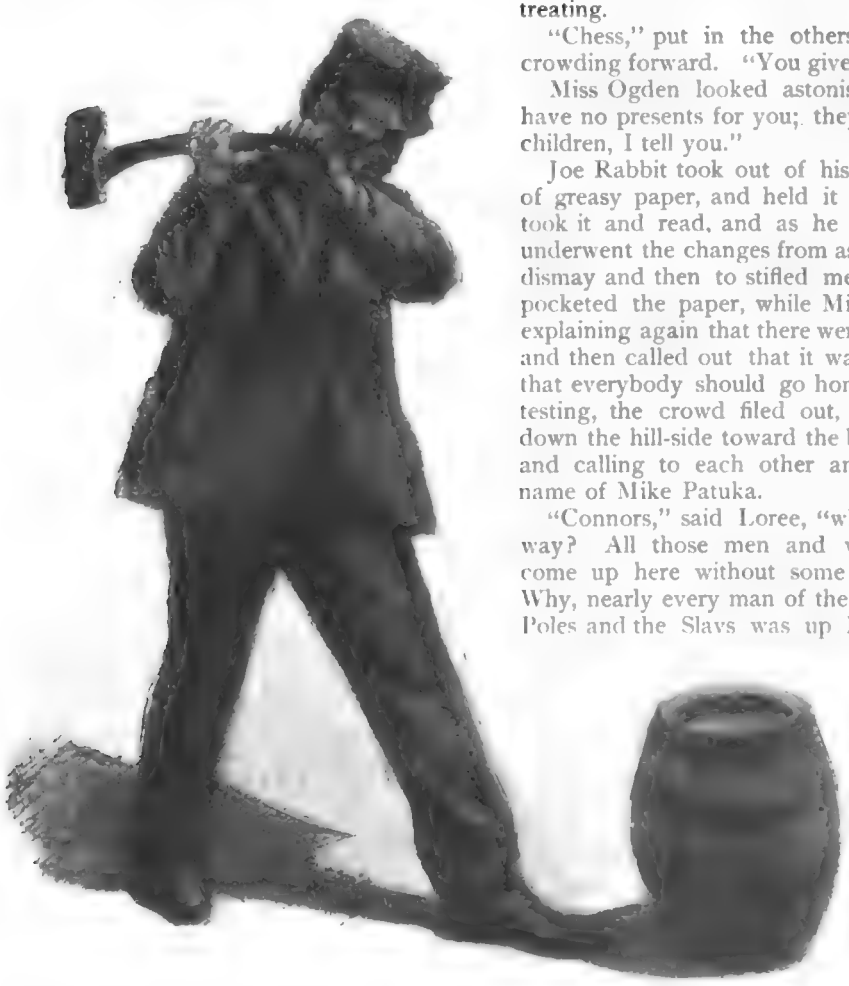
The man looked at her stolidly, and shuffled his feet. But he gave no sign of retreating.

"Chess," put in the others at his heels, crowding forward. "You give me presents."

Miss Ogden looked astonished. "But I have no presents for you; they were for the children, I tell you."

Joe Rabbit took out of his pocket a slip of greasy paper, and held it forth. Loree took it and read, and as he read his face underwent the changes from astonishment to dismay and then to stifled merriment. He pocketed the paper, while Miss Ogden was explaining again that there were no presents, and then called out that it was all over and that everybody should go home. Still protesting, the crowd filed out, and streamed down the hill-side toward the blocks, talking and calling to each other and crying the name of Mike Patuka.

"Connors," said Loree, "what's up, anyway? All those men and women didn't come up here without some good reason. Why, nearly every man of the Huns and the Poles and the Slavs was up here. What's up?"



"PATUKA GOT THEM ALL UP TO THE TREE, AND THEN WENT AROUND BREAKING THE KEGS."

Connors shook his head. "It don't look good by all rights," he answered. "My men has been looking out since morning, and they ain't more'n a

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few of them got their drink aboard. This time, most of them ought to be biling."

"I take it Mike Patuka has been doing something," Loree ventured, "but what, I can't guess. Look him up, Connors, and find out. That fellow's a devil—you never can tell what he won't do. If I'm not wrong, he's had a hand in this. I heard them speaking his name when they cleared out."

He was half-way up the hill toward the offices when he heard his name called, and there was Connors and one of his men coming after him.

"Mr Loree—Mr. Loree!" cried the man. "there's the devil to pay down the blocks. They're hunting Mike Patuka—the whole lot of them—Huns and Slavs and Poles and Dagoes—the whole crowd. They sure will kill him if he's caught."

A low murmur arose from the blocks, and Loree heard the ugly note with a start. He knew the portent of that voice; it was the voice, the genius of the mob. He quickened his pace to a run. "What's happened?" he asked.

It was Mike Patuka as he had surmised. Mike had carried out his promise to Miss Ogden, and to the last letter. There would be little drinking that Christmas Day, but there might be worse. At the echo of trouble, the C. & I. men had gathered, and were striving for order. Up and down the streets rushed a horde of madly excited foreigners, pouring in and out of the houses, screaming with rage, beating the air with their hands—men and women alike—and all for one common object—Mike Patuka. Most of the mob was centred about his house, and this already was a wreck. His belongings lay in the street, trampled in the mud under foot, and his wife and children had fled. In a body, the police charged the riot, and began shoving and pushing the people aside. "Get them out of the street!" ordered Loree. "Once indoors we can handle them." So the men charged up and down the thoroughfare, and at this show of authority the trouble came abruptly to an end, leaving the windows and doorways crowded with jabbering foreigners, and only the wreck of Patuka's furniture to mark the fury of the mob.

"Look here, sir," said Connors. He led Loree into one of the houses, and there in the middle of the floor lay a beer keg with its head stove in. The lees of stale beer and whiskey—a favorite mixture—had run away into a sticky puddle in the corner, and the air was heavy with the scent. "It's that way in every house," said Connors. "Patuka got them all up to the tree, the devil, and then went around breaking in the kegs. What beats me is why he did it, and worse than all, how he got them to leave it."

Loree fished out the strip of paper handed to him by the Hun.

"I think this will explain it." Scrawled across the paper was this:

"plis Give my buddy one bottle whiskey for me Andy Pincko."

"Pincko was sick in bed, and couldn't come; so he sent this by his partner," explained Loree.

"That's it," exclaimed Connors, light breaking in on him; "Patuka must have told them all we was giving presents of whiskey at the tree. That's how he got them up there! But what did that crazy Hunky do that for, anyhow?"

Loree knew, but said nothing. "There will be no drinking, at any rate, this Christmas," he laughed, "or mighty little of it."

"No—that's true," answered Connors, "but there may be a lynchin', instead. We'll have to get Mike Patuka 'fore they do, if we're goin' to get out o' this safe."

Loree fell into a chair behind Miss Ogden and eyed her closely. He was conscious of some shame in this crafty inspection; he felt that he was spying on her forces, but was determined to discover just how long her determination could last. The dance was on, the band blaring away in full cry, and the floor resounded with the stamping of feet. As he leaned forward, Miss Ogden looked back over her shoulder and nodded, and he saw that her cheeks under the eyes were of that transparent pinkness that comes usually from one thing, and Loree suspected that. "She's been crying," he thought, with a savage stab at the heart. Loree saw, too, that her eyes were roving nervously about the room, and that her nervousness was growing. Community life—work in the slums—association with the underlying strata had taught Miss Ogden some of the debatable characteristics of human nature, but all the fortitude drawn from this experience to her aid to-night could not down the feeling of nervousness, the whelming thought of failure. Had she succeeded? She did not know, or, rather, her pride kept back any inclination to dissect the naked truth.

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No doubt it was all right—perhaps so; she was nervous and a little morbid, she thought. Sitting back in her chair, she turned suddenly on Loree with a smile. "It hasn't altogether failed?" she demanded.

"Eh—er—I beg your pardon," said he, "I wasn't thinking—I mean, I wasn't able to hear what you said. A failure—heavens, no! We haven't had a single murder yet!" He ended this with a light laugh, but it died away in the uneasy glance he threw about the room. Around the walls were ranged double ranks of men and women, and the floor was filled. He saw with some dismay that the dancers were made up of all the contending elements—Slav against Hun, a sprinkling of Finns against the Russians, but—thankfully—there were no Italians present to match the knot of Austrians in the corner. Thus far, these clans kept separately to themselves; but, Loree felt instinctively, though without pride, that to his presence and the lack of drink were due largely the stimulating agencies of peace. Miss Ogden sat silent again, but under the spell of the music her spirits were brightening. "It's going to be a success, Miss Ogden," she heard Loree saying to her, and, looking up, saw Smelka Patuka standing in the door-way. Instantly flashed into her mind the thought: Where was Mike Patuka—what had become of her stanchest ally (as she thought) and how had he managed so completely to stop the carousing? She beckoned Smelka near, and Smelka, her face lighted into a convulsion of delight, wormed her way through the dancers.

"Oh, Miss Ogden—please." It was the pit-boss's wife, and she had been put in charge of the ice-cream and cake for the dance. "Please, Miss Ogden, what did you do with the spoons to-day?" Miss Ogden bent her brows in thought. "Why, let me see—oh, yes," she answered, "I left them on the table in the corner of the schoolroom—yes, I am sure."

"Then," said the pit-boss's wife, authoritatively, as one that is sure of a patent fact, "they've been stole. Yes'm—stole!"

At the mention of spoons, Smelka's face had taken on a blank stolidity, yet not blank enough to conceal the gleam of cunning intelligence behind it. Under her arm was a grimy parcel, and this she hugged closer, meanwhile staring fixedly at the speaker.

Mrs. Ogden said No—it was incredible that her guests should have stolen. "Stole they are," said the pit-boss's wife. "They's no other bones about it."

"I'm afraid she's right," interposed Loree; "we found two on one of the women we searched."

"Searched—what do you mean?" demanded Miss Ogden.

Loree explained shamefacedly. "Do you mean to say you searched them like any common thieves in a police station?" she cried, vexedly. "That's shameful!"

"Wasn't it stealing?" Loree protested foolishly, and she answered she didn't believe they had stolen a thing.

"You probably do not," said he softly, and looked away. Miss Ogden had her arm about Smelka, and was questioning the child. "You don't know where your father is?" he heard her ask. Smelka said no, and disregarding Loree's eloquently violent gestures from the background, babbled forth a torrent of explanation. "Pliss, leddy—pliss, all the pipples by the blocks they come to give my ole man a knock by the head so they should come to catch him." In infant innocence, she told of Mike Patuka's doings in the morning, and Miss Ogden gasped, grew red and then white again. "You go home at once," cried Loree, waving commandingly toward the door. But Miss Ogden held her closer. "You say he went around hitting in the beer-kegs?" she asked, and when Smelka, all grins again, her peaked face lighted up in the warmth of delighted craft, nodded answer, Miss Ogden saw it all. "What was on the note that man gave you at the tree?" she asked Loree, and he had no other course than to tell her. Mike Patuka, her accredited agent, had gotten them up to the tree and out of his way by a promise of whiskey for each man and woman. She looked away, and for one brief instant her lip trembled. But Miss Ogden was a young lady of determination, and in place of that one little flag of weakness came a look of stony coldness and reserve. Pride had fought against realization, but once the truth was forced upon her she restrained herself bravely under the blow. Smelka still waited before her, and summoning all her courage, she smiled blithely.

"Your father was—" She had gone this far when a cry arose from the dancers.

"Mike Patuka!" they yelled.

Somehow he had stolen up the stairs and appeared at the door-way before any saw him. He took one step forward, unsteadily.

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"MIKE PATUKA!" THEY YELLED. HE TOOK ONE STEP FORWARD, UNSTEADILY.

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"*Dobrt—gen dobri!*" * he yelled, hiccoughed, and at that instant was grabbed by four of Loree's men and dragged to the stairway.

"Pliss—meester, pliss; I come see lady!" he howled. "Pliss, she saves me my chob; Mike Patuka makes her a favor—chess! Pliss, meester, Mike good man, hey?—he makes lady a favor—nobodies gets dr-runk, chess? Mike he fix heem, hey?"

At this confession, there was a roar of anger from the crowd. They knew now the reason for the vandalism.

Guarding the retreat stood Loree, his arms outstretched to hold the passage-way, and crying commandingly to the advancing men to keep back. At his voice of authority they halted. It was all over in an instant. There stood Loree with his back to the closed door, and Patuka had disappeared. "My man he sure keel him—chess!" said a woman at Miss Ogden's elbow. "Sure my man catch him, sure he keel Mike Patuka." She said this most amiably, wrapping and unwrapping her shawl about her shoulders and nodding like a china mandarin on a mantel-shelf. "Sure he give him a knock some day."

Miss Ogden arose and walked slowly toward the door. "I'm going home," she said. I'm afraid"—this with a little laugh —"I'm afraid I'm hardly a success at my dance."

Loree looked at her penitently. "Please stay," he pleaded. "There was no trouble, and it's all over now."

She shook her head, and he went with her, leaving the band to resume its blaring, the dancers to shuffle about the room, and at their heels came Smelka Patuka, her elfish face alight with anticipation. In the hall-way below Miss Ogden stopped to draw on her wraps. "I know now," she said to him, a little catch in her voice that she could not restrain, "I know that it is a failure—I see it plainly. I have failed."

The wrap that Loree was holding fell unheeded to the floor.

"Listen," he said, whispering, and Smelka stalked nearer, drinking in the words eagerly. "You have not failed—don't give up now and go away. You have succeeded best of all. Stay and make me—" His voice broke off suddenly; for Smelka, her excitement overmastering native caution, had stolen almost to their elbow and was looking up, her mouth agape. "Child, what do you want?" Loree cried, and Smelka gave a little start of terror at the tone. "Pliss, meester—pliss, leddy— I mak' a presents, too!" She held out her precious parcel, entreatingly. "Pliss, I mak' a presents like leddy folks."

Miss Ogden took it, the tears for the first time starting to her eyes. "Dear little Smelka," she said, and unwound the string. Then she stood, looking blankly at the parcel's contents, gave one little gasp, and, covering her face with her hands, laughed and cried in turn.

"Emily—Emily—what is it?" cried Loree. He had his arms about her, and, surrendering, her head was on his shoulder. "Look!" she gasped, and he looked.

There at his feet lay Smelka's present—the stolen silver spoons.

* Good-day.

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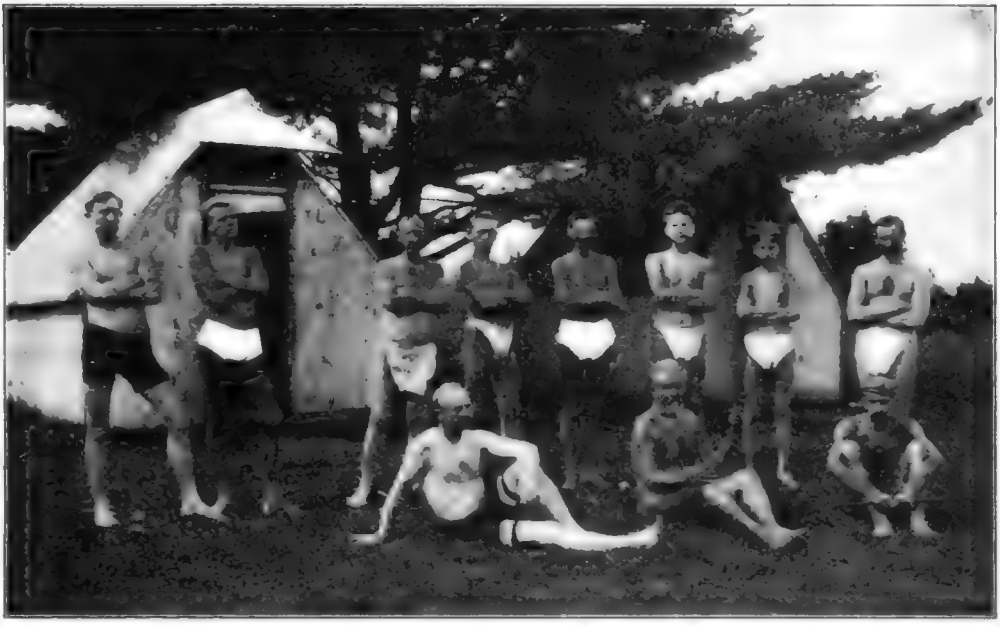

THE PATIENTS STROLLED OVER THE LAWN, SINGLY AND IN GROUPS, TAKING LIGHT AND AIR BATHS.

Back to Nature

By THEODORE WATERS

THE carriage containing the three victims of civilization stopped before a tall board fence on a New Jersey hill-top, and the youth with the Greek head got out and opened a gate, announcing as he did so:

"This is Bethesda, where life is lived according to the book of nature."

We of the carriage were oddly contrasted in temperament and occupation. A broker with nervous debility, a saloon-keeper with alcoholic dyspepsia, the writer, whose case had not been diagnosed. All were in search of that perfect health which is said to be the reward of a complete reversion to the ways of nature. All had been assured that it was to be found within the enclosure, where nothing is permitted that is not in accordance with the principles of good living as understood in the Stone Age, or prior thereto. Before meeting at the railway station, our ways had wound far apart, but common cause had already bred familiarity, and we expressed ourselves without reserve.

"And this be the Garden of Eden?" remarked the writer. "I see neither cherubim nor flaming sword."

"Then we may find the tree of life after all," replied the broker, in kind.

"Here's to the good things we'll miss, just the same," said the saloon-keeper, placing a flask to his lips. He took a long, last drink and tossed the bottle out of the back of the carriage.

"Never mind," said the youth with the head of Hermes; "you will not care for liquor after you have been here awhile."

"So they tell me," replied the saloon-man, anxiously. "They say this back-to-the-woods game makes you forget tobacco and drink. But suppose you don't want to forget them, hey?" He loved his flesh-pots and the psychological elements involved in a nature cure worried him greatly.

"How did you hear of this place?" asked the broker, curiously.

"I had a customer that the doctors gave up last spring. He could have got a job as a living skeleton in a museum. He came

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IN THEIR ODD MOMENTS THE PATIENTS ENJOY HEALTHY RECREATION.

here and now he's fatter than I am. But I only came to please my wife. And you?"

"Same here," replied the broker, enigmatically.

The carriage proceeded through the enclosure. It was evening and the setting sun lighted up the promontories of the neighboring hills, but under the trees it was dusk. The broker nudged the writer and pointed ahead into the shadows. The saloon-man saw the movement and looked too.

"My God!" he cried, nervously. "What is that?"

He had been drinking at intervals on the way from the station, but the cause of his alarm was real enough. A tall, white figure was advancing slowly from the gloom of the trees. It stopped and waited for the carriage.

"It is only one of the patients, out for a walk," explained the driver. "Hello, Fred."

The ethereal being called Fred greeted them as the carriage came up and then walked beside the driver, chatting pleasantly. He was a fine specimen of young manhood, but it was the fact that he did not wear clothes that had startled the saloon-man. The latter was all eyes. "Hey!" he gasped at last. "Ain't you cold?"

Truly enough, the October evening air at that altitude, 1,200 feet, was far from sultry, and the broker's overcoat collar was turned up.

"Not a bit," returned Fred, cheerily. "It does not feel cold to be without clothes if you begin in the right way. That idea of bundling up to keep warm is all wrong."

"I see," replied the other, sarcastically. "Just a crazy notion people have."

"Well," answered the young man, enjoying the other's wonderment, "you would not cover up your face even on the coldest winter day, would you? Why should you cover up the rest of your body?"

"Just so. Why should I? Unless to keep from roasting to death. Well, this *is* the limit."

The carriage passed over a lawn on which stood several tents. Presently it stopped before a one-storied wooden building. The door opened and a man with a lantern came forth—a short, naked, brown-skinned, black-haired man who looked like a Japanese bronze. "Good-evening," he said with a German accent.

The victims of civilization went inside. They found themselves in an unadorned room from the central rafter of which hung a lamp that shed its bright light upon a strange scene. A long table piled high with fruit and nuts extended down the middle, and around the simple board sat a dozen or more men and youths in all stages of convalescence. None of them wore clothes.

At the head of the table was a broad-shouldered, bronzed, and bearded man who greeted the new-comers and assigned them places at the board.

"Welcome back to nature," he said, simply.

Everyone present addressed him as "Doctor," but the title was one of courtesy, for

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he owns no diploma. He had the eye of the enthusiast, the conviction of the reformer. Physically he might have dominated a ship's quarter-deck. But his manner was gentle and his conversation had that precious simplicity which comes of much Bible reading. Certainly he was the embodiment of hope for everyone at that board, from the wheezing old millionaire on his right, down and back again to the gentle, sad-faced consumptive on his left, and the scene had a scriptural suggestiveness which would have been blasphemous had it not been wholly unconscious.

AFTER LEAVING THE WATER THEY STOOD UPON THE PIER AND CONTINUED THE STROKING PROCESS.

"Man," the Doctor was saying, "would suffer neither ache nor pain if he would but live as it was in the beginning intended he should live—according to nature's simple laws. The animals of the forest never fall sick; nor will man, if he but observe the habits of wild animals and abide by the lesson. The earth is the mother of mankind. If man remove him from her influence, so will he fall ill. But she is an indulgent mother and if man but go back to her, so will she draw from him all his ailments. Oh, if you could but know the power of the earth to heal!"

The writer looked over to where the saloon-keeper was industriously plying a nut-cracker and drinking milk from a teacup. On the way up from the station he had declared that nothing but porterhouse steak and a mug of ale would satisfy him this night, but he seemed to have forgotten it already. Was this a miracle of the mountain top?

"How did this back-to-nature cure originate?" asked the broker.

"With Adolph Just, of Germany, who took his first lesson of a dog," replied the Doctor. "Just had suffered from the disease of the century—nervous prostration. When his health broke down he consulted the doctors. They did not help him, and he grew worse. He became a physical wreck, and the very hair fell from his head. Life became a burden. He was in despair. One day he saw a poor dog that had been run over by a cart, limping painfully along the road. He followed, hoping to be able to do something for it, for his own pitiable condition had quickened his sympathy for others in distress. The dog hopped to a freshly ploughed field not far away and, selecting a suitable spot, thrust its injured leg deep into the soil. It stayed there all day, and the next morning, when Just went to look, it was still there. He offered it food, which it refused. Thus it went for several days. One morning it was gone, but Just found it later running with the other dogs of the neighborhood, and the leg was healed.

"Just felt that he had made a discovery. He began to study the habits of wild animals, and found that in all cases they possessed a strange propensity for placing their bodies in direct contact with the earth. In making their lairs they always brushed the leaves aside and lay upon the bare soil. He applied the principle to himself and slept upon the ground, nights, at first with clothes, but later naked. He was benefited.

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AMONG THE REST HE PLASTERED IT UPON THE SCRIBE

"In the course of his observations he one day saw a deer giving its young a bath. The doe conducted the young deer to the water and made it sit down upon its haunches on the edge of the stream, the forefeet plunged deep in. And while it sat thus the mother actually rubbed or massaged its offspring in the manner which we practise here under the name of the Just bath. Just applied the bathing principle to himself, and was benefited more than ever, but was not cured.

"More lessons of this kind led him to discard the use of meat and other cooked food, and to adopt a nut and fruit diet. Thenceforth his improvement was rapid. Before long he was enjoying the best of health. A rich man who had suffered from nervous prostration heard of Just and sent for him. Just told him to go without clothes, to sleep on the ground, to take the natural bath, to eat only nuts and fruit. The man did so and regained his health. In gratitude he gave to Just the place which is now called Jungborn, the sanitorium in the Hartz Mountains."

"Well," said the broker, as the saloonkeeper pushed back his chair from a great pile of nuts and apple cores, "do you miss the porterhouse?"

"Aw don't," responded the other. "It's eight o'clock, and the boys are dealin' pinochle in the back room and drinkin' me health, and here I am like a squirrel niddin'-noddin' over nuts in the woods. But," he turned to the doctor, "I suppose I could buy a chicken somewheres if I got real hungry."

The Doctor looked at him almost sorrowfully. "You could," he said; "but you will not care for it."

The other immediately became pugnacious. That idea of his desires being changed in spite of himself was very disturbing. "Look here," he cried, "I like to drink and smoke and I like meat. What do I want to be cured for? Why, so that I can enjoy myself."

"Those desires will be replaced by others so much nobler that you will not care to go back to your old habits."

"Yes, and me business fallin' off while I'm doin' the noble act."

"Meat is the serpent that came into the Garden of Eden. You may read it in the book of Just."

The Doctor took a book from a shelf and began reading aloud. It was a curious volume written in German and full of quotations from Goethe and the Bible. In many ways the author sought to apply scriptural indorsement to the call of nature. But although it was evidently believed in implicitly by many at that table, its tenets can have no place in this account, and the writer hastened to ask if the remarkable recovery of Just had been paralleled in this country. The Doctor waved his hand up and down the board and several of the patients, nothing loath, told of the good health they had found in the soil.

"How soon will you allow us to sleep on the ground?" asked the broker.

"To-night, if you wish; the earlier the better. I would advise all of you to take off your clothes here and now and get back to nature as soon as possible."

"What?" cried the bar-tender. "Sleep out without clothes on such a night as this? Why, we'll catch our death o' cold."

"No, you will not. We have had consumptives here who walked out and slept on the grass on colder nights than this and who never even had a chill. Besides, we cover you with a blanket."

"It'll be pneumonia, sure."

"My dear sir," said the Doctor, with more than his usual decision, "take off your clothes and go sleep on the grass. It will

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do you good. And if any of you catch the slightest cold I will give you ten dollars."

"Easy money," responded the saloon-man, but nevertheless he began to disrobe.

The Japanese bronze came in with a lantern and one by one the patients arose and followed him out into the night. The cold wind that blew in every time the door opened was far from pleasant, but the Doctor kept up the courage of the three by a rapid fire of assurances. It was impossible to catch cold if the whole body was exposed, he said. But if part of the body were to be protected, the open pores under the covering would invite the entrance of cold. The skin was well were resting with apparent comfort. The Doctor lifted up one blanket and the scribe slipped under it. After all, it was no worse than cold sheets. The Doctor tucked the blanket in and around snugly, but he warned all to be careful in rolling over not to get the blanket between the body and the ground. That, indeed, would induce a cold, he said. Then he left the strange bed-fellows to their sensations and the light of the stars.

It was the bar-tender who spoke first.

"Hello there!" he called to the writer, after an interval of perhaps fifteen minutes. "How is it coming?"

'SOLEMNLY, AS IT SEEMED, EACH ONE LAID HIMSELF AWAY AND THE BRONZE MAN SHOVELLED THE DIRT IN ON TOP.

suited to protect itself if only given the chance. The pores would adjust themselves instantly to whatever temperature they were called upon to meet, etc., etc.

It was a strange procession that wended its way over the hill-top. The teeth of the writer quaked and the stones on the path hurt his bare feet. The broker said nothing. The bar-tender tried to talk; he chattered so it was impossible to understand all he said, but it was something about what the boys might think if they could see him just then.

Over on the lawn under the pine-trees, blankets had been spread during the afternoon while the sun was on the grass, so as to keep off the dew. Under these the patients

"I'm comfortable," was the reply.

"Comfortable?" cried the other. "Would you believe it, I'm perspiring all over." After another interval: "Say, I wonder where that Doctor sleeps. I'll bet he don't tuck in on the grass."

Whereat a man with locomotor ataxia not far away, evidently stung by the innuendo, said quietly:

"I can tell you sir, if you really wish to know. He is sleeping in one of the graves."

"In one of the graves?"

"Yes. It was too dark for you to see them when you arrived, but there is a line of graves dug back of the house, and every

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day, in order to get the full benefit of the earth power, we are buried up to our necks in those graves for an hour or two, and the Doctor, who practises what he preaches, sleeps in one every night. He is there now. Good-night, sir."

"Hully gee!" gasped the saloon-man in the idiom of his class. "That *is* the limit."

And after that there was no sound but the soughing of the wind in the branches above and the occasional hoot of an owl on the distant mountain.

The morning sun was peeping over the hills and the squirrels were barking in the trees when the patients arose one by one and began to stroll over the grass. The broker and the writer were up before the bar-tender, who, strangely enough, was as loath to leave his bed on the ground as he had been reluctant to get into it.

"Is it cold out there?" he asked.

"Not so cold as it is wet." The dew hung thick on the grass.

"After all," said the Wall Street man, "this walking about in wet grass is nothing less than the old Kneipp Cure with accessories."

"And going naked is an old fad," responded the scribe. "I read of a ship captain once who used to go naked in all weathers while at sea."

"When will breakfast be ready?" asked the saloon-man.

"There is no breakfast. First meal is served at noon," answered the carriage-driver, who, like the rest, had slept under the trees. Six months before he had hobbled into the enclosure on crutches after being pronounced incurable of tuberculosis of the bones. He limped slightly yet, but the crutches were at that moment standing in the corner of the carriage-house.

"Did you hear that?" remarked the broker.

OVER ON THE LAWN BLANKETS HAD BEEN SPREAD; UNDER THESE THE PATIENTS WERE RESTING WITH APPARENT COMFORT.

"There is the old 'no-breakfast' plan, pure and simple."

A boy passed by, holding a lump of mud to his face. They asked him why. He replied that he had toothache and was trying to cure it with the universal panacea. A man with paralysis of the eyelid had a wad of clay on his brow, and another with spine trouble had a large patch plastered on his back.

"Add mud bath to your list," said the writer, sententiously.

The Doctor came along and greeted his patients. "Good-morning," he said. "Any

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person catch cold last night? No? Strange. Well, let us take our bath."

He led the way down the hill and through the shrubbery to the bank of a stream. Its source was not far distant, and springs from the hill-sides bubbled into it at intervals. It was as clear and as cold as spring water usually is. A little wooden pier sloped into it from the bank so as to give the bathers the required chance to sit on the water's edge.

Several patients got down and sat as the deer had made its young sit, on their haunches, with their feet in the deeper water. They threw the water over them by the handful, stroking their bodies and limbs up and down, massaging themselves from head to foot. After leaving the water they stood upon the pier and continued the stroking process. No one was allowed to plunge bodily into the water, because "animals do not bathe that way," and, for a similar reason, no one was allowed a towel after the bath. "Rub yourself until dry," was all the comfort the saloonman got when he emerged, chattering. But he did more than rub, he danced from one end of the pier to the other. After awhile even the three new-comers began to feel warm, but perhaps it was only comparative warmth, for when they went up to the lawn again they were amazed to see a farmer of the neighborhood delivering milk with his overcoat buttoned up to the neck.

"For the first time in my life," remarked the broker, feelingly, "I can understand how the intense heat of a piece of ice can make liquid air boil."

The patients strolled over the lawn singly and in groups, taking light and air baths. Long exposure to sun and wind had browned them from head to foot, and the white skins of the new-comers were in startling contrast. They appeared pasty by comparison. The three went for a view of the place where the Doctor had slept, and found, truly enough, a double line of graves. These graves were less than two feet in depth and, generally speaking, each belonged to the man who occupied it. That is, each patient, when he arrived, had a particular grave assigned to him and each took pride in keeping it in trim. Several men were even then raking the stones from their graves in preparation for the day's sojourn. And there was one small grave that had belonged to a little boy who had been sent home cured, but a long time had elapsed since it had felt the hand of its owner, and so it was slowly filling up.

LONG EXPOSURE TO THE SUN AND WIND HAD BROWNED THEM FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

"Looking at the graves?" asked the Doctor, walking up. "They constitute our most radical means for extracting disease from the body. Disease, especially chronic disease, begins, as Just says, with man's transgression of the laws of Nature. Unnatural food can be digested with difficulty, and in the course of time a great deal of undigested matter, 'foreign matter,' we call it, accumulates in the body, permeating the entire system. The body tries from the start to rid itself of this foreign matter and its efforts often take the form of acute disease. A cold in the head is really a good thing since it enables the body to throw off foreign matter (phlegm) in great quantities. These acute diseases are to be regarded in the light of healing crises. They are dangerous only when wrongly treated—when, for instance, the patient is kept from breathing fresh air, so that the foreign matter cannot be ejected. A child dies of measles only when the rash which contains the foreign matter does not break out.

"But it may often happen that the body becomes incapable of having an acute disease. That is, the bottling-up process, fostered perhaps by the person's mode of life,

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may go on to such an extent, and the system become so enervated that it is impossible for the body to throw off the foreign matter. Then the disease is said to be chronic. The foreign matter ferments, it may be in the stomach, may be in the lungs, perhaps in the eyes, or even in the brain. As long as it exists, chronic indisposition of some kind will persist. An acute disease might give relief, but persons with chronic diseases seldom catch cold or contract high fevers.

"We endeavor here to bring about a condition which will correspond to the acute disease without its unpleasant effects. We go naked and we take natural baths to stimulate the constitution, and we sleep on the ground and bury ourselves in the earth to give the foreign matter a chance to be drawn from the system. The actual beginning of the emission of the foreign matter we call a crisis. Thus, when it begins to leave a patient, he may have a high fever, or he may on the other hand become covered with an eruption, showing that the foreign matter is issuing forth. As soon as the crisis takes place we know that nature has begun to extract the disease."

"And would you put a person with a dangerous fever in one of those graves?"

"More than that. My own children were taken with scarlet fever. I wrapped them in wet sheets, and they were well in four days."

The Japanese bronze came up with a pail of wet clay, and the patients stood in a row while he plastered it upon them in the region where their ailments were most acute. Among the rest he plastered it upon the scribe. Then with a watering-pot he sprinkled the interior of the graves. Solemnly, as it seemed, each one laid himself away, and the bronze man shovelled the dirt in on top.

To feel those clods hit upon you, to feel the dirt cave as it ran in under you from the patting of the shovel, was the most intensely suggestive sensation it has ever been the privilege of the writer to experience. It sent his imagination careering back through every conception he had ever had of death and its manifold horrors. The earth pressed heavily, not with weight, but with repugnance, and though broad day shone above and about, the impression was ghastly. The writer endured it for a long, long time—much longer than he afterward could have thought possible. And then he arose, and, with dirt clinging to him in chunks, rushed away to the stream and plunged in, not as the animals would have done it, perhaps, but with all the joyous heedlessness that pent-up civilization could inspire.

When he returned, the patients were out of the graves and the bronze man was preparing the mid-day meal. The bar-tender was telling the man with locomotor ataxia that he was hungry enough even for nuts, and when that provoked a general smile he remarked somewhat shamefacedly: "Well, you know I could get a chicken now if I really wanted it."

"Could you? How?"

"Call up the boys. There's a 'phone."

"Yes, yes, my son," replied the Doctor, gravely; "but you would not get the boys. That is a private 'phone connected with the women's park across the lake."

"Do women take this treatment?" cried the other, in amazement.

"Certainly. Women and children. And my wife, who is in charge, has less trouble with them than I have with the men."

"Well," gasped the saloon-man, as the whistle blew for luncheon, "that *is* the limit."

A NOTE BY DR. T. C. STEDMAN, EDITOR OF THE "MEDICAL RECORD."

The characteristic of a fad, in medicine as in other things, is that it runs to exclusiveness and eccentricity, being a one-sided devotion to a single part which needs to be combined with other parts, each in its due proportion, in order to make up an harmonious whole. One of the latest illustrations of this is the so-called "nature-cure." This is not new—none of our popular crazes are—but is a revival of a periodically recurring notion that modern life is artificial, that all our woes are due to this fact, and that consequently the universal cure is to be found in a "return to nature"—eat uncooked nuts and fruits (why not uncooked meat?) wear no clothes, get into holes in the ground and lie there with dirt banked up around and over the body, etc. Dirt may make an effective poultice when nothing better can be had, and when it does not—as it often does—contain the germs of lockjaw; but every disease is not to be cured by poulticing. At certain mineral springs mud-baths are given, the patient being plastered over with mud impregnated with salts, and much good often results from them; but they will not cure every ill. Air-baths and sun-baths are tonic and health-giving, but it is foolish to regard them as panaceas, and they may, in certain instances, be injurious. Too much meat is undoubtedly eaten, but man has been used, through long centuries, to a mixed diet, and the evils following a disproportionate use of animal food are not to be remedied by merely reversing the disproportion. Nature is a kind mother sometimes, but sometimes she is most cruel, and when not directed by the intelligence of man she is more often cruel than not, and herein lies the danger of fads such as this. Nature-cure is simply an eccentric exaggeration of the impulse toward plain living which the instinct of longevity has implanted in us, but which the artificialities of life and the pull of the appetites too often overcome.

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Their First Stand

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

With illustrations by Charlotte Weber

TOXAWAY-IN-THE-HILLS has become a city, almost, and the Captain of the "Kildees" is a middle-aged business man, but if you will question the people of the town, they are still able to show you the ruined walls of the "Academy" and the wide, level stretch of sward where the companies used to parade. But the school itself is only a memory. The weeds grow tall about its massive doorways and in the quiet summer afternoons the sunshine streams lightly through its broken windows and rests in solitary splendor on the undisturbed dust of its rotting floors. For the times are changed and long years have come and have gone since the last trim squad of gray-clad cadets formed into line on the oft-trodden quadrangle or stepped out through the dark old "sallyport" with muskets aslant and feet well-timed to the rub-a-dub-dub of the drum.

Since the day that the first school was established, there have been schools and schools, but only those are worth while which are able to impress themselves—which have power to set a sign on their pupils and to write upon the foreheads of men the superscription, "gentleman." The Military Academy at Toxaway was typically such a school and on the day when the Civil War opened it was a very old school as well. Its graduates had lived well in times of peace and had died well in times of war, and upon the walls of the "chapel" white stone tablets were set. Traditions had gathered about it and its diploma had come to stand for manhood and for fair and clean-handed honor. It was a school with a history—no man could remain a coward there.

But in time the great war came—a war which ground with a millstone of wrath the very seed-corn of the State—and when the tide of battle set hard against the South, and one by one the heavy tidings of disaster came, then pupils and teachers alike laid down their books and shouldered their old-fashioned muskets—they could do no otherwise, for they knew too well that men were needed at the front to fill the gaps in the fighting line.

But Dodd was left, and although he was decrepit and old, Dodd was a host in himself. All his life Dodd had belonged to the Academy; he had been educated there, he had taught there for so many years that the old building had come to be his home, and he had sent thence his only son to die as he would have had him die—to die upholding the palmetto flag in the war with Mexico. After the others had gone, it seemed to

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THE CAPTAIN.

Dodd, himself half-sick with grief because he was too old to go, that it were a shame to close the school; also he was lonely. So it came about that the tottering old man went out into the town and gathered into the deserted class-rooms the young lads of the village, none of whom were over fourteen. In fact, there was in all Toxaway no able-bodied white male who was older, for the strong men, and some who were not at all strong, had long since gone to the regiments, where in those days of sixty-five they might have been found with Lee or with Johnston, or in the Northern prisons or else in those long red trenches which endure when the battle has passed. For the South was spent, and the end was near, and the coming of gray Appomattox hung shadow-like over the land.

But in spite of wars and rumors of wars, Dame Nature ceased none of her offices, and on a day in the early spring the plum-trees were blossoming in Toxaway, and the soft sunshine was flooding the streets and all the gardens and the bare, brown roofs of the town. In the houses that were under those roofs the women were busy at their hand-looms or at their sewing, in the fields the negroes were at work; it was afternoon and in Toxaway there was silence, save that on the green in front of the Academy the youthful cadets were drilling.

It was rather warm, and the sand-flies were beginning to bite, but no man in that company presumed to brush them off, for the Cadet Captain was in command and old Dodd sat apart.

"Company—halt! Right dress!" The Captain spoke with dignity and his men obeyed him well. "Out on the left there, Potter. Steady. Front!"

They had approached Dodd, and the Captain turned pridefully and saluted. Was not this "The Corps of Cadets" and was not Dodd Superintendent? Had not the name of the Academy been written large on the Virginia fields—written in the blood of its sons—and were not they the heirs of all this glory and the conservators of this dearly bought fame? It had been the custom of Dodd to tell them that this was so, and to exhort them upon occasion to the performance of similar deeds.

But upon this particular afternoon the old man had a far-away look in his eyes and remained strangely silent. The cause which Dodd had made his own seemed to be going down, Dodd's people were in despair, and Dodd himself was old and there was nothing that he could do. As for the little company in front of him, Dodd looked at them pityingly. Until now he had imagined them men—had shut his eyes stubbornly and had befooled even himself; he had even been properly indignant when a passing wag of a soldier had jeeringly christened them "Kildees"—but this afternoon he saw things as they were, and knew that after all these were but children playing with the tools of war. But, although he also had become again a child, the game had led now to painful thoughts, and for the first time in his life Dodd found his martial ardor abated and he longed for a time of quietness and to end his days in peace. Let the boys play at ball or marbles, let the muskets be stacked and the

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small gray uniforms be folded and laid away, for there would be no more need of such—the South had been defeated and its people's hearts were dead.

Still the force of a lifetime habit may not at once be broken, so Dodd raised his hand to his cap and the Captain dropped the point of his sword gravely and manfully.

"Dismiss them, son," said the old man, wearily, as the mist rose in his eyes. "Dismiss them, and let us go home."

An uneasy stir ran along the company front, and the hot blood rose in the Captain's cheeks. Away in the west, blurring the sky-line and the tops of the distant hills, a broad column of dust was rising—a signal which in the eyes of a soldier would have held a sinister meaning—but Dodd and the boys were watching each other, and neither took any heed. For Dodd had spoken to the Captain, "the Senior Officer, sir, of the Corps," as a man might speak to a child. The "Corps" was dumfounded utterly, and the Captain's pride was touched, but he was a soldier still, so he bit his ruddy lip, saluted again, and faced about silently.

"Shoulder arms!" he commanded. "By the right flank—march!" In spite of himself his voice trembled a little, so that the boys glanced sidewise at him, then backward at the following Dodd. What could have happened, they wondered, and what was old Dodd about?

Up the hill, coatless and hatless, his hurried breathing telling of the distance he had covered, Dodd's negro servant was coming at break-neck speed. "Mars' Dodd!" he called in tones of the greatest alarm, "Mars' Dodd!"

Dodd wheeled suddenly, and the line halted of its own accord.

"De Yankees!" the black man panted. "De Yankees done come, Mars' Dodd. Dey is yonder—down behine Moccasin Run. Dey is a-comin' down de road, an' de woods is full uv 'em!"

A panic came upon Dodd. For himself, the old man was not afraid; it seemed to him that he would be willing to die here in front of the old school in which he had served so long. But these children—the muskets and the uniforms—the Federals might not understand, and then how could he ever face those mothers yonder in the town.

"Throw down your guns," he shouted, "and run—run home quick and change your clothes!"

DODD.

The line surged indignantly. "Steady!" called the Captain.

"Go on!" yelled Dodd. "You've got no time to lose. Go on, I say!"

The boys simply stiffened themselves and not a musket went down.

Dodd's face paled—he was not accustomed to be disobeyed—then a look of blank surprise spread over his grizzled features, for the clear eyes of the boys he had trained had grown cold and stern, and he easily read his own condemnation there.

"Moccasin Run"—the negro was stammering—"back 'cross Moccasin Run!"

The Captain glanced at Dodd with a look of pitying contempt. Until to-day the old man, in the estimation of his pupils, had been the incarnation of physical courage and the

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very avatar of battle, and now when the test had come he had proven himself a coward—a coward on his own threshold, a coward where women were to be defended, a coward in the face of the enemy! But the Captain knew his own duty and did not hesitate. Henceforth he was in command, and he scorned to ask Dodd for even so much as a key.

"Sergeant," he said to the lad at the head of the column, "break the magazine door and distribute cartridges."

Dodd was almost frantic. "Boys," he begged, "listen to me—listen! What will your mothers say? Just think, boys, of your mothers!"

The Captain turned and fixed Dodd with his eye. "It is you who forgets them," he answered contemptuously.

The crash of an axe on wood and the heavy fall of a door warned the old man that the ammunition had been reached, but he was unable to hinder them.

"I should think, sir, that you'd go away," said the sergeant, respectfully. "The boys shouldn't see you like this." He liked Dodd, and from his heart he pitied him.

The old man took his stand in the doorway. "Over my body!" he said, but he was caught from behind, and was hurriedly thrust aside.

Once the cartridges were served, the company moved away. At the edge of the "green" they filed into the broad, dusty road that led toward Moccasin Run, while Dodd, white-faced and shaken, called pleadingly after them. As they passed the crest of the hill and saw below them the houses and the quiet streets of the town, it may be that for just one moment the Captain wavered—that a sob rose into his throat and thickened his utterance—but if so he gave no sign.

"Halt!" called Dodd to the column that pushed steadily on; then he stopped and gazed wistfully after them. Their heads were erect, their musket-barrels glanced in the sun, and a little negro servant who marched on the flank beat a quickstep on his drum.

In the sudden stir of his pride Dodd forgot his fear, but when the spectacle had passed from sight he remembered it all again. Far away across the hills he heard a bugle-call, and raising his eyes he saw, three miles away, the dust, and the long blue columns, and the starry folds of the flag. There was another flag, and a newer, for which Dodd would have willingly died, but the old flag—the flag which his son had loved—had power to move him still. He bared his head. It seemed to him that the banner which he saw stood for America, and that Americans would never slay children—not, indeed, if they knew. And these Americans *should* know—he was fully resolved that they should.

With tremulous but hurrying footsteps he left the road and made a rapid circuit through the woodlands and the outlying fields; then striking into a hillside path he ran on seeking a hidden ford which led across Moccasin Run.

Down at the river-bridge the Cadets formed in line across its end. In the opens their meagre little company might not even delay the blue hosts that were descending upon them, but at the passage of the stream, for a season at least, they would be able to bar the way. As if on parade they "dressed" their line, then knelt and brought their pieces to a "ready."

"Go home," said the Captain to the drummer. "There's going to be fighting here."

The negro scratched his head. "I—I bleeves I'ull wait, suh," he replied, "an' go home when you-alls does."

Across the stream and just at the crest of the opposite hill the Colonel of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry sat with his leg over the pommel of his saddle and took notice of his foes. For a moment he seemed astounded, then he laughed and turned to the man at his side.

"Well, I'm darned!" he ejaculated. "There are about thirty of 'em, Lieutenant, and they are nothin' in the world but kids."

The Lieutenant nodded. He had a "kid" of his own at home. "'Twould be a pity to hurt 'em any," he said.

The Colonel frowned. "We've got to have that bridge," he went on. "Maybe if we brought up a gun—just a deuce of a noise, you know, and a shell or two over their heads——"

The other shook his head dubiously. "I don't believe it would work," he returned. "I wonder where their mothers are."

There was a crash in the roadside underbrush, and the Colonel turned sharply as old Dodd came into view. The old man was exhausted and panting, so that a soldier supported him in order that he might not fall.

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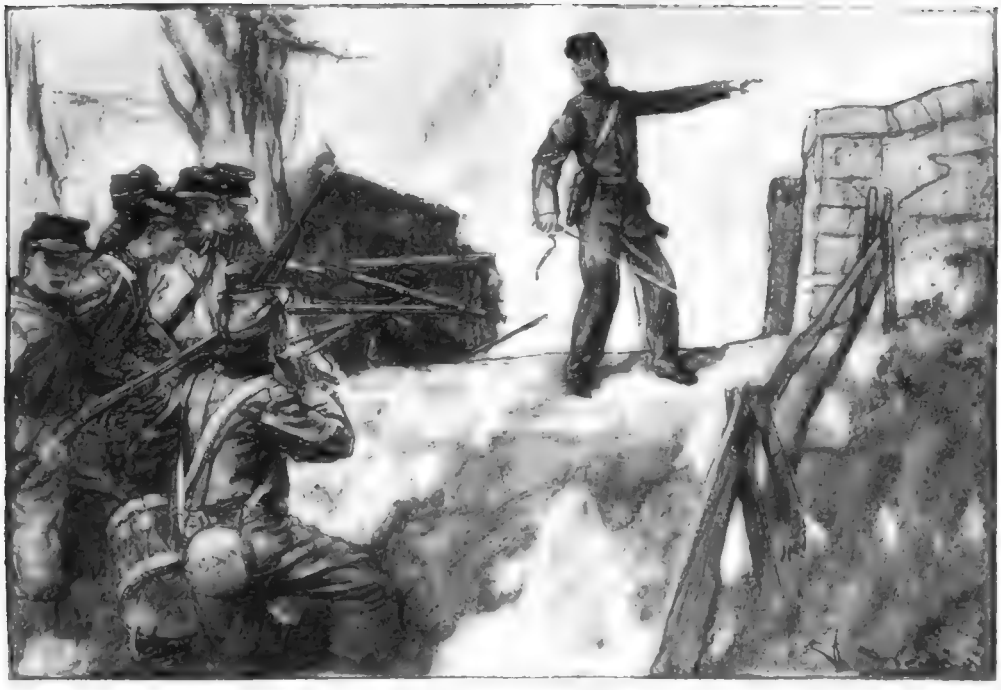

AT THE BRIDGE.

With a swift glance the officer made an estimate of his visitor. "What is it, Grandfather?" he asked, in a tone that was meant to be kindly.

Dodd pointed across the stream. "They are but children," he faltered. "They are the boys of my school. I tried to stop them, sir, and—and—you won't hurt them, will you?"

A mutter arose in the ranks. "What sort of cattle does he take us to be?" asked one man of another.

There was a smile on the Colonel's face as he beckoned the Lieutenant aside. "Rest easy, Grandfather," he called back to Dodd. "We'll turn 'em all over to you."

Together the two rode away toward the rear, and presently a command was given and a company dropped from their horses. Screening themselves behind the hills, that company followed the Lieutenant, who made a detour northward and came quickly down Moccasin Run to the ford which Dodd had used. Half an hour later there was a stir in the brushwood across the stream and fifty yards behind the line of cadets a man rose up and waved a handkerchief.

"Attention!" called the Colonel, and presently the skirmishers were deployed and were advancing toward the bridge.

How long and blue and large that line looked to the tired boys who awaited it. It was plain to them now that theirs was a hopeless case, but they held their ground—it might not be possible to win, but it was possible to die like men, there at the Moccasin Bridge. A catching of breath ran along the line and they gripped their guns hard and waited.

"With ball cartridge, load!" The command rang vengefully and loud. The boys cowered a little. They could not know that this showy parade was enacted to chain their attention.

"Ready! Fire!" There was a sheet of flame and a crackling roar of musketry; then the blue smoke drifted over the stream and the stir in the bushes increased.

The boys rosè to their feet. "Steady!" called the captain. "Fire!" But their bullets striking in the dust proved the range to be too great.

Then, suddenly, there was a mighty shout and the excited lads turned, for there in their rear, and coming bare-handed upon them, was a line like that in their front—a line of big men and strong, who bared their teeth as they settled down to the ultimate strain of the run. It was the end of things—

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the boys realized that—but full of the spirit of their people and of the old Academy they set their jaws hard and went down without a cry, fighting to the very last—went down, only to be raised each man in a trooper's arms.

The Captain had tears in his eyes as he struck out with his fists. "Turn me loose!" he gasped. "Release me! We haven't surrendered—we won't!"

The Irishman who held him laughed uproariously. "The divil ye won't!" he cried. "Ye're pris'ners, ther lasht dommed man of ye, an' I'm thinkin' we'll be afther tyin' ye ter yer mammies' apern-sthrings!"

But the Colonel, overlooking the struggle, didn't say a word like that. The Colonel said: "Good little men! Clear grit with never a flaw!" And as he leaned down from his horse he shook Dodd by the hand.

A Tug-Boat Hero

By PAUL SEVERING

WITH the wheel in his hand and the moisture of the spindrift on his face, Captain John Gully of the sea tug Lawrence told me the story of the Sarah Craig and his famous rescue of the living and the dead. We were cruising off Sandy Hook, looking for a ship in need of a tow up the harbor, for such is the Captain's way of winning his living from the sea. Far away across Gedney's where the electric buoys mark the channel at night like street lamps on a dark thoroughfare, we could just make out the uneasy surge of Scotland Lightship and over on the Highlands we could see the old towers where the twin lights of Navesink used to be. "They're gone, the twin lights," remarked Captain Gully. "And I am glad, for they always reminded me of that night when we towed in the Sarah Craig and its freight of bodies. It were a day like this," he went on, as he jammed the wheel hard over and hooked it there to go about. "The air was fine and clear, when out of the east there comes a squall as sudden and quick as ever they come in the West Indies where I was born. We'd been following a bark up from Barnegat, trying to get a tow, but when the wind struck us we left her and headed for the Hook. I had noticed a small schooner shortening sail between us and the beach, but the squall took up my attention and I forgot all about her until it blew over. When it lightened up a bit I looked around. The bark was all right but the schooner was gone.

CAPTAIN JOHN GULLY.

"My tug was the B. T. Haviland. She carried two derricks. I told a deck-hand to climb one of them and see if he could make out the schooner. He rigged a bowline, hoisted himself up and took a long look. Pretty soon he called:

"'I see her, Captain. She's capsized.'

"'Where away?'

"'Two points to port.'

"I went about, at once, but before we could make

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much headway a second squall came down on us with hailstones such as I never see in all my days on the water. Those stones were so big and vicious-like that they drove the deck-hands into the cabin and broke the windows of the pilot-house. We lost fifteen minutes before we were able to go after the schooner again, and then we thought we would be too late to be of help. We found her lying on her side, her masts and cabin under water, and men clinging to the hull.

"About every man on the tug was hanging over the side with a rope's end when we came up alongside the schooner's bottom and we had those fellows aboard in less than no time after we reached her—four passengers and five crew. They were pretty well done-up, especially the passengers, and silent; they hadn't a word to say when we pulled them aboard. I couldn't make it out. They just stood and stared at one another as if they saw ghosts. One of them sunk down on the deck and let out a sob fit to break him in two. Another put his hand on his shoulder, to comfort him, maybe, and bless me if there wasn't a gold bracelet hanging on his wrist. God! I knew then what was the matter.

"I grabs one of them hard. 'Didn't I get all of you?' I yells. 'Were there more?'

"'More?' says the man. 'Captain, there were seven others—six women and one man. They're down there in the cabin now.'

"'Good God!' I yells. 'Why didn't you say so? Hey, bear a hand.'

"'Too late,' he says, sorrowful-like. 'They been down there too long now, Captain.'

"'Maybe not,' I says. 'I'll ram my bow into the cabin trunk and burst it open. Maybe they'll be alive yet.'

"'Too late,' he says again. 'They been under water more'n twenty minutes now, and if you bust the cabin, you'll lose the bodies.'

"Bodies! Who cared about bodies if they was a chance of getting some of them alive. I wanted to bust the cabin anyhow.

"'Captain,' he says, pointing over the side, 'look there!'

"I looks over. Every minute or so the schooner would roll in the sea and the cabin would come up to the surface. There was a window with an iron grating that rose above the water, and there, sticking up between the bars, was a little white hand, the hand of a woman with a ring on one of the fingers. I see at once it was a dead hand and there'd be no use bustin' the cabin.

"'Is that where that bracelet belongs,' I asks.

"'Dunno,' he answers. 'He was foolin' with one of 'em just before the squall hit us and he took her bracelet and put it on his wrist. The women all went below when the rain began, and we turned over so quick there was no gettin' 'em out.'

"Silent? Was it any wonder they were silent? Was it any wonder the young fellow was a-sobbin' to break his heart? Can't you just see them hangin' to the bottom of that boat, with the waves washin' up and the hail beatin' down and feelin', yes, feelin' all the time what was going on in the cabin. I couldn't 'ave stayed there myself, that's all.

"The party was from Philadelphia, it seemed. They had chartered the yacht Sarah Craig several days before, and were on their way to Newport. There were two married women on board. The others were young girls; one the daughter of one of the women. They were very respectable people too.

"Well, the young fellow quieted down after awhile, and we bent a line on the yacht and started for the Hook. It was dusk before we got going, and she dragged hard all the way. There were no electrics in Gedney's in those days, but the old Highland lights were there, and all night long they kept blinking and blinking at me alone in the pilot-house like a pair of sad eyes viewin' a funeral procession. I'm glad they're gone."

Captain Gully looked out long and retrospectively at the old towers on the heights.

"In the morning we got in back of the Hook and anchored off the Government dock. We hitched a tackle under the schooner's mast and tried to turn her up, but we couldn't manage it. It was wreckers' work anyway. People came over from the Reservation to watch us, for somehow or other the news had got ashore. While we were working, someone noticed a bundle of woman's clothes floating away from the yacht. A deck-hand put a boat-hook into it, and when it turned over we saw that it was more than just clothes.

"We laid her on the forward deck, and the sight set them passengers fairly crazy. They ran about crying that they must have a diver to go down and get the others before the tide carried them off. I thought that young fellow I told you about would jump overboard. He asked me to help them somehow, and I, well, I don't know what made me say it, but

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I offered to go down myself and see what could be done. I suppose it was the sight of that poor chap running about distracted.

"Well, I got the lay of the cabin door from the captain of the yacht, and I strips off my clothes and goes overboard. I have been a swimmer since I was able to walk, and I didn't have no trouble finding the door, but then—well, I'd often heard tell of divers quitting the business after going once among the drowned dead. I believed it from that moment. When I got inside I saw—never mind what, I can't tell you, but, oh—oh—what an awful feeling it was! I got the nearest, and when I came up, the people on the pier gave a gasp—'Ah-h!' like that.

"Those people on the pier! Well, if it hadn't been for them, I'd a-never gone down again. No money would 'a' tempted me. It was just pride in the front of them, that's all. And every time I came up they'd say that word—'Ah-h!' like that. And the passengers would name the one I'd brought, all but the young fellow I told you about. He stood there glaring down at me each time, and into the face that would be at my side, until at last I brought up the young girl whose hand had stuck through the grating. And then—then they had to haul me up, for I was done out, and so I did not see what took place, but they told me afterward that the meeting of those two, the living and the dead, would have drawn tears from a stone."

Captain Gully looked again toward the distant towers, and the moisture of the spin-drift hung thick on his lashes. He did not speak for a long time.

"Yes," I prompted at last. "They were related perhaps?"

The Captain looked at me sadly.

"Don't you see?" he answered, "It was his ring she wore."

Captain John Gully was born near Kingston, Jamaica, sixty-one years ago. He comes of an old English family. He is a cousin of Sir William Court Gully. His father was a prominent planter of Jamaica. Young Gully ran away to sea when a boy, and has followed his bent ever since. He is one of the best-known pilots in New York Harbor and has eight sons, all of whom are in the tug-boat business. Every one of these sons has, at one time or another, helped to save life in New York Harbor. Daniel Gully, the oldest, once saved half a dozen persons from drowning during a ferry-boat collision. His tug was passing at the time of the collision, but he brought her to and, plunging overboard himself, struck out for the passengers in the water and succeeded in passing six of them up to the deck. Another son of Captain Gully lost his leg in a harbor accident, yet this did not dampen his ardor. When he recovered he found he could swim as well as ever, and he is now champion one-legged swimmer of New York. For his participation in the Sarah Craig rescue Captain Gully was presented with a gold medal by the Humane Society of New York, and the binoculars he is using to-day in the cabin of the Lawrence were given him as a token of their appreciation by the survivors of the ill-fated yacht.

The Idler

By ZONA GALE

HAS he wrought well? I know not. Nay, I know
Things without number that he leaves undone;
The things that vex the little people so
Who, blinded by the sun,
Walk ever in vast meditation
Upon the many motes the sunbeams throw.

But he lives certain things. He has a way
Of gleaning wonder. When a little wing
Beats by, he listens. He can chant the day
To rhythms of the dusk, and dim things sing
To him when no one knows their wakening.
Has he wrought ill? I know not who shall say.

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The Pacification of Cebu

By FREDERICK WALWORTH

With Illustrations by Horace Taylor

JARVEY HOOK was a young man who made many grievous mistakes before he hit upon that calling in life for which the fates had fashioned him. Struggling blindly with his destiny, groping in uncongenial by-ways, he was long in scrambling out upon the broad high-road.

Thus, as a youth, he was headed by a pious mother toward college, theological seminary, and the dreary life of a foreign missionary. Under protest Jarvey followed this path to his third year in the grammar school. At that point he encountered Injustice masking in the guise of a two-hundred-pound school principal. Jarvey fought him till he was pounded blue and limp, but could not prevail, lacking the weight. He thereupon abandoned the missionary idea and departed westward on a through freight, mentally and physically sore.

His next appearance in history is some years later when he emerges for a brilliant moment as a fireman on a line running out of Pittsburg. There was a strike and Jarvey stayed by the railroad. There was a riot and Jarvey hit a striker straight in the face to the permanent ruin of the same. Jarvey watched him being carted off, decided he was dead or dying, and elected to vanish lest worse follow.

Anon, he bobs up driving steers at the Chicago Stock Yards. This lasted a matter of six months. At the end of that time, he became involved in vituperative altercation with another driver. The fellow drew a knife and Jarvey, fearing he would do murder, smote him right and left for the good of his soul, took the pay that was coming to him and left for parts unknown, before the police arrived.

When he appeared again, it was in the shape of a truck-driver in Omaha, but he knew it would not last. There was too good an opportunity for interlocked wheels and smashed hubs and all the harrowing circumstances entailed thereby. So, when the driver of a laundry-wagon with a dished wheel struck him across the face one evening with his whip, Jarvey left his unconscious pulpy form by the wayside, with the feeling that the inevitable had happened.

You will observe a singular similarity in the preceding incidents, and the fact did not escape the notice of their victim. He considered the matter with profane particularity. Evi-

HE ENCOUNTERED INJUSTICE MASKED IN THE FORM OF A TWO-HUNDRED-POUND SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

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dently he was cut out for continuous trouble and he could think of but one profession where continuous trouble is legitimate. Therefore he sought the nearest recruiting station and enlisted as an infantry private in the regular army.

At last he was on the broad high-road.

At this time he stood an even seventy-five inches in his boots, his chest looked about three feet across, and his right arm was as the leg of an ordinary individual, the thrust of the same from the shoulder being like the blow of a Roman battering-ram. And he would fight as cheerfully and as continuously as he would drink beer.

AT LAST HE WAS UPON THE BROAD HIGH-ROAD.

In the fulness of time he found himself part of a garrison of one company in a God-forsaken inland village on the island of Cebu. The island was temporarily quiescent and monotony developed and grew like contagion about that garrison. Jarvey had already set up and fully established his right to physical supremacy in the company, and with destiny calling him and nobody to fight, his soul was troubled.

Then most opportunely came a batch of recruits and among them one in particular. Eleazar Toplatch was the name he gave, and his appearance was as noteworthy as his cognomen. Six feet two, very broad, very thick, hard as spikes, and homely as a carabao, he challenged and held attention. Jarvey Hook early sought him out.

"Fight?" he asked, without undue waste of time.

"Sure, you bow-legged buck Indian," replied Eleazar, handsomely, and smote Jarvey at the root of the nose.

This was in the jungle, and there they fought till for rods the ground was trodden down and torn up, as though elephants had done battle over it. There was none to interfere and they fought for hours, till both were broken in wind, weak from hemorrhage, and unrecognizably swollen and smashed of countenance. Sitting side by side in the torn jungle-grass, they made then an offensive and defensive alliance, which neither needed save against the other. Thenceforth they two walked the earth as brothers, and woe betided the man or men who rose to face them.

Jarvey was a sergeant and Eleazar a corporal when the north of the peaceful island of Cebu sprang into loud and iniquitous insurrection. Concealed fire-arms were unearthed and oiled, proclamations went circuitously broadcast, little brown men gathered mysteriously beyond touch of the garrisons, and the work was to do over. A man from the company straggled on the march north, and vanished, only God and the insurrectos knew where or how. The little column swung around the base of a woods-crowned hill, and the sharp "ca-ping" of a very modern magazine rifle sounded from above. A man in the column staggered with a cough and went down, shot through the lungs. The company rushed the hill and found nothing.

These incidents were lost sight of in the final catastrophe. The company camped, posted pickets and sentinels, and fell wearily to sleep. The cool night slipped softly through with no alarm. Then, without the slightest warning, in the dark before daybreak, came a swarm of little brown men and fell on the sleeping camp. Pickets had been taken from behind and silently stabbed, and the company woke from sleep to face all manner of sudden weapons, from small-bore magazine rifles to crinkly, snaky razor-edged swords and knives.

"FIGHT?" JARVEY ASKED, WITHOUT UNDUE WASTE OF TIME.

Once awake, they fought as white men should, but many never had a chance to

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waken. Jarvey Hook was on his feet and pumping his rifle into the blind dark before the echoes of the first yell died. Eleazar kicked up the smouldering fire, and the next instant it was hand-to-hand, face-to-face, give-and-take work.

Jarvey clubbed his rifle and brought it crashing on the nearest head. There was no time to fix bayonets. Jarvey was exalted.

"Waugh!" he yelled, like a painted Piegan, and smashed the whole stock from his Krag on the ear of a leaping Malay. Then he waded in with his fists and found work for both. He carried a death-dealing punch in either hand, and he ladled out the contents, right and left, right and left, yelling like a happy fiend, and bowling over the little heathen like Samson among the Philistines.

ELEAZAR TOPLATCH WAS THE NAME HE GAVE.

By his side wrought Eleazar, silent as the tomb and with as terrible a silence. He had missed his rifle in the sudden alarm, but had gathered in Jarvey's discarded barrel, and found it an excellent tool for the work. Not a sound passed his lips save a dismal count of each cracked head, as the steel war-club rose and fell and rose again.

"Eleven—twelve—thirteen."

The little brown men did not stand long before these sons of Anak, who came at them bare-handed and smote like the kick of a mule. Five swift minutes of it, and they passed like phantoms into the surrounding gloom.

"SURE, YOU BOW-LEGGED BUCK INDIAN," REPLIED ELEAZAR, HANDSOMELY.

Jarvey at the very last was engaged with one little fellow, who on the imminent edge of sledge-hammer destruction threw up his hands by way of surrender.

"Come in then to the fire," said the big white man, and taking him by the ear, waltzed him into the circle of light. Here he turned and examined his captive.

"You're as handsome as a million others," he said, "but I think I'll know you next time you go on a bat," and he started to look for the captain, still leading the sullen little Malay by the ear.

In an unguarded moment his captive twisted about and sunk a short dagger between Jarvey's ribs, and as the big fellow staggered back, the treacherous rascal slid into the jungle with a soft laugh of triumph.

It was a dismal slaughter. Eight men killed, including the lieutenant; fourteen wounded, including the captain, shot in the head and raving in delirium. Eleazar brought the company in with the assistance of the other non-coms. Eleazar had a slice taken off his scalp, but made light of it.

Some weeks later Jarvey sat on the shady side of the hospital tent and puffed at a vile Manila cheroot in more or less contentment. His right arm was strapped to his side, and his chest was swathed in bandages, and he was very uncomfortable. Still, he was allowed to sit up and to smoke, and was thankful for small favors. Two men rode by at a walk.

"I tell you, Governor," said one, hotly, "oaths aren't worth bothering with. We'll never stop this business till we take away their weapons."

"Is there any way of doing that, General?"

"Coercion," snapped the first speaker.

"That won't do. Better keep on fighting than supply the antis at home with that sort of ammunition."

The two passed on, and Eleazar strolled up.

"See that fat lobster?" said Jarvey, irreverently. "That's the governor. He's off on an inspection tour, they say."

"Nice hard-boiled-egg-looking feller," said Eleazar, critically, and the two fell to good-natured banter as to each other's personal appearance. It would have been as well if Jarvey had remembered this chance-heard

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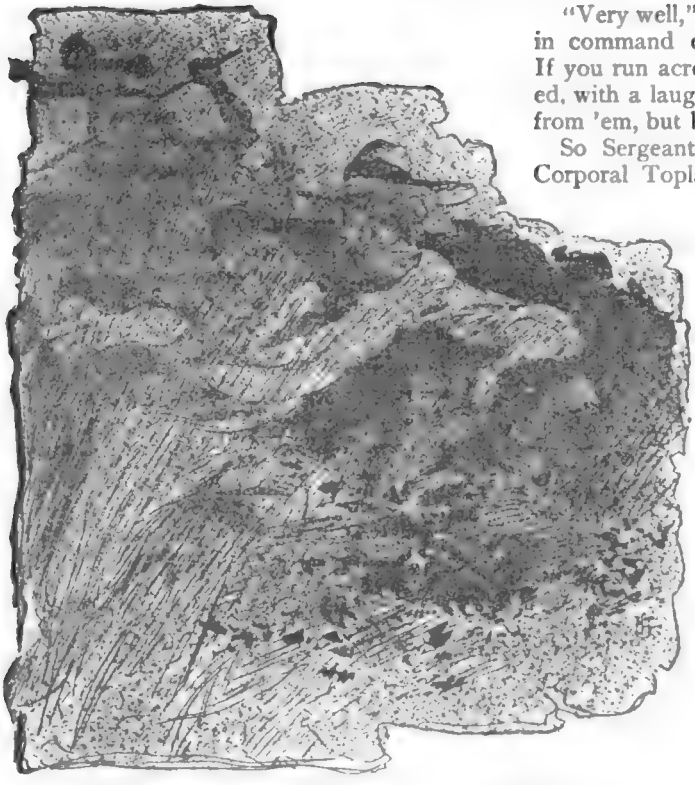

HE CARRIED A DEATH-DEALING PUNCH IN EITHER HAND.

conversation. As a matter of fact he remembered only half.

When the two came out of hospital, the insurrection was once more crushed, the island pacified, and the one-time insurrectos again were peaceful farmers, sworn lovers of all things American.

Vigilant search had disclosed an occasional fire-arm of antique pattern and doubtful efficiency. The same had been confiscated and peace again reigned. All this was very disgusting to Sergeant Hook. He had had a hole drilled in his right side without opportunity to get back at the driller: he had consequently missed the campaign and the glory thereof; he felt that he had been hardly used.

The company was back in garrison at the South, and once Jarvey and Eleazar were reasonably convalescent they applied for leave to rejoin the command.

"How'll you get down there?" demanded an officer.

"Walking's good, sir," replied Jarvey.

The officer glanced them up and down. Neither looked as though he needed an escort, and together they were distinctly impressive.

"Very well," he said; "go ahead. You're in command of the expedition, Sergeant. If you run across any insurrectos," he added, with a laugh, "just take their rifles away from 'em, but be careful not to hurt 'em."

So Sergeant Hook, six feet three, and Corporal Toplatch, six feet two, set forth to travel the sixty miles to camp. They were an imposing spectacle. Little brown folk scuttled from under foot, took one look up at them and cut for the underbrush. They proceeded leisurely, being convalescents, and after an easy morning march arrived at a village where the head man met them with his face in the dust. In eager pantomime he sought to convey the information that the village was theirs, and the contents thereof.

Jarvey took him by the scruff of the neck, elevated him to a standing posture and fixed him with his eye.

"I hope to die a soap-eatin' Esquimau," he remarked, "if you ain't the God-forsaken little nigger that jabbed me in the ribs."

The recognition was mutual and the head man squirmed in agonized anticipation of evils to come. Jarvey retained his strategic grip on his occipital condyle. If he had loosed his hold the little gentleman would have ducked for cover with terrified howls.

"I THINK I'LL KNOW YOU NEXT TIME YOU GO ON A BAT."

"Now," said Jarvey, meditatively, "what the very ham sandwich am I goin' to do to you?"

Precisely that was what his honor, the head man, desired extravagantly to know. Eleazar ranged alongside.

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'Chief o' the town, ain't he?" he observed. "High muk-a-muk, sort o' boss o' the ward. He'll have a sock full o' Mexicans stowed away somewhere, if he's got such a thing as a sock."

"You're a helpful man, Eleazar," said Jarvey. "Lead on to your silver mine, you infernal little lump o' yellow perdition," and he jerked the head man to the right about, and the column advanced toward the most pretentious straw shack in the village.

Once inside Jarvey loosed his hold upon the terrified mayor, while Eleazar stood guard at the door. Then the sergeant summoned all his Spanish and spoke. It was the very vile Spanish of cantonments, and Jarvey's vocabulary was extremely abbreviated. The mayor's knowledge of the tongue was at least equally limited, so between them stretched a very slender linguistic bridge, across which to transact grave business of finance. But it had to do.

Jarvey slowly and laboriously put his thought into Spanish. The chief as laboriously comprehended this Spanish, and with sweat starting from his brow, eventually got it over into the language of his own mental processes. Jarvey demanded silver and gold. The chief ultimately seemed to understand, for he vigorously shook his head. From Jarvey's face, one might have supposed his feelings were hurt. He slowly searched his pockets, while anxiety grew upon the head man's countenance.

"Got a match, Eleazar?" said Jarvey.

"Ain't goin' to burn him, are you?" asked Eleazar, awe-struck, as he passed the box.

"Goin' to scare sense into him," replied the sergeant. His tone was deeply melancholy. The words meant nothing to his victim, but the tone meant much.

Jarvey picked up a piece of bamboo, split it into small sticks, and piled these up in a little pyramid on the earthen floor. From time to time he glanced at the chief with a sinister light in his eyes. Deliberation marked all his acts. The pyramid complete, he repeated his demand for silver and gold. The chief hesitated. Then he exclaimed in hurried, broken Spanish that he had none, that he was a man of peace, that he had no use for any.

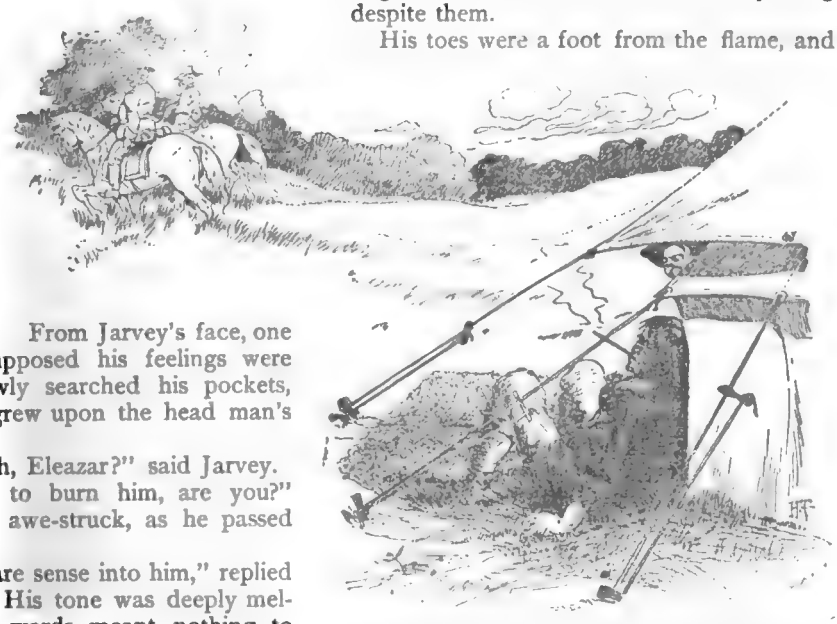
Jarvey did not fully comprehend, but laid it to the weakness of his own Spanish and appeared pained. He drew a match across his thigh, and held it carefully beneath the pyramid till the dry bamboo caught and blazed. Jarvey threw the match upon the pile.

"Waugh!" he yelled, so savagely and suddenly that even Eleazar jumped. The sergeant's hand shot out and closed upon the naked ankle of the chief. His eyes were like two knives as he turned them on the cowering wretch.

The little fire was burning briskly, and slowly, inch by inch, the chief's bare toes approached the blaze. He wriggled frantically for a moment, but he came in as surely, inch by inch, as though he had been caught in a huge machine. His eyes stuck out of his head. Presently he ceased struggling and fixed a horrified gaze upon the fire. His nails dug in the earth, but he slid smoothly along despite them.

His toes were a foot from the flame, and already the warmth was noticeable, when suddenly he clutched frantically at Jarvey's arm.

"Sí, sí, señor," he cried, "sí."



"SEE THAT FAT LOBSTER?" SAID JARVEY, IRREVERENTLY. "THAT'S THE GOVERNOR."

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Jarvey stayed his hand and glared at the terrified little man.

"Quick then!" he roared at him, and loosed his hold.

The chief sprang to a corner and began an eager digging in the packed earth. Directly he uncovered a long water-proof case and a small square box. He hastily brushed the clinging dirt from these and brought them forward. Jarvey eagerly opened the case, anticipating gold, and found a Mauser rifle in an excellent state of preservation. He then seized the box, hoping for silver, and found 100 rounds of ammunition. Whereupon he gave vent to a long triple-jointed oath, partly from astonishment, partly from wrath.

He glanced at the chief, who smiled hopefully. Jarvey laughed aloud and swore again.

"Must have messed my Spanish horrible, Eleazar," he said. Suddenly he grew thoughtful.

"Say, old man," he remarked, "this beats Mexicans. Here's where we get our commissions."

"Twenty."

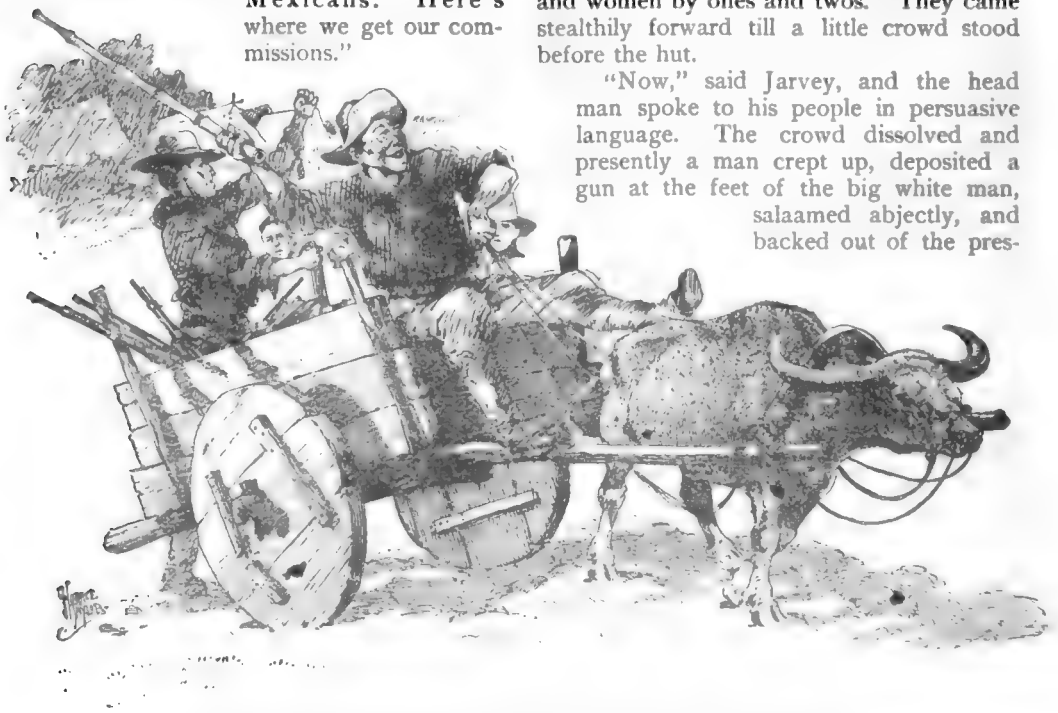
The chief shook his head dolefully. Jarvey glanced at the dying fire, and made to grasp the little man's ankle. The chief wilted. Jarvey slipped a clip of cartridges into the magazine of the Mauser and led him to the door.

THE HEAD MAN MET THEM WITH HIS FACE IN THE DUST.

"No funny business, now," he said.

The chief lifted up his voice and cried to the empty village street. Immediately appeared men and women by ones and twos. They came stealthily forward till a little crowd stood before the hut.

"Now," said Jarvey, and the head man spoke to his people in persuasive language. The crowd dissolved and presently a man crept up, deposited a gun at the feet of the big white man, salaamed abjectly, and backed out of the presence. He was followed immediately by another and another, till a pile of weapons, twenty or more in all, lay at the sergeant's feet. Jarvey turned them critically with his toe.



"GOOD-BY!" HE ROARED, GLARING AT THE COWERING WRETCH.

He turned upon the chief and held up his hands with fingers extended.

"Ten," he said, menacingly. He doubled up his fingers and extended them again.

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"MUNITIONS OF WAR, SIR."

They were a motley collection, flint-locks percussion-locks, and breech-loaders, one or two Mausers, one Krag, several short cavalry carbines, and at least one mediæval blunderbuss. But all were shiny with use and care and were plainly not heirlooms, but the weapons the little men carried.

When the last man had laid his offering down and backed away, Jarvey turned to the chief.

"Bull-cart," he said, "carabao. Sabe?"

Mournfully the little fellow shook his head and shouted forth another order which presently produced a heavy, big-wheeled cart drawn by a sleepy-eyed water-buffalo, who placidly chewed the cud while the munitions of war were loaded in behind him. Eleazar picked up a stout bamboo club, and climbing in, took his seat on the front of the chariot.

All being ready, Jarvey turned and made final oration at the chief. That gentleman could not comprehend the language used, but the tone and the eye of the white man were savage and menacing, and his honor shrank before him.

"From now on," bellowed the sergeant, "you're a good Indian. Do you understand that, you sawed-off, little, two-for-a-nickel, putty-faced baboon? If I ever hear of you cuttin' up any more high jinks I'll come back here with my friend Eleazar, who now sits on the bull-cart heavin' with laughter, and make him sit down on you, and when he gets up, there won't be enough left of you to grease an axle."

He shook a large hairy fist beneath the terrified nose of the little man.

"If you was half-way to a size with me," he went on, "I'd take you out back of the house and hammer the flat face of you, you bow-legged little half-pint o' sour beer. You're a disgrace to the American eagle, you four foot an' a half o' rag-baby, an' if I ever have occasion to come down here again because o' you, I'll bring along my friend Eleazar, who now sits on the bull-cart heavin' with laughter, and make him sit down on you, and when he gets up, there won't be enough left of you to grease an axle."

He advanced a step and raised his voice to terrifying proportions.

"Good-by!" he roared, glaring at the cowering wretch; "I'm delighted to have made your acquaintance, and I hope an' pray I'll never set eyes on you again, you wall-eyed, knock-kneed, knife-usin' little poll-parrot; good-by!"

Eleazar sat with heaving shoulders as Jarvey climbed majestically to a seat upon the cart.

"Through train for Johnstown, Altoona, Harrisburg, and points east. Board!" yelled Jarvey, solemnly, glaring wild-eyed upon the terrified natives, the confiscated Mauser resting on his knees. Eleazar brought down his club violently upon the flank of the carabao, the animal awoke, took one last chew, and moved casually forward, and the march began.

Once out of sight of the population, the two doubled up with unholy mirth, and the cart for some time followed the devious inclinations of a water-buffalo's lowly organized mentality.

"Jarvey," said Eleazar, "as a convincin' orator, you'd make Chauncey M. look like a two-spot with a hole in it. Your language is corruptin' to an innocent young feller like me, but you sure had that little buzzard scairt durn near to suicide."

"Well," said Jarvey, reflectively, "I calculate these little niggers is a good deal like mules. They're big-headed and treacherous; they'll kick the dash-board off and run wild if you don't strap 'em down, and you just naturally got to cuss 'em if you want anything sensible out of 'em."

For five days, then, these two traversed the interior of the island of Cebu. At each succeeding village they stopped and Jarvey made profane and terrifying oration. With the loaded cart as an object-lesson, interpreters proved unnecessary and so terrible was the aspect of these two giants, so boldly aggressive was their capture of each head man—for they stuck religiously to their first fortuitous mode of attack—that by the end of this time the cavalcade comprized two heavily loaded carts, and the munitions of war collected would have stocked an armory.

Behind them lay a string of terrified villages and a series of petty chiefs, convinced that they had purchased life itself at the

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price of their armaments. A deep, white, unbreakable peace settled upon Cebu.

Down at cantonments the captain spoke with the Governor, who had arrived on his visit of inspection.

"They aren't coming in and taking the oath as they ought," said the Governor. "I hoped when we smashed this last flurry it would convince them of the folly of resistance, but I don't know."

"The important point, Governor, isn't the oath," replied the captain. "They're born and bred liars, you know. The main thing is that they aren't turning in their rifles."

He glanced toward a slender stack of antique fire-arms in one corner of the room.

"There is a nice little collection of junk," he remarked, "and the men who turned them in I have no doubt each owns an up-to-date repeater, and knows how to use it. That's the discouraging feature. When they get ready they'll forget their oaths and go on the war-path again."

A burst of wild cheering and laughter broke upon their ears, and the captain stepped inquiringly to the door. Down the main street of the camp came a bull-cart surrounded by a crowd of shouting privates. Perched high above and solemnly belaboring the slow carabao appeared the figure of Sergeant Jarvey Hook.

The captain stepped into the veranda whence he presently observed the arrival of a similar cart, upon which sat Corporal Eleazar Toplatch, also solemnly beating the patient beast which drew him.

Opposite the captain's quarters the strange procession halted and Sergeant Hook dismounted stiffly, came to attention, and saluted.

"What have you got there, sergeant?" demanded the officer.

"Munitions of war, sir, captured from the enemy," replied Jarvey, brazenly.

"What's that?" said the captain, incredulously, and stepped out to the nearest cart to have a look.

"Where the devil'd you get those?" he demanded, wheeling on Jarvey.

"Picked 'em up, sir, on the way down," said Jarvey, calmly. "Country was full of 'em."

The captain's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"Come inside, sergeant, and report," he said.

For twenty minutes Jarvey was closeted with the captain and the Governor, and when he emerged it was with a somewhat subdued air. He sought Eleazar where that worthy was recounting wondrous experiences to an admiring circle of soldiery.

"Recommended for commission?" asked Eleazar.

"Hell, no," replied Jarvey in deep disgust. "Says he'll pass it over this time, but if he ever hears o' me coercing the cussed little niggers again, he'll have me court-martialed. Now wouldn't that everlastin'ly raise welts on your back? Here we put in five sweatin' days a-pacifyin' this beast of an island and get court-martialed at the end. Come on, I'm going to get drunk."

"COME ON; I'M GOING TO GET DRUNK."

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Our Selfish Citizenship

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

"In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing."

NOT long ago a group of men were discussing the condition of a city's government when one of the number volunteered a story in support of his bitter criticism of the Powers-that-be. He explained that the corporation which he represented was the owner of a valuable piece of real estate in the heart of the city. For years this property had been assessed for taxation at a figure satisfactory to the company, but under the new municipal government the assessment was suddenly doubled and the income correspondingly threatened. There had been, so the speaker averred, no change in the value of the property to warrant the new figures, but the assessor was obdurate. "We soon saw," continued the speaker, "that there was nothing to do but meet the situation. We therefore calculated the amount of the increased tax for one year and sent that sum to the assessor, who promptly restored the former valuation. It cost us just $8,000, but it was worth it, for if we'd once paid the tax based on the high appraisement, we would probably have had to continue paying it forever."

Now, the only startling thing about this story is that it did not startle the listeners. They were all men of education, refinement and good standing, and yet what they heard did not shock or even surprise them. They recognized the main facts as common to a score or more of similar stories which they had heard, forgotten and dimly recalled. It never occurred to the narrator that there was any imprudence in volunteering a confession of bribery to a group of casual acquaintances. And there was not. No one of the audience denounced the briber, and if any resented the brazen impertinence of his disclosure, there was no outward or visible sign of disapproval. Indeed, the only comment which the recital elicited indicated sympathy with the speaker and respect for him as a man of affairs, capable of meeting and handling a practical problem.

If this was an unusual experience it might not be worth recording. But it is not by any manner of means unique. Indeed, it is fairly illustrative of a growing indifference among the people of our country to certain forms of dishonesty and crime—and indifference so marked and widespread that it amounts to tolerance and is suspiciously akin to tacit approval.

Before this serious charge can be disposed of as unfounded or exaggerated, it will be necessary to examine some of the nice distinctions which are being made to-day between social and business honor—between public and private morality—between official and individual responsibility, and reconcile these current distinctions with the fundamental principles of right and wrong—a task which will involve driving a square peg into a round hole. But in these days, when we can "square" almost anything, the difficulty may not be apparent to every mind.

What are some of the signs of the times in our business and private lives?

MORALS IN BUSINESS

The bankruptcy law has furnished a new way to pay old debts, and thousands have availed themselves of its provisions without a thought of dishonor or disgrace. There is little or no distinction made between the heart-broken man forced to seek refuge in the law and the jaunty individual who embraces the earliest opportunity to rid himself of unprofitable ventures. In England the first act of a bankrupt is to resign from his clubs if he belongs to any at the time of his failure. If he did not do so, he would be dropped in disgrace and his social prestige would be gone forever. But in this country we recognize no such canon of honor.

Not long ago, a young gentleman of good family in one of our Eastern cities undertook certain more-than-dubious business transactions and subsequently failed. In due course

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of time he was examined in supplementary proceedings, in which he glibly swore that he had no property and was wholly ruined by his reverses. The papers which published this sad news to his creditors concluded their account of the court proceedings by printing a list of the clubs to which the debtor still belonged—not by way of satirical comment, but as evidence of his social importance. Not only did this young gentleman continue to hold his membership in the various clubs, but he remained a director in more than one of them—presumably to the mutual satisfaction of himself and his fellow members. But if the clubs received their dues, the creditors did not. This is by no means an isolated case. Indeed, the club which does not shelter one or more such brazenly delinquent debtors is the exception rather than the rule. Of course, the policy of social organizations, in a case of this kind, is a matter which concerns only its own members, and would not be worth noticing at all if it did not reflect the attitude of the general public toward other and graver issues. It evidences, however, the prevailing leniency which to-day characterizes our community in questions of business honor.

HONOR NOT REQUIRED IN SOCIETY

When a man can live in luxury and laugh defiance at his creditors, without losing caste, is it surprising that we complacently listen to avowals which virtually make us accessories to crime and volunteer experiences of which we should blush to think?

The fact is, a high sense of honor is no longer required by our social code, and we are daily making fewer and less insistent demands upon ourselves and others in this regard. This is not because we approve of bribery or endorse the defrauding of creditors. We condemn these and other crimes in the abstract just as loudly as we ever did. The trouble is that we don't recognize them in the concrete, and are ready to explain what we and our friends do as "not at all the same thing." The result of all this is so confusing, that personal honor is fast coming to be regarded by many people as a matter of individual taste. What is one man's cheat is another man's perquisite, and that is all there is about it.

Do we refuse to know the successful candidate at an election where money has flowed like water, because he files a false or equivocal affidavit of his campaign expenses? Not at all. The candidate is returned and no questions are asked. In other words, we never "go behind the returns," but interpreting his perjury in a Pickwickian sense, grasp him with congratulating hand. What is a false oath between friends, especially when the falsity is condoned by usage? Do we ostracize the woman who confides her custom-house experiences which involve perjury—or do we smile and admire her Paris "importations"? Do we ask our lawyers how certain things are accomplished? And if we learn, do we cut the gentleman off the list of our acquaintances?

CORPORATIONS CONCEAL INDIVIDUALS

We are even more indulgent, if it be possible, to other and less obtrusive crimes. A man need only incorporate himself to be socially screened from all the rascalities which follow in his train. Legislatures may be—and they are—bought, franchises may be—and they are—stolen, voters may be—and they are—corrupted, but as long as the principal or accessory to these crimes can write President, Treasurer, or some other title before his name we acquit him of all personal responsibility and cheerfully clink glasses with him over our tables. It never occurs to us that the scandalous corporate doings which we condemn must, of necessity, be sanctioned and approved by our friends the officials. But if this fact did dawn upon us we would probably take no action. The authentic histories of some of our great fortunes, which have been published lately, do not affect us. The rascalities and rogueries they disclose carry no taint. We read about the infamous doings of yesterday as though they were tales of the ancient robber barons, and we do not hesitate to meet the besmirched *dramatis personæ*, or to curry favor with their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns. It is said that Mr. Folk, the courageous Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, was invited to a banquet in New York not long ago. He excused himself on the plea of public duties, but added that perhaps it was just as well he could not attend, as his presence might embarrass one of the guests of honor (!)—a man wanted by the authorities in the State of Missouri!

We cannot plead ignorance of what is going on about us. The newspapers keep us too fully informed. But we remain silent,

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or take no notice of the prevailing conditions, either because we are too morally listless to care or because we fear to court the "holier-than-thou" sneer which always greets criticism. The man who protests against the present state of affairs is certain to be accused of taking himself too seriously or of being deficient in a sense of humor—and the dread of this last charge silences most Americans.

The Hebrew who warned his new assistant that "you muzzn't be goot down town" was an unconscious humorist, but the fun of his admonition threatens to disappear before facts which prove us impatient, not with the niceties, but with the decencies of honor, careless of our highest dignity and self-respect, receptive of sophistries and even callous to crime. We have complacently carried the doctrine of "*laissez faire*" to a point where the distinction between "honest graft" and "dirty money" has become not only possible but plausible.

The late scandals and revelations in the Post-Office Department have brought to light some transactions which look remarkably like bribery, fraud and misappropriation. But almost without exception the implicated officials have defended themselves with "I didn't see any harm in that," or "What I did is done every day by business men," or phrases of a similarly suggestive import.

At the Lexow investigations in New York a few years ago the incriminating testimony was drawn from the witnesses with no little difficulty. More recently in the same city before the Mazet Committee it was surprising what facts were admitted without a blush. But at the present bribery trials at St. Louis a brutally frank and defiant note is plainly dominant. What no longer shocks need not be whispered.

POLITE TERMS FOR CRIME

If further proof be needed of our growing slackness it can be found in our language and vocabulary, which is changing with the tendency of the times. We are carrying things (otherwise insupportable) with a laugh, and coining phrases for the purpose. As has been said, we are still sensitive to such coarse words as "thief" and "steal," but it is vain to deny among ourselves that certain unchallenged doings of to-day forcibly suggest those terms. So we save our face with an indulgent gayety, not devoid of humor. We give a twist and a turn to the rapidly changing English language and the ugly words disappear in the process. When a conductor steals a fare we jocularly remark that he is "knocking down on the company"; when we steal a ride from the same company and conductor we laughingly refer to our success in "beating the game"; when we bribe we merely "influence" or "square things"; when we are bribed we collect "assessments" or "rebates" or "commissions" or "retainers," and so on, until we reach a grave definition of "honest graft" which would be more humorous if so many people did not feel that the term supplied them with a long-felt want. Now these expressions and others like them may bear a strong resemblance to thieves' slang, but they merely reflect the language of a people unconsciously retreating to a lower moral level. But does all this indifference, tolerance, verbiage and irresponsible jesting argue or imply any lowering of our ethical standards? Let us see.

THE MORALITY OF COMMISSIONS

In 1898, just previous to the outbreak of the war in Cuba, certain Spanish cruisers visited the port of New York. Those who recall that visit will remember how shocked we all were when it was first rumored and then demonstrated that every article purchased by the Spanish officers for their ships was billed to the home authorities at nearly double the actual figures paid, and the difference pocketed by the ward-room officers. That was only five years ago, but would we be as much shocked to-day since we have learned what "honest graft" means? Suppose the Spanish naval gentlemen had not raised their disbursement bills, but had adopted the more subtle American method, and insisted on a commission or rebate from the sellers, would their dishonesty be as equally apparent to all of us? The recent verdict of a jury of our peers supplies a fair answer to this question.

This jury was called to decide a case involving a large contract, which provided that the plaintiff should superintend certain work, purchase all necessary labor and materials, and charge an agreed percentage on the actual outlay for his services. The trial developed the fact that the plaintiff procured the labor and materials at the lowest market rate, and then collected a private

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commission on all articles purchased and even forced a rebate to himself from the wages of every laborer who handled a pick or a shovel on the place. The jury which heard this testimony decided that the plaintiff, having purchased everything at the lowest market rate, was entitled to make what he could "on the side," and should receive his full commissions as a good and faithful servant. Doubtless this finding will be reversed on appeal, but in the face of such a verdict it is idle to deny that "honest graft" has obtained quite a hold on the popular mind.

But evidence is not lacking that our moral slackness is at least beginning to affect the tone and teaching of the press. Not long ago the present District Attorney of New York, speaking of walking delegates, remarked: "If employers wouldn't bribe those fellows there wouldn't be any trouble," and asserted further that the bribe-givers were as guilty as the bribe-takers. This utterance brought down upon Mr. Jerome a scathing rebuke from a paper of no little influence:

"*Because they [the employers] choose to pay rather than be held up, the District Attorney would punish them—and punish them relentlessly!*" wrote the editor in high scorn. "*If this is just, there are many parallels. The victims of the ancient pirates were as culpable as the pirates; those the road-agents rifled were no less guilty than the road-agent himself; likewise the man who in the dead of night allows a porch-climber to ransack his home, has the same status before the law that the porch-climber enjoys—he is a 'shiftless citizen' who thus bribes a thief with watch and silverware!*"

He is a shiftless citizen indeed, and a dangerous, who proclaims to a wide audience that it is better to bribe than to be bothered; who ridicules the idea that corruption is impossible without corruptors, and forgets that "the ancient pirates"—to whom he (not too astutely) refers—flourished only as long as merchants and governments paid tribute, and that when a Pompey appeared their "honest graft" instantly ceased.

BRIBERS AS GUILTY AS THE BRIBED

The average citizen is only too ready to listen to such editorial encouragement for ways that are dark and tricks that are not vain. He would much rather whine, "What are we going to do about it?" and put his hand in his pocket, than hear himself accused of being the cause of his own troubles. It is only since we have had two walking delegates convicted of bribery and have seen the "respectable" bribe-givers turning State's evidence that the air has begun to be cleared of the much-mouthed fallacies and contemptible sophistries which seek to defend bribery under the plea of blackmail and make business men who resort to it the objects of respectful sympathy. But the almost universal approval which has greeted these two convictions demonstrates that in spite of all our loose talk, lax thinking and tolerance, the popular conscience is perfectly sound.

The "don't-bother" optimists and the hard-driven apologists among us seize upon this as proof positive that we are all we should be. It is perfectly true that when a Mr. Folk appears in St. Louis, or in any other part of this country, he will have the loyal if not steady support, approval and admiration of all sorts and conditions of men. Whenever and wherever the big, unselfish men and women among us rise in their might and fearlessly point the way, we are ready enough to recognize the right and, if need be, fight for it. This is good as far as it goes, and thus far there is nothing the matter with us as a whole. It is merely as individuals that we countenance or palliate dishonor or dishonesty—not as a nation. United we stand, divided we fall.

It is worth noticing, however, in this regard, that Mr. Folk in St. Louis discovered no new thing. The facts which he turned into indictments and convictions had existed to almost everybody's satisfaction for years. They had been pointed out again and again—only to be greeted with acquiescent indifference. It took Mr. Folk, with all his courage and persistence, over two years to rouse the public. Is not this fact ominously suggestive?

If as individuals we continue to accept a lower standard of ethics and honor, how long shall we remain capable of responding collectively to the inspiring calls of those who occasionally flick us from our careless, happy-go-lucky, flabby, or cynical indifference?

Is our private indulgence having no effect on our citizenship?

OUR WEAK-KNEED CITIZENS

What is the attitude of the High Average Citizen toward civic or public duties? It cannot be denied that his general attitude is a

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weak-kneed attempt to "stand at ease," and that when he is goaded into motion he travels along the line of least resistance, which seldom coincides with the straight and narrow path. In most of the large and in many of the small cities he ignores the primary elections altogether, waiving his opportunity to start matters right and resigning his most important civic privilege to others more interested than he. But he argues that the law imposes upon him no duty to attend these tiresome and time-consuming elections and he has the right to stay away if he chooses. But it would make little difference to the aforesaid High Average Citizen if the law did demand attendance, for he evades jury-duty on any and every possible occasion and by a variety of devices which will not bear the light. The stories one hears in the offices of the jury officials throughout the length and breadth of this country are not reassuring that all's right in our world. There is scarcely one of us who does not know men who bribe officials, swear to false residences, pay substitutes, or "subsidize" doctors in order to escape attendance on the courts. Men confess their subterfuges and devices to one another and pass them on, and nobody suffers the slightest loss of respect. In one case known to the writer a prospective juror bribed a physician to certify that he was mentally unsound, and this performance did not apparently militate against either man in the opinion of his immediate circle.

But the High Average Citizen is best seen through when he is confronted by the tax-collector. If a "personal tax law" stands on the books, iniquitous in its working and burdensome beyond bearing, he does not set about to obtain its repeal. That might involve attendance upon primaries. He rather avoids the issue by countless devices, which go all the way from downright perjury to legal evasion, but, by hook or by crook, he does not pay the tax and nobody cares.

In New York city perjury is the rule rather than the exception, and scarcely anyone is punished. Very recently a merchant went into a "blind pool" with a couple of rascals who were to get his taxes reduced for a percentage on the amount involved. When the two men were caught impersonating the merchant before the commissioners the "taxpayer" pleaded ignorance of his agents' methods, failed to identify them, and suffered no social set-back, if public and private comment afford any fair criterion.

NO PROPERTY MILLIONNAIRES

The lists of "no property" millionnaires are published year after year, everybody laughs, and the papers jest good-naturedly about the situation with no thought of civic peril.

"Ten Little Millionnaires standing in a line,
One swore he was bankrupt and then there were Nine.

"Nine Little Millionnaires waiting for their fate,
One lied about his residence and then there were Eight."

And so on down the list, with more truth than poetry.

But the outcome of all this mockery of law and prostitution of citizenship is just becoming apparent, and it is scarcely a joking matter. At a recent round-up of High Average Citizens in New York several millionnaires were included. One or more of these gentlemen attended before the Tax Commissioners, their heads high in the air, their lawyers close at hand, their manly chests swelling with civic virtue, though their safe-deposit chests were empty.

"I am not taxable," announced the one who set the example. "Legally I need not pay a cent. Here is my lawyer, who will confirm all I say. Now if you doubt me and make me show my books, I will do it and the city won't get a penny; but if you accept my statement I will allow the assessment to stand at—say a million dollars. Because," quoth this honorable gentleman, "I am interested in my city and desire to contribute as a citizen to its proper maintenance."

EACH MAN A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

Did the commissioners resent the impertinence of this proposal and hustle the arrogant, purse-proud individual to the door with stern injunctions to hurry back with his books and papers? Not at all. They accepted Dives's contribution to municipal government with every evidence of gratitude. Just think of it for a moment! Either this citizen was taxable or he was not. If not, the commissioners had no more right to tax him than they had to receive his charity. If he was liable, the amount of his liability could have been and should have been ascertained. We have reached a pretty pass indeed when a private citizen can dictate his tax assessment and present the amount to the greatest city in the Union as a gratuity! Such an episode

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is possible only in an atmosphere where perjury is a joke and citizenship goes begging.

A great pall of selfishness covers this country from ocean to ocean, and the one demand of the High Average Citizen is to be left alone. To gratify this desire he is ready and willing—no matter how honest he may personally be—to countenance anything and everything, and to allow each man to be a law unto himself. It is daily becoming more fashionable and knowing to sneer at the civic reformer and belittle his efforts in every line. The first thing we hear about any man who takes off his coat and starts in to better existing conditions is that he is "out for the stuff" or that "he won't last long." This thought is often father to the wish, for the High Average Citizen does not want to be bothered in any way, and it is annoying to have his selfish indifference and growing political incompetence pointed out and demonstrated.

But there are better reasons for discouraging reform, and these we vaguely or explicitly state to each other according to our degree of intimacy. But the usual verdict is that the reformer is a hypocrite, and besides—"*Well, it's much harder to do business than it formerly was.*" That, after all, is the unpardonable sin. It is harder "*to do business*"—an unusually cautious phrase in these days of plain speaking—and anybody or anything which stands in the way of short-cuts is a nuisance to be eliminated at the earliest opportunity.

It is absurd to claim that our political life is unaffected by the prevailing conditions of our business and social worlds—that we can countenance playful perjuries, back-hand dealings, and corporate rascalities as individuals and maintain high public standards—that we can be personally slack and politically strict. The private life of any community is a sure index of its political condition. The public opinion of Delaware which tolerates an Addicks in its social or business life is responsible for the disgrace of its legislative bodies. The official jobbery in Philadelphia, the crude cash briberies of St. Louis, the masked blackmail and conspiracies of Chicago, the New York "commissions" and "retainers" and public spirit which "works for its own pocket every time," merely reflect the influence of the individuals who compose those communities. A political party which is better than its constituents would be a strange anomaly, and we all know what happens to the candidate who is better than his party. Our growing tolerance of graft is dulling our moral perceptions; our listless indifference to private and public conditions is sapping our strength to the point where we may consent to be governed rather than trouble to govern ourselves.

DULLED MORAL PERCEPTIONS

Stevenson has immortalized the letter which Hannah Goodwin wrote to her bachelor brother William, advising him that her friend Miss Gay had "about as much religion as my William likes."

The government of any community is equally adaptable. It has about as much honesty as the people demand of themselves—and not a whit more.

Local pride which denies the existence of unsanitary conditions and conceals the victims of resulting diseases, is patriotism gone mad. The American who really believes in his country and countrymen does not hesitate to admit the moral and ethical distemper now epidemic in the land. He knows that a virile people—sound of head and heart—will not readily surrender to the miasma of money-making, and he has sufficient faith in the intelligence of his fellow men to assume that they will respond to the menace which threatens them before their natural powers of resistance are exhausted. But the only physician capable of grappling with this sickness is the individual citizen, and his prescription must be for home treatment.

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BOYS IN NORMAL HIGH SCHOOL, MANILA.

School-Children the World Over

By BEATRICE C. WILCOX

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ALL around the world when the sun brings a new day to the toilers of the earth there is the shuffle of countless little feet in bright slippers or wooden shoes or sturdy hobnailed boots or no shoes at all; there is a clamor of little voices in strange tongues, and there are hurried, last instructions from the mothers of every land, for the children are going to school.

For most children time is divided into school and vacation, and school is the business of life. Whether he goes forth to learn the conduct of life and the laws of the hereafter from Confucius or Buddha or Mahomet and has for his only primer the sacred book of his religion, or whether he goes to the most modern kindergarten of Europe or America and learns the beginning of all things, the school-boy is an important personage in his own eyes and in those of his countrymen.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSION SCHOOL, SHANGHAI

Among the Eastern nations the beginning of school-life is a critical time for the child. The priest or astrologer must be consulted to choose a lucky day. Every precaution must be taken to avert the jealousy of the gods, whose malice is especially directed against a fine boy.

The Chinese father who adores his son will take the utmost pains to convince the powers of the air that the boy is of no account. The child may be given a despicable name, like flea, or Chu-tze, a pig, or more insulting still, he may be given a girl's name. The boy may be started off to school wearing a girl's dress and one ear-ring, and if the deception is complete this will be the most effectual of all, for even the gods do not care for girls in China.

Each Chinese school-boy must furnish his own stool and table for school-work. The Chinese are the only Oriental nation who use chairs. All the other pupils who go to native schools in the Eastern world kneel or sit cross-legged on mats or very low di-

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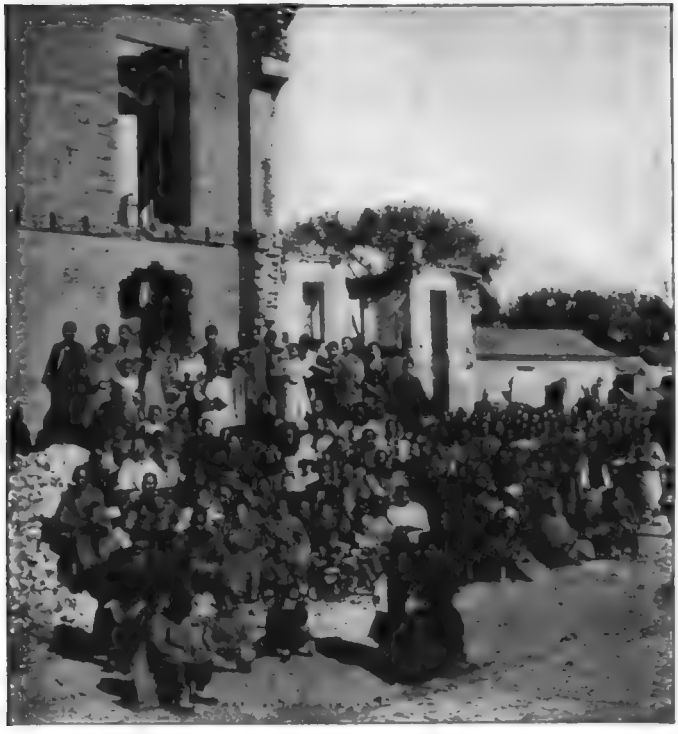

A LONDON MISSION SCHOOL, PEKIN, AFTER THE SIEGE.

vans. The Chinese boy must bring with him the "Four Precious Articles," which are the ink-slab, a cake of India ink, a brush for writing, and paper. With these he begins his weary task of learning to write and read the thousands of Chinese characters. These are to open the way to the Chinese classics, and a knowledge of this ancient literature and wisdom means education to the Chinese.

The children of the East learn a little arithmetic by means of the counting-frame, with movable beads strung upon wires. The native schools teach no higher mathematics than the simplest rules of reckoning and the small shop-keepers are alway dependent on their *seroban* or *chou-pan*, or whatever the counting-frame may be called in different languages.

At the opening of a Chinese school a paper on which is written the name of Confucius is pasted on the wall. Before this honored name the pupils and teachers burn paper money and joss-sticks and bow their heads three times to the floor. The teacher then tells Confucius the day, the month, and the year when the school is opened and begs for his favor.

Every morning when the pupils arrive they must bow twice, once for the teacher and once for Confucius.

The Japanese school-boy does not take so much pains to conceal his identity from the gods. He wears hanging from his belt a little red bag containing a brass tag with his name and his parents' name and address upon it. He goes airily upon his way, looking like a huge doll, with his round, rosy face and slanting eyes and the small tufts of straight black hair upon his shaven crown. He must have his paper umbrella and his fan, and, in a gay bag upon his arm, is a jar of rice for his luncheon. This quaint little fellow has probably made his offering at his own private shrine to Tenjinsen, the god of penmanship.

All Orientals admire fine writing, and many years are spent by the school-boys of China,

PUPILS AND TEACHER, JAMAICA NEGRO SCHOOL.

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Korea, and Japan in learning to write the difficult Chinese characters. There are writing contests in the schools, and the best work is framed and hung in the temple of the god.

All the Japanese boys must be at the school-house before the teacher arrives. They must stand in a straight line and wish him *ehyo*, or good-day, with profound bows and drawing in their breath with a hissing sound, to show respect. Then they kneel upon their *futons*, or silk mats, and the teacher kneels upon his *futon* and school begins.

These butterfly children of the Sunrise Kingdom rock back and forth upon their heels reciting over and over the forty-eight letters of their *i-ro-ha*, or a, b, c. These are fundamental sounds rather than vowels or consonants, and the lines make a verse with mournful meaning:

Color and fragrance disappear,
What can be lasting in our world?
To-day has vanished into the abyss of nothingness,
It was the evanescence of a dream; it disturbs us not.

It disturbs them not, for in no land are there so many joyful festivities and gay delights for children as in this land which names its little folk for the flowers, and the springtime, and the singing birds.

The boys have their own Feast of Flags and the girls have their Feast of Dolls, and the whole nation takes part in the children's holidays.

School-life means hard work, however, even in the native schools. After the *i-ro-ha* has been mastered and the writing of some of the Chinese characters is learned, the boys begin the study of the Chinese classics as our boys would begin with Greek and Latin.

AUSTRIAN SCHOOL CHILDREN'S MORNING DEVOTION.

Since Japan has been open to foreigners many modern schools have been established. The child who began his school career rocking back and forth upon his *futon* and shouting his lesson aloud may now be sitting up at an American school-desk and quietly studying his English lesson from an American school-book. He has probably changed his kimono for trousers and jacket, and while he

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BOYS STUDYING ON THE HOUSE-TOPS, AMERICAN MISSION, ASSIOUT, EGYPT.

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TRAINING BODY, MIND, AND SOUL, MISSION SCHOOL, SHANGHAI, CHINA.

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goes in at one entrance of this new schoolhouse, his sisters go in at the other. The girls never go to the native schools, but are taught at home in conservative families.

In his "Land of Morning Calm" the Korean boy starts off to school and gives a last glance at the ridge of his roof. Here are the tiny grotesque figures of monkeys and demons and hobgoblins which are to protect

SWEDISH SCHOOL-CHILDREN ALONG THE GOTA CANAL

him from the witches who still hold sway in Korea.

This small boy in his bright red, or green, or purple jacket is probably dreaming of his first hat, which is quite as important as first trousers in other lands. He may not have this hat until he is betrothed, and if this never happens he must go hatless and wear pigtails tied with ribbons down his back and be called a boy as long as he lives.

When the Hindoo boy has found an auspicious day to begin school, he is taken to the god of learning, Sarasvati. Here the little supplicant presents his offerings of rice and betel-nuts and repeats the letters of the alpha-

bet after the priest. Thus he is entered into the ways of knowledge in the very presence of the god.

The schooling ceremony of the young Turk is of great importance. A lucky day is chosen when he is about seven, and he has a new dress and a richly embroidered velvet school-bag to contain his copy of the Koran. He is mounted on a white donkey, or a pony richly caparisoned, and is met at his own door by the teacher and all the pupils of the primary school. The teacher, who is a Mahometan priest in flowing robes and green turban, heads the brilliant little procession of girls in gauzy veils and bright dresses, and boys with their red fezes and full trousers.

They all sing Arabic hymns while conducting the new pupil back to the school. Servants walk by the side of the child on the horse, with presents of sweetmeats and money for the teacher and the whole school.

When school begins the children kneel in rows before the master, swaying back and forth and reciting by rote whole chapters of

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the Koran in Arabic, without understanding the meaning. They learn by heart the ninety-nine names of Allah, which are potent charms to be called upon in the troubles of their future career.

The girls of the non-progressive families of the Orient seldom go beyond the primary schools, and often not even to them. They learn rules of etiquette and religion at home from the book of "Woman's Great Learning," or "The Official Book of Female Politeness," or "The Four Virtues and the Three Obediences." But the mission school is gradually breaking through the wall of ignorance that has closed them in. Even in Korea, so long the Hermit Kingdom, there is a school with American teachers which is supported by the government. The Korean girls, who have been kept entirely isolated and ignorant, are having their chance. In the industrial schools they are learning the practical uses of their small fingers. They are carefully taught the peculiar national way of doing laundry work by wrapping the cloth around one smooth stick and beating it with another. This irons the garments, which are ripped apart to be washed.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, KOREA.

The mission training-schools for girls are helping the neglected little women all over the East to develop their bodies as well as their minds. Exercises, gymnastics, and games are used to make them strong and alert. The dusky daughters of Palestine weave their bright ribbons about the Maypole to the same music the American kindergarten child has for some of his pretty exercises.

Meanwhile the drowsy hum of the native schools goes on, and many little daughters of Asia are spending their shut-in days playing with their pink-dyed, jewelled fingers and learning their elaborate rules of etiquette. Some of them, however, have had their opportunity to find their own places in the world's progress and the world's work of to-day. Their little brothers, on the other hand, are being slowly but

INDIAN SCHOOL GIRLS ON FARM, PHŒNIX, ARIZONA.

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A TUG-OF-WAR, UENO PARK, TOKYO, JAPAN.

surely caught in the great tide of Western progress that is spreading farther and farther toward the East, and many of the nations have seen their own necessity for establishing modern schools and keeping in touch with the world. The children on the house-tops of Egypt and Palestine are learning that there is more than the law of Mahomet. The slant-eyed celestial learns that there is other than the wisdom of Confucius and greater lands than China. He finds that there are more mathematics than can be learned on his counting-frame. In his geometry class his queue with a bit of chalk attached is invaluable for making circles on the blackboard—thus is the new grafted on the old.

Stranger contrasts of old and new may be found nearer home. The Jamaican negro child wanders down his mountain path in the early morning. He carries his book and slate and a piece of sugar-cane for his luncheon, on his head. Perhaps he starts at the shadow of a waving banana leaf, for it may be a "duppy" or ghost crossing his path. Perhaps he shivers at the remembered threats of the "obeah man," or witch doctor.

The old African terrors and superstitions still tremble in his blood, and the folk-lore of his race is handed down to him from the days before his forefathers were slaves, and when they lived in their own land; but his schooling is no longer the craft of savage warfare, or the art of cunning to outwit or destroy a cruel master.

The little black school-boy in Jamaica is free, and he goes to an English school and receives the rudiments of modern education, which he may pursue further if he will.

When the United States sent shiploads of teachers, and school-books, and maps, and flags, and portraits of Presidents Roosevelt and McKinley to the Philippines and Porto Rico, the world wondered and admired, or shook its head and criticised. It was doing suddenly and on a large scale a thing that had been in process quietly for many years. It was giving the children of a shut-in land their chance for a broader outlook on life and on the world.

Uncle Sam has a motley array of school children of his very own—yellow, and black, and red, and brown, and white. The Alaskan child goes for many miles on his dog sled through a frozen world to reach his school-house at Point Barrow. This is the farthest north point on the American continent, and

BALLIDIAN NATIONAL SCHOOL, IRELAND.

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ENGLISH MISSION, NABLUS, SHECHEM, ANCIENT PALESTINE.

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"A STITCH IN TIME," INFANTS' SCHOOL, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

the school-house with its double walls of huge logs is the most northern school under the United States flag.

On every reservation and in the Eastern schools the Indian children are learning the white man's language and literature and science; but better still, they are learning the industrial arts, which will help their race to civilization. The boys go home with a better knowledge of agriculture. The girls, who proudly wear their white dresses on commencement day like any other American school-girls, go back to the adobe hut and the pueblo with a new knowledge of housekeeping and home-making.

In their islands of the Pacific and the Caribbean Sea the newest American school children have immense difficulties to overcome. Still, the barefoot Tagalog and the Porto Rican child take readily enough to the sudden and complete change in their school life.

The children of the Philippines speak a Spanish *patois*, or a mixture of Spanish and Tagal, or some of the native dialects. Like the Porto Ricans, they are quick to learn English and eager to act as interpreters in the streets and in their own houses.

The first lessons in United States history are devoted to explaining the new holidays which have suddenly been given to these people, whose only *fiestas* were of a religious nature. They learn quickly, and it will not be long before these dark-skinned island children, who are singing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in odd, broken English, will know the meanings of their patriotic exercises on the Fourth of July, and some of the meanings and purposes of the new land which has adopted them.

And meanwhile, between eight and nine of a weekday morning, our own highroads witness the shining-morning face and swinging school-bag of young America as it trudges toward enlightenment—a brave little army of occupation from the new generation that is taking possession; and we smile from the window after our conquerors.

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THE PLAYERS

GOOD players are more plentiful than good plays this season. During the autumn months, New York saw but one signally good new play—Clyde Fitch's "Her Own Way," in which Maxine Elliott made her début as an independent star. There were playing in New York the foremost actors on the English-speaking stage—Henry Irving, Richard Mansfield, Forbes Robertson, John Drew, Charles Hawtrey, E. H. Sothern, Kyrle Bellew, Nat Goodwin, and W. H. Crane, and but one of them had a new play worthy of his ability.

HATTIE WILLIAMS IN THE TITLE RÔLE, AND SAM BERNARD AS *HOGGENHEIMER* IN "THE GIRL FROM KAYS."

Charming and beautiful was "Old Heidelberg" with which Mr. Mansfield opened the Lyric Theatre; a play brimming over with the kind of sentiment of which Germans are so fond, and which creates to a remarkable degree that which is called atmosphere. The rigid, cold, formal life of the German princeling in his own court and the joyous sunlight of university liberty and friendships, is contrasted with exquisite effect.

It is a delight to see Mr. Mansfield in ordinary modern dress and to hear him speak a language that one can understand. During the three seasons he played "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "Julius Cæsar," he seemed to suffer from an ingrowing articulation. The exquisite art of him is shown in a hundred little, significant things. In this play he again demonstrates the fact that when he makes love in modern fashion he can compel nearly every woman in the audience to lean forward for fear of missing a word or an intonation. That wonderful, sympathetic voice of his grips them, draws them toward him. And when he sounds the note of sorrow, when he bids his sweetheart, the inn-keeper's daughter, a last farewell, the fluttering of handkerchiefs suggests a Chautauqua salute.

Mr. Mansfield has known much suffering. A spoiled child was he, raised in a careless, artistic environment in which the arts and graces of education—music, drawing, the languages, belles-lettres—were cultivated to the exclusion of solider things. It was his ambition to become a painter. I remember his once telling me that he was encouraged to go to London

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From a Photograph by The Tonnelé Company, New York.

FLORENCE ROCKWELL AS *HERMIA* IN "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

to study art by his friends, who were tired of buying his pictures. How he was starved into turning to account his gifts for entertaining, how he fainted from hunger the first time he appeared in a drawing-room, is a familiar story, and physical suffering endured was not to be compared with the anguish of the slights the proud, sensitive young man had to bear in those days of hardship. That bitter experience did much toward making him a great actor, and the most dictatorial, impatient, domineering star in America. If Mr. Mansfield is exacting in what he demands from others, however, it should not be forgotten that he never spares himself. He is a prodigious worker. He has been known to devote weeks and months to reading the literature bearing upon a play or a character that he purposed presenting. It is owing to the detached knowledge that he has gained in this way that he amazes those with whom he comes in contact by his profound and extensive information on certain subjects, and his ignorance on others that a scholarly or even a moderately well-read man would be familiar with.

The most discussed play of the first half of the season was "The Proud Prince," which Justin Huntley McCarthy wrote for E. H. Sothern. It is founded on the Sicilian legend told in "Robert of Sicily," but Mr. McCarthy has taken radical liberties with Longfellow's version. The play is a melodrama with a strong religious background—a sort of mediæval Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. This latter suggestion is especially strong in the first act when Mr. Sothern transforms himself, during a highly realistic stage-storm, from the proud and handsome prince to the hideous, deformed *Diogenes*, the court fool.

The second act, in the home of the courtesan, which had been viciously criti-

From a Photograph by Hendrett, Chicago

MARGARET ILLINGTON, WHO PLAYS IN "A JAPANESE NIGHTINGALE."

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From a Photograph by Byron, New York.

E. H. SOTHERN IN THE TITLE RÔLE, AND CECILIA LOFTUS AS *PERPETUA*, IN "THE PROUD PRINCE."

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From a Photograph by Windeatt, Chicago.

JAMES K. HACKETT AS "JOHN ERMINE OF THE YELLOWSTONE" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

cised before the play reached New York, is really the strongest in the play. It is boldly daring, and at times is on the danger line, but the dramatic strength of the situation carries it. Those in New York who objected to "The Proud Prince" were really more offended by the climax in the third act, when the morally regenerated prince, still in the fool's body, uses a heavy iron sword to fight his former favorite, in order to save the young girl whose degradation he himself had originally planned. The action takes place in the sacristy of a church, and it arouses the religious prejudices of non-religious people who have not lost their reverence for sacred things, who object to seeing religious symbols degraded in order to obtain cheap dramatic effect.

Mr. Sothern is better as the prince than as the fool. Cecilia Loftus is charming, and she wears the most wonderful red wig. Mary Hall's performance of *Lycabetta*, the king's favorite, is conspicuously good.

The play is mounted magnificently and extravagantly. Mr. Sothern is one of the few stars who assume all the financial risks of their productions, and he never spares expense to secure the effects he seeks. This is partly true, also, of Mr. Mansfield. He, however, had himself incorporated into a stock company and does not take upon himself the whole burden. There are many similarities in the life of these two stars. Mr. Sothern is a tireless worker. His eminence in his profession is due to his own efforts, for his father's name was of little value to him in the early, hard days. Like Mr. Mansfield, his ambition was to become a painter, and he turned to the stage because he had to earn money to live. He, too, has known what it is to go hungry.

Mr. Sothern loves to act, and he loves to

PAULA EDWARDS AS "WINSOME WINNIE" IN THE PAULTAN AND JACOBOWSKI OPERA OF THAT NAME.

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write. Recently, when he had some sonnets accepted by a magazine his delight was unbounded.

Sir Henry Irving, who is usually ranked first among the living players in English, and who has done more for the stage than any of his contemporaries, came to the Broadway Theatre with a sumptuous production of "Dante," a strange and fearsome thing about which he and Sardou, the author, quarrelled bitterly. The French master and his pupil, Moreau, who appears as co-author, have produced a tawdry melodrama, a limping hodge-podge relieved by only one or two dramatic situations. Fact, legend, the "Divine Comedy," and a few extraneous things, are patched together in the drama.

Misfortune seems to press heavily upon Sir Henry as he grows older. Successive failures have sapped his fortune. He has lost his theatre in London because it did not pay, and the American tour, from which he hoped to gain a large profit, is handicapped by the failure of what he expected to be his chief attraction.

Ethel Barrymore has a pleasant little comedy, "Cousin Kate," with which she opened the artistic and comfortable new Hudson

From a Photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

ISABEL IRVING, WHO IS STARRING IN "THE CRISIS."

From a Photograph by Hall's Studio, New York.

THOMAS W. ROSS, THE STAR OF "CHECKERS," Henry M. Blossom's dramatization of his own story.

Theatre. The author is Hubert Henry Davies, a Britisher who has long lived in this country—between New York and San Francisco—and who struggled for nine years before success came to him. He handles old themes from a fresh point of view, and his dialogue is refreshingly clever. His characters talk like real people. Miss Barrymore has a part that fits her perfectly, and was never so naïve and charming.

The career of this young woman from the beginning has been strewn with roses, and it contrasts sharply with that of her mother, Georgia Drew, who was always recognized as one of the cleverest comediennes in America, and yet who did not make a distinct hit until

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she appeared in "The Senator" with W. H. Crane, not long before her death. She was never a star, although nearly her whole life was passed on the stage. After her mother's death Miss Barrymore made her home with her uncle, John Drew, and when she was old enough she appeared with Mr. Drew as a maid in one of his plays. After several seasons, in which she made no pronounced impression, Mr. Frohman decided to make her a star, and the hit she made in "Captain Jinks" proved the manager's wisdom. She is a self-reliant young woman, with the wit and personal charm of her father and mother, and she is the despair of New York street-car conductors, for she swings off a swiftly moving car exactly like a man.

From a Photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York.

HENRY MILLER, WHO IS STARRING WITH MARGARET ANGLIN IN "D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS" AND OTHER PLAYS.

Just as Ethel Barrymore has already eclipsed her mother's fame as an actress, so does her brother Lionel bid fair to outshine his father on the stage. The young man had been playing minor parts, in which he attracted no particular attention for several seasons; then he was cast for the Italian organ-grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." When the last rehearsal took place, Mr. Drew, Mr. Frohman, and everybody else wished that another had been chosen. Lionel Barrymore apparently did not know half his lines, or have any concrete conception of the part. He seemed to be at sea with regard to the Italian words. Everybody in the cast was certain that the young man would fail utterly. Mr. Drew was frantic, and said things to his nephew, who remained unmoved. The first night he appeared in an entirely new make-up that was astonishing in its fidelity; he was letter-perfect; his Italian accent deceived Italians in the audience. He gave a performance that made him the talk of New York and stamped him as a great character actor. He did practically the same thing in "The Best of Friends," the Drury Lane melodrama which was presented at the Academy of Music in October, appearing as an old Boer. So successful was his make-up, so completely was his voice disguised, that his friends could scarcely believe it was he, even after they consulted the programme.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MADGE CARR COOKE, WHO IS THE STAR IN "MRS. WIGGS."

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"The Best of Friends" is not up to the Cecil Raleigh standard, although the great banquet scene, where the uniformed yeomanry stand on chairs and tables, drink a toast to the Queen, and smash their glasses in concert—there are upward of a hundred of them—gives a legitimate thrill. The melodrama is very well acted. Joseph Wheelock, Jr., who, after his great success as the jockey in "Lord and Lady Algy," left the Empire stock company and went West on account of symptoms of consumption, returns to the stage, fully restored to health, and he plays the young English lord very well. Agnes Booth plays the part of a cockney strong woman attached to a circus, and her voice is as fresh and her humor as spontaneous as in the days of her greatest triumphs in the Madison Square Stock Company.

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO IS NOW A CO-STAR WITH HENRY MILLER.

Truly Kyrle Bellew is marvellous as an actor and as a man. He has forsaken classic and swashbuckling drama this season and elevates the profession of burglary in "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman," an entertaining melodrama that Eugene Presby made from E. W. Hornung's sketches. Increasing weight has robbed Bellew's face of some of its classic beauty and his wonderful white hair is cut short, but he is still a strikingly handsome and picturesque man, and it is difficult to believe that he is approaching sixty—there are records that show that he is fifty-eight. He is one of the best actors on the stage, and surely no one could play *Raffles* better than he. Mr. Bellew is a polished cosmopolite. He is familiar with English universities, Australian mining camps, and American all-night stands.

His leading woman, Miss Clara Blandick, was born in the Far East, in the harbor of Hong Kong, and she never placed foot on shore until she was four years old. Her father was the captain of a bark sailing out of Boston, and Miss Blandick was educated in the public schools in that city. She has succeeded largely through her rule of understudying every part in the plays in which she appeared. She followed Ida Conquest in "Because She Loved Him So," and two years ago the illness of Cecilia Loftus gave her an opportunity to appear as

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ELEANOR ROBSON, THE STAR OF THE LATEST ZANGWILL PLAY, "MERELY MARY ANN."

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From a Photograph by White, New York.

HENRY WOODRUFF AS "BEN HUR" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.

Lucy Sachevelli when Mr. Sothern first produced "Richard Lovelace." Last season she played *Glory Quayle* in "The Christian."

Two or three years ago Augustus Thomas wrote a comedy which he gave to Charles Frohman. That Napoleon of managers kept it for a year or so and then sent it back, saying that he had no actor among the six hundred in his employ fitted to play the principal part. Mr. Thomas took the comedy to Kirke La Shelle, who accepted it and then went to Charles Frohman and borrowed an actor to appear in the leading rôle. The play was "The Earl of Pawtucket," and the player Lawrence D'Orsay. For thirty-seven consecutive weeks, in two theatres, New Yorkers laughed at them. Mr. La Shelle's profit on the New York engagement was about one hundred thousand dollars. Great was the acclaim for the shrewdness of La Shelle.

Another comedy was brought to Manager La Shelle—Henry M. Blossom's dramatization of his book "Checkers," which he made especially for William Collier and which that comedian refused. Mr. La Shelle accepted "Checkers" and selected Thomas W. Ross, a player utterly unknown in New York, to star in it. Mr. Ross comes from Boston, and he entered the Boston Museum company some ten years ago, just after he had finished with school. For three years he was leading man with the Pittsburg stock. He played the juvenile part in "Soldiers of Fortune" with Robert Edeson, and he starred in William Collier's play "On the Quiet," which was the chief reason for Mr. La Shelle choosing him for "Checkers." No sooner had he begun making preparations for the production of the comedy, than Mr. La Shelle began to have doubts as to the success of it, and when Mr. Ross, after consulting his father, who is a Boston provision merchant, offered to buy a half interest, the manager

From a Photograph by Sands & Brady.

JULIA MARLOWE, WHO BEGAN THE SEASON IN A MODERN PLAY, "FOOLS OF NATURE."

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was delighted to sell. Not content with this, Mr. La Shelle sold a half of his remaining interest to Cornelius Gardner, and awaited the failure he feared with equanimity. But "Checkers" has made as big a success as "The Earl of Pawtucket," and is likely to prove as great a money-maker.

As for William Collier, he produced two plays at the beginning of his New York engagement, both of which were absolute failures, and he was then compelled to fall back upon a farce, "A Fool and His Money," which had originally been written for him by the spectacled, red-haired, young Mr. Broadhurst, which he refused to produce. Jameson Lee Finney made a success in it last season. All of which recalls the moral of one of George Ade's fables: "They don't know anything about it."

Extraordinary and gorgeous was the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with which the splendid New Amsterdam Theatre was opened, N. C. Goodwin playing *Bottom*. Mr. Goodwin was an interesting *Bottom*, but the acting of what appeared to be an excellent cast of players was atrocious for the most part. Next to the star the greatest success was Kathryn Hutchinson, who was a show-girl in "The Show Girl" last year, and who is a real blonde beauty. She studied the rôle of *Titania* for six months with a music-teacher and a dramatic coach, with the result that she outshone the other women in the cast. Ida Conquest, who was leading woman for John Drew and W. H. Gillette, was very pretty and very bad as *Helena*. She read her lines as if she were riding on a hard-trotting horse. Florence Rockwell, who is supposed to have begun studying Shakespeare in her cradle, was little better as *Hermia*. The little part of *Flute* was played by an actor who was once one of the most talked about of comedians,

From a Photograph by Sarony, New York.

DRINA DE WOLFE AS *TABITHA*, AN ENGLISH FARM-SERVANT, IN "A CLEAN SLATE."

From a Photograph by S. S. Stein, Milwaukee.

RICHARD MANSFIELD, WHO IS PRESENTING A VERSION OF THE GERMAN SUCCESS, "OLD HEIDELBERG" THIS SEASON.

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FRANK DANIELS AS "THE OFFICE BOY" IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY OF THAT NAME.

Étienne Girardot, who played the title rôle in "Charley's Aunt."

It was a blow to Mr. Goodwin's pride to have to give up the time set apart for him at the New Amsterdam to his wife, Maxine Elliott, whose success in her first starring venture was as marked as was the failure of the Goodwin production.

James K. Hackett, who is not content with managing himself, but is also directing the tour of Isabelle Irving in "The Crisis," came to the Manhattan Theatre in "John Ermine, of the Yellowstone," a play by Louis Evan Shipman, founded upon Frederic Remington's sketches, and which is amazingly inadequate. It is a sort of apotheosis of the dime novel and permits Mr. Hackett to bask in the limelight in picturesque garb. This young man has risen swiftly in the theatrical world—he is only thirty-four, the son of the late James H. Hackett, a famous tragedian in his day; he was early trained for the stage, making his first appearance shortly after he was graduated from the College of the City of New York. Young Hackett made his first hit as *de Neiperg*, in Augustin Daly's production of "Madame Sans Gêne," and he then became leading man of the Lyceum stock, under Daniel Frohman's management. He was successful in a round of plays, including "The Court-

FRANK DANIELS AS HE APPEARS OFF THE STAGE.

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ship of Leonie," "The Late Mrs. Costello," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the "Tree of Knowledge," starring in the last named. He became his own manager in "Don Cæsar's Return," which was followed by "The Chance Ambassador" and "The Crisis."

Jessie Milward made her first appearance as a star in "A Clean Slate," a comedy by R. C. Carton, who wrote "Lord and Lady Algy," the play in which she made her biggest hit in this country. "A Clean Slate" is a clever bit of humor and it is admirably played. Drina De Wolfe, who is celebrated chiefly for her looks, plays the part of an English farm-servant.

It is rather curious that Madge Carr Cooke should become a star after her daughter, whom the stage knows as Eleanor Robson, had reached that distinction, and at an age when few players are exploited in that way. The dramatization of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" gave Mrs. Cooke her opportunity. Both mother and daughter were born in Lancashire, England, and they still have a home there, where they usually pass a part of each year. Mrs. Cooke has been a player many years. While her daughter was growing into womanhood Mrs. Cooke played in stock companies, in San Francisco, Denver, and Milwaukee, and Eleanor was carefully trained for a stage career. It was while Miss Robson was playing in the Milwaukee stock that she was offered the part of *Bonita* in "Arizona," in which she made such a remarkable impression. Then came *Flossie Williams* in "Unleavened Bread," followed by the appearance with Mrs. LeMoyne and Otis Skinner in "In the Balcony," where her reading of the difficult Browning lines paved the way for her playing *Juliet* to Kyrle Bellew's *Romeo*. She was also his leading woman in "A Gentleman of France" and she starred in "Audrey." Now she is starring in "Merely Mary Ann," a comedy by I. Zangwill, who says he has no Christian name, in which she will appear at the Garden Theatre in January.

One of the best known, most capable actors in America, who has made innumerable hits, Wilton Lackaye, is at last to star, Frank Norris's "The Pit" having been dramatized for him. Mr. Lackaye was born in Washington, and he made his first appearance with Lawrence Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini," at the old Star Theatre. He has played nearly a thousand parts in all, among them *Svengali* in "Trilby," *Reb*

From a Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

JESSIE MILWARD, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, APPEARING IN "A CLEAN SLATE."

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From a Photograph by Schutz, New York.

DOROTHY TENNANT AS *ELEANOR LANGHAM* IN "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE," AND WHO WILL BE THE LEADING WOMAN IN "RANSON'S FOLLY."

Shumel, in "The Children of the Ghetto," *Don Stephano* in "Featherbrain," *Uncle Tom*, *Jefferson Stockton* in "Aristocracy," *Vauroc* in "Paul Kauvar," *Petronius* in "Quo Vadis," and each one of them was a notable performance. He has really suffered from his own versatility.

Francis Wilson has fallen back on "Erminie," in which he made his first great success eighteen years ago, when he proved that he had funnier legs than any other comedian on the stage. W. S. Daboll, whose *Ravennes* was far more artistic than Wilson's *Cadeaux*, Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Fanny Rice, and Henry Hallam were in the original production at the Casino, to which Mr. Wilson returned for the New York revival. Now he has Marguerite Sylvia, Madge Lessing, Jessie Bartlett Davis, William Broderick, and Signor Perugini in the cast, and the opera is as attractive as ever.

Madge Lessing's career illustrates what hard work can accomplish. Her equipment for the stage consisted of a remarkably pretty face, a rounded, graceful figure, and a voice with a few flute-like notes. She began in the chorus in the old Koster & Bial Music Hall in West Twenty-third Street, in the days when the cork-room flourished. Every penny she could save she spent for dancing and music lessons. George Lederer gave her a chance and she made a success. He took her to London, where she played for several years.

Mr. Wilson is a rich player. He was one of the first of the very highly paid comedians. When he received a salary of $600 a week for playing "*Caddy*," it was a nine days' wonder. Now Lillian Russell is paid $1,250 a week and Peter Dailey gets $750 from Weber & Fields, and no one is astonished. Mr. Wilson has a fad for book collecting, and it is his one extravagance. Long

From a Photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.

WILTON LACKAYE, STARRING IN A DRAMATIZATION OF FRANK NORRIS' "THE PIT."

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ago he was known as a "tunnel actor," meaning that he went directly from the theatre to his home. W. H. Crane is another thrifty player, and his appearance in a play called "The Spenders" is really funnier than anything in the comedy.

Frank Daniels, who has in "The Office Boy" one of the greatest successes of a stage career that has known no failures, is another careful actor who has grown rich. He has a magnificent home at Rye, N. Y., and something like half a million invested in New York real estate.

In "Marta of the Lowlands" appeared Herbert Bosworth. It is scarcely credible from his present aggressively robust appearance, that he too has just been fighting consumption in the West. But then one who ran away to sea from his Ohio home when he was twelve, who has been a cowboy and a miner, and an amateur champion wrestler, ought to have a strong constitution. Mr. Bosworth's career as actor began in California, and he has had a varied experience. He has played under Augustin Daly's management, he was for three years leading man in the Pike Opera House stock company in Cincinnati, and he was also with the Amelia Bingham company. Corona Riccardo, who played the leading rôle, looked a typical Spanish peasant. She is an Italian who has been in this country since she was eight years old and who still has an accent. She was a pupil of Nelson Wheatcroft, and she has played *Phryne* in "The Sign of the Cross" with Wilson Barrett, and *Juliet* with Robert Mantell. Perhaps New York remembers her as the adventuress in "The Great Ruby," in which she followed Blanche Bates, and as *Iras*, in "Ben Hur."

From a Photograph by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

MADGE LESSING, WHO RETURNED FROM LONDON TO PLAY *JAVOTTE* IN FRANCIS WILSON'S REVIVAL OF "ERMINIE."

John W. Gates: The Forgetful Man

By E. M. KINGSBURY

THE PANTHEON OF SUCCESS

THE names are many, but the god is one. Under whatever form he manifests himself, we all fall down and worship Success. What is Success? So many millions suddenly acquired. The old tedious process of slow accumulation will not do. Quick-coming wealth—that is Success; and the production of it is the one miracle to wonder at and believe. Well, we are tiptoeing into the Pantheon of Success. The tessellated floor is built of cubes of dice and blocks of stock. The pillars and the statues are of steel and iron, silver and gold and copper. The inscriptions are stock certificates. The incense is money to burn. The libations are stock water. The prayer wheels are tickers. The hymns are the mysterious alphabet of quotations. The sacrificial victims are bulls and bears and lambs—especially lambs. Pick your way reverently among the effigies of the gods, past Schwab, in brass, standing at the cross-ways of Business and Pleasure, past St. Andrew Carnegie, in steel, raising monuments to himself and the taxes of other people; past St. John Rockefeller, in butter, pouring oil upon the Baptist waters and subscriptions upon Dr. Harper; past fifty divinities, until under the western window, you gaze upon John W. Gates, in steel wire, solid, thick, the Genius of Consolidation.

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JOHN W. GATES.

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THEOGONY, NOT HISTORY

Around him, as around other gods and demigods and heroes, creepers of myth and lichens of legend have grown. Let us accept gratefully whatever of his story is acceptable nor "pry into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a ha'penny."

THE IDYL OF DU PAGE COUNTY

Du Page County lay there in northeastern Illinois, "much of it prairie," as the *Gazetteer* man tells us carelessly; and the prairie sunned itself and awaited the Hour and the Man. A farmer of the name of Gates and his wife had come there to scratch a livelihood out of the soil. They were of the New England stock, that struggled long with a stern and rock-bound country, climate and theology, and grew lean, patient, and dyspeptic. Transplanted to a larger air and kindlier soil, some of the descendants of that stock put on more flesh and confidence, slough off Puritanism and frankly enjoy themselves. Mr. Matthew Arnold shuddered at the American towns, "where nothing ever has happened and nothing ever will happen." Something happened near Turner's Junction, May 8, 1855. It was fitting that the Genius of Consolidation should be born at a junction. He was poor and healthy. He soon began to abolish his poverty. As a lad he husked vigorously at a neighbor's in the season, earned a little money, and probably had at least his share of red ears and their rewards. With the proceeds of a few huskings, he bought a third interest in a threshing machine, and then his fortune was made. Following his instinct of monopoly, he "bought out" his partners. If tradition tells the truth, he could "swap horses" admirably even then. Another legacy from New England! The pioneer habit of early marriage prevailed. He fell in love with a farmer's daughter. His capital was locked up in his threshing plant. Where was his household furniture to come from? He bought the wood standing in a wood-lot. Bought it on "tick," hired a chopper, hauled the wood himself. Up early and down late, until that piece of woodland was cleared, and he had cleared a thousand dollars out of it. Then he married, at eighteen. He has a brilliant son, nearly as old as himself. Like a mediæval king, our King John was a father and a ruler in boyhood.

In that panic year of 1873, a great panic-maker and money-maker came to his financial majority.

THE MISTS OF MYTHOLOGY

In the absence of a dictionary of modern mythology, who shall guide us along the skyish top of old Olympus? Mr. Gates was married at eighteen. Mr. Gates immediately embarked in the grain business at Turner's. Mr. Gates completed his education before or after that date. He had already been to the district school. Now he went to Wheaton College, thence to the Northwestern College at Naperville, Ill., where he was graduated in 1873. If this legend be true, he is the Scholar in Finance. He has made some of his pupils pay high for their schooling.

Disembarking from the grain business, he opened a hardware store, likewise at Turner's. Then he matriculated at the greatest American school, the Drummers' University. Its graduates know the manners of many men and cities. They see the country and grow up with it. They hold familiar converse with all sorts of people. They know all stories, all jokes, all railroad routes, all hotels, all tricks of all trades, all games, and principally poker. Accidents, explosions, earthquakes, floods, fires, chorus girls, terrapin, fried pork—all varieties and episodes build in them the philosophical mind. They are surprised by nothing. They are afraid of nothing. They take all chances and jump at every good opportunity. Sharp as a Sixth Avenue negro's razor, "genial" as the sun, imperturbable as a gravestone, they are a race by themselves. John Gates is a drummer raised to the *n*th power. No crosscut saw that he sold in the course of his travels was keener or of better temper. Made of steel and bound in brass, he was a powerful machine; dangerous to monkey with. Fate steered him up against Isaac L. Elwood, barbed wire manufacturer. According to the legend, they met, loved at first sight. Each knew his business elective affinity. "Travel for me," says Isaac. "You're talking," says John. So he went to Texas, diffusing joy and business. Is there a monument or tablet in the plaza of San Antonio to commemorate the stringing of the wire? The epic of Gates tells us how he got a permit from the mayor; appeared with a gang of helpers, a coil of wire, and a stack of fence-posts. Down went the posts. Round went the wire. San Antonio, all eyes and fish-mouth, blinked and gaped. Was it a cir-

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cus? Was it a juggler's outfit? About the enclosure stood the ranchmen and cowboys, like toadstools under their sombreros. "Gentlemen," says the gentlemanly drummer, "bring on your steers; bring on the cattle on a thousand hills. This is the finest fencing in the world, light as air, stronger than whiskey, cheaper than dirt, all steel and a yard wide. The cattle ain't born that can get through it. Bring on your steers, gentlemen." Texas was all for cattle in those days. By night a corkscrew was the only bit of steel John Gates had left. "I had not travelled long," he informs us, "when I came to the conclusion that there was more money in manufacturing barbed wire than in selling it at a salary of $100 a month." No quicker nose than his to smell a conclusion or a dollar ever opened its nostrils to this vital air.

"With Heart and Soul
This Ball we Roll."

ANOTHER PASSAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Dip into the Autobiography again:

"I had a friend in St. Louis of the name of Alfred Clifford. And I started to manufacture barbed wire in a small way. I think we had three barbed wire machines. Our total investment was less than eight thousand dollars to start with. The business proved very profitable and we shortly increased it, not in the same factory, but in an independent factory. We started an unincorporated concern under the name of J. W. Gates & Co., into which eight of us put $2,500, making $20,000. We declared dividends of about fifty per cent. a week. Our profits at the end of the year were $150,000. At the end of the year I suggested that I either get out or sell out."

The period of Gigantic Genesis had begun.

But here Exodus comes before Genesis. Neither in his first nor his second venture at barbed wire making had the budding capitalist any clear legal right. The patents were owned by his patron Elwood and another. They naturally objected to his little enterprise. When they served him with legal process in St. Louis, he ferried his machines over the river. When they served him with legal process in Illinois, the machines flew by night back to the old Missouri shore. So like the keeper of a half-way house on the borders of two States, he shifted from one jurisdiction to the other. In the end he beat Elwood, who had to take him to his bosom again and they became "pals" and partners. So much for Exodus.

And now for Genesis:

1881.—Southern Wire Company, capital $50,000.

1882.—S. W. Co. plant burned; next day Gates "consolidates" with a former associate, who was running an opposition shop; result, the Braddock Wire Company, which sets up shop near Pittsburg; $250,000, "mostly borrowed"; three more wire companies.

1891.—Columbia Patent Company.

1892.—All Gates's consolidations consolidated into the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company, capital $4,000,000, Gates boss.

1895.—Gates puts $700,000 into Illinois Steel Company and is elected its President.

1898.—Illinois Steel Company goes into Federal Steel Company. Under the kindly guidance of the Hon. Roswell P. Flower, who was never weary of making his associates rich, Mr. Gates and his now inseparable Elwood sold out their "blocks" of Federal steel at a fat profit. Mr. Gates decided to "retire." He and Mrs. Gates were going around the world. The tickets were bought. But there was a long-distance telephone between Pittsburg and Chicago.

THREE WEEKS OF CONSOLIDATION

Mr. Gates sat in his Chicago office, discussing sociology with Colonel Elwood. Halloo, Halloo! Friend in Pittsburg telephones that there is war among the proprietors of a wire mill there. "If you want to make a trade bring on $1,000,000, and I think I can get you the property." A million! What's a million to Colonel Elwood and General Gates? Change in the man's coat-pocket; barely enough to "open a jackpot with." Still, a trade is a trade.

The retired capitalists took the train for Pittsburg. They sat up all night with the warring wire men. At 5 A.M. General Gates had swapped a certified check for a million in consideration of one wire mill. All hands went to the Duquesne Club for a modest quencher and breakfast. There they found the proprietor of another big wire mill, "up the State." The wires were removed from a comfortable number of corks. The story of the night "deal" was told. "If you fellows have money to burn, you'd better buy

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my mills," quoth "up-the-State" jestingly. "What'll yer take?" snaps Gates, the soul and very pemmican of conciseness. "Nine hundred thousand," replies the Keystone State wire millionaire. "It's a go," snaps the Chicagoite. Time of transaction, forty-three seconds. "John," says Isaac, "if we're going into the wire business, we must have a base of supplies. Better see if we can't buy the Cleveland Rolling Mills." Off to Cleveland by the first fast train. That night they told the Cleveland Rolling Mills man that they wanted his whole outfit—docks, steamships, mines, mills. "Don't want to sell, but what'll you give?" "Five million cash. Take it or leave it." By midnight the offer is accepted. A historiographer who milked Gates for the facts asserts that "the 'cleaning up' yielded $2,540,000 in cash, so that the property really cost Gates and Elwood $2,550,000. It was worth from $7,000,000 to $8,000,000 without the cash." Quick returns and large profits.

Next day the newspapers told the world that Gates and Elwood were on buying bent. Offers came in. Gates went to Massachusetts and bought. Elwood went to Cincinnati and bought. Two days later they "compared notes" in New York. They had paid $12,000,000 cash into wire-works in one week, the week between Christmas and New Year. One week more, and the arrangements for that little snowball called American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey, capital $90,000,000, were made. Tall oaks from little acorns grow. Mr. Gates didn't go around the world. If he gets around it, that's another thing. He could afford to stay at home.

It was about this time the great American people went crazy. Rude as he may sometimes seem to be, Mr. Gates has a delicate and caressing touch on stocks. From 1897 to 1901 was his prime. Doubtless his winnings, like his losings, have been swollen by rumor. He is a "grand stand" performer. But he has to rent a good many safe-deposit boxes. He saw the Boom and hung on it. He saw the Trust and boomed it.

THE PROSE OF THE WIRE COMPANY

As early as September, 1897, Mr. Gates, Judge E. H. Gary, afterward a high official of the United States Steel Corporation, Gerritt H. Ten Broek, who had had a contract for the formation of a consolidated steel and wire company, which contract certain bankers had refused to finance, and others met in New York. Judge Gary and Mr. Gates got options for the purchase or consolidation of various manufacturing companies. In February, 1898, Mr. Gates and Judge Gary were informed that some of their options would expire in thirty or forty days and that some of the manufacturers would refuse to renew them. Testifying in a New York court in 1902, in a suit brought by a fellow-promoter, Mr. Gates related with evident delight the reasons of enlightened altruism that moved the recalcitrants. "Some of them thought their plants were not put at a high enough valuation. Others thought their neighbors' plants were taken in at too high a valuation. . . . I believe some of them thought the commissions were too high."

The agreement fell through. Within two or three days Judge Gary and Mr. Gates set to work on other plans, which resulted in the formation of the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company of Illinois. Mr. Gates owned one-fourth of its capital of $4,000,000. This was only a beginning, "the bright beginning of a halcyon and vociferous proceeding," as Mr. Conkling said. In December, 1898, he began a bigger combination, the American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey. For his $1,000,000 in the Illinois concern he got $1,750,000 of the preferred and $1,750,000 in the new concern, 3½ for 1. A mere trifle. He put $2,000,000 into buying other properties, which he turned over to the new corporation at "actual cost." Seligman & Co. agreed to underwrite one-half of $28,000,000. Mr. Gates agreed to underwrite $20,000,000. He admitted that he "made a profit" out of the underwriting. Probably it was too large to remember.

THE MAN WITH THE INTERMITTENT MEMORY

We now come to a curious element of the Gates psychology. He has an intermittent memory. Once he put a check for $1,250,000 in his pocket and carried it around for three days. Then the drawers, in order to make their balance clear, reminded him of the check. In 1902, after astonishing Europe, he landed in New York, full of barbaric pearls and gold. On his clothes, the spoils of London, he paid a duty of $1,500; on a dog-collar of pearls and

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diamonds, $6,000. He was going away rejoicing, when the deputy-collector who had taken his declaration asked to see him alone. "Mr. Gates, have you a pearl necklace worth $35,000 about you?" Mr. Gates grinned, acknowledged the necklace and that he had never paid duty on it. His candor cost him $21,000. He had forgotten the necklace. In the lawsuit already mentioned a still more interesting instance of lapse of memory was disclosed. Of the $90,000,000 capital stock of the American Steel and Wire Company, $26,000,000 of the common was unaccounted for after the constituent concerns had been acquired. What became of that $26,000,000? Mr. Gates answered: "I don't know."

AMNESIA AND CRITICISM

Some seemingly harsh judgments of Mr. Gates are thus explained. If Mr. J. P. Morgan said to Mr. Gates: "You will not be taken into the directorate of the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Gates; you have made your own reputation and must abide by it," Mr. Morgan merely meant that it would not be wise for that corporation to have in its directorate such a forgetter as Mr. Gates. It would not be safe. Why, if Mr. Gates forgot $26,000,000 in a minute, how long would it take him to forget a billion? If, after Mr. Gates's descent upon the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, Mr. Morgan declared that "it was necessary for the preservation of the financial stability of the railroad" to buy Mr. Gates out of Louisville and Nashville, it was because a man of unstable memory could not be an efficient railroad man. When, early in 1900, Mr. Gates, chairman of the directors of the American Steel and Wire Company, shut down twelve of its mills, throwing a lot of people out of work, knocking steel and iron stocks galley-west, and bringing on a decline in the stock market, he must have forgotten that he was "short" on the market. The Street was "long" of Steel Wire and he was "short." The Street had stocked up at between 50 and 60. He knocked the price down some 20 points. Between April and November he made "a bunch of millions." He called 40,000 shares of Union Pacific at 58, which had been selling at 72. He accumulated some 50,000 Steel Wire at below 35 and worked it off at 45 to 50. Fortunately he has or then had a private secretary who, lest the public should forget, wrote to the *New York Herald:* "Let it appear in your financial page that during the late rise in railroad stocks J. W. Gates has made between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000, principally in Baltimore and Ohio and Union Pacific, both great favorites of his."

This is a wicked and incredulous world, which will not take the naked truth without discount. At any rate, in a little more than two weeks, Baltimore and Ohio common gained twenty-five points; Union Pacific eight or ten, and Mr. Gates's private secretary's private memory ought to be accepted at par.

Full public appreciation of Mr. Gates's intermittence of memory was shown when he resigned the Steel and Wire chairmanship. Common went up three and one-eighth; preferred three and a quarter. You see Mr. Gates is a good man, but a little careless with property when his memory flickers.

HOW THE MOUNTAIN WENT TO MAHOMET

Mr. Gates, who "thinks in billions," believes that the United States Steel Corporation was conceived in his billionary brain. It is written in his reminiscences that he brought forth the grand idea in a conversation with that railroad president with the apostolic phiz, Mr. James J. Hill. But the intermittence of Mr. Gates's memory intrudes itself here; and there are solid citizens, deep in Steel, who scoff at his theory. The Steel Trust was hired to buy off Mr. Carnegie, get him out of the way, and furnish him with the means of spreading himself and other forms of sweetness and light, among the toiling masses. Its history is as fresh as its illustrious beneficiary and need not be told here. Mr. Gates came in with his companies but his own company was declined. So he turned his vivifying and conservative activity in other directions. In March, 1902, the Louisville and Nashville was supposed to be secure under the highly respectable guardianship of Mr. August Belmont. Mr. Gates formed a syndicate to get control. In six weeks he and his associates had 206,000 shares. Two other men held 100,000 shares, which they agreed not to sell. Mr. Belmont woke up too late. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., objecting to gentlemen who "buy railroads overnight," had to "save the situation."

The profits of the Gates syndicate were estimated at from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000. "Charley" Gates is said to have put the profits

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of the sale and the incidental trading of stock at $18,000,000; but he must have been dazzled by his own brilliance. Apropos of "Charley," a chip of the old block and sparkling with hereditary splendor, one of Mr. Pulitzer's school of journalists has painted his portrait:

GEOGRAPHY, MARINERS, AND CUSTOMS

"The younger Gates was a brilliant and a joyous sight. Three diamonds blazed in each suspender buckle. Three more diamonds shone in his negligée shirt-front. His cuff-buttons glittered with costly baubles. The glamour of his presence overpowered everybody in the office except his father."

Mr. Gates's order of architecture is the florid—globular or spherical—flamboyant. His head is large. He has sufficient pride in his legs to play golf. His stomach projects beyond the stoop-line. John Sullivan is patented as "the big fellow." John Gates as "the big man." If he is too thick for his height, his weight sometimes goes down as rapidly as if it were a favorite stock. He eats of the fat and drinks of the sweet, but is capable of ascetic practices. He loves to go abroad and abroad loves to have him come. Mr. "Charley" Gates, whose democratic simplicity of speech contrasts with his wealth of ornament, gave this pregnant description of one of these foreign journeys:

"Oh, he and mother just jogged about London, having all the fun they could."

In the course of this very jog of six weeks he knocked forty pounds off his weight by sticking to toast and tea. He has an elastic constitution, great power of recovery. He gets very sick, and then very well very soon again; very thin and then very thick again. Up and down and lightning change—behold his life. He has a herd of devil-wagons and scoots like the devil over the earth in them. In its noise, its speed, its tender care for the beloved public, and the gracious odor and sweet remembrance which it leaves behind it, one of these racing machines suggests analogies with these mighty Chevaliers of Industry. Mr. Gates loves horses and horse-races. Indeed, he looks like a prosperous livery-stable keeper almost as much as he looks like a prosperous saloon-keeper, with the makings of an alderman in him. The golden lads of the day succeed in looking to an eminent capitalist to say he hath a "horsey" look. With the bookmakers, whose profession is much like his own, he has an instinctive sympathy. Sometimes he "sticks" them. More often, probably, they "stick" him. Like his kindred spirit, John A. Drake, he "bets a few plunks," as he puts it, but it is safe to say that his losses and gains are usually exaggerated at least a hundredfold. Same way with poker. He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings. Or behind three or four of 'em. Mr. Gates has experience, knowledge, coolness, "nerve," a "bluff" like the everlasting hills. Still, we are not called upon to believe that he loses or wins $25,000 or $200,000 or any other sum of size between New York and Chicago or in the smoking-room of a steamship. He beguiles the time; that's all. His habits are domestic; his cigars imported; and he never takes a drink unless he wants it.

PAINTING AND PIE

Mr. Gates is far beyond that primitive stage of æsthetic cultivation which contents itself with the art of what Mr. "Charley" Bates, of joyous memory, used to call the "caffy." Mr. Gates is a collector. In his "palatial mansion" at 2,944 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, he has so many pictures that he has had to have a catalogue of them compiled so that he could "keep 'em in his head." According to one of his admirers, he has "one of the largest and most valuable private collections of pictures in the world"; and "many of them are from the brushes of the famous old artists of Rembrandt's time." When Mr. Gates starts to hunt a famous old brush, he gets the brush: "Whenever I have a little loose money and see a picture which can be bought, I usually buy it."

In short, he is a "quick buyer," the leading short-distance amateur. One afternoon he dropped into a New York picture-dealer's and "spent $100,000 in about an hour." Throw off fifty per cent. discount for imagination. He certainly bought for a great price Rembrandt's "St. Paul in Prison." St. Paul is a favorite of his; reminds him of Chicago and Milwaukee. When in boyhood he bought that standing wood, he "figured quick." When he paid $8,000 for two landaus for himself and a party of friends to go to the Derby in last spring, he "figured quick." He applies to art his business methods. Hence his title

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Take him now in the homelier sphere of pie. His great corn corner, which impressed the reporters very much, is less important to us than the fact that in the heat and stress of his loudly advertised operations," Charley" said to inquiring friends, "He's eating pumpkin pie in the inside office." Calm amid storm. And there was Mrs. Pymacher's pie. In spite of the name this is a true history. Pymacher was a telegrapher employed by the Stock Exchange firm in which Mr. Gates is a special partner. Pymacher brought for his lunch a noble pie, a composition of Mrs. Pymacher's. The manager of the office tasted that pie, found it good, and gobbled it. Such are the notions of property in the Street. "Is there any more where that came from?" asked the manager, a man of delicate tooth. "There is more," said Pymacher, "and better, if possible." "It is not possible," said the manager. He told all the Chicago capitalists who came to that office. He made their mouths water. The next day Pymacher brought in a lemon pie, an iridescent dream, a tender flower. Half a dozen millionaires ate of it, with tears of joy and thanksgiving. "What shall we do for Mrs. Pymacher? Shall we build her a monument?" "Buy her a hundred shares of Northern Pacific," says some more prosaic pie-eater. So they bought her one hundred shares at 113¼, sold it at 135. The next day came the corner and a share of Northern Pacific was worth $1,000. But Mr. Gates had shown his eagerness to reward a supreme artist. If old Rembrandt were alive "the Gates crowd" would "let him in" on the best thing it had.

THE JOHN W. GATES BIRTHDAY BOOK

"What is reasonable security? Government bonds."

"You bring the fellow that wrote that here, and I'll bite his neck."

(After the great Northern Pacific corner in 1901): "Well, I'm not broke, but I'm darned badly bent."

"Johnny Drake * is one continued object-lesson. Why, after John had grown up out in Iowa, they started Sunday-schools all over the State."

THE PARADISE OF GINGERBREAD

Everybody knows the Paradise of Gingerbread, the Palace of the New Rich, the New York Land of Cockayne, the Vanity Fair of the Bourgeois, the Waldorf-Astoria. It is a magnified and glorified Pullman car. There the millionaires are huddled. There they eat with their knives, to show their confidence in Steel, "open wine," plan campaigns, and face the deadly rain of "high-balls."

> Up in heaven the high gods, one by one
> Lay hand upon the draught that quickeneth.

The little clerks in their little "dress suits" swarm from their little hall-bedrooms to go and watch the millionaires, to breathe the atmosphere of money, to talk loudly of mythical "deals." Strangers and countrymen flock there to look at the show and be conducted through those halls of gewgaw. Women of all sorts and conditions are there to see, be seen, get some sort of golden halo. Bulls, bears, foxes, even badgers abound. The shabby-genteel strut about lonely, but happy. They think they are getting a social consecration. Everybody is hunting somebody or something, pleasure, notoriety, adventure, money most of all. Poor folks eat and drink beyond their means, intoxicated by luxury and the show of wealth. The hall-boys have "inside information" on the stock-market. The maids have diamonds to lose. The head-waiter is the familiar friend of "financial magnates."

Well, if somebody points out a big man with a big pearl in his shirt-front, a big cigar in his mouth, uttering himself in a big voice, and surrounded by faithful friends or obsequious "trailers"—you know who he is. Tip the guide, please. He has taken you to Paradise.

* "Johnny" Drake is the facetious millionaire, who, when his father, ex-Governor Drake, of Iowa, was "long" of wheat, resisted all invitations to come in at 60 and 70, but came in strong at 80, on the short side, to his own great advantage and papa's surprise.

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Chin Wouy's Wife

By HENRIETTA R. ELIOT

With illustrations by Bertha Stuart

I HAD bought my vegetables from Chin Wouy for at least ten years. At first he had tippled-toppled along the streets balancing two huge panniers across his shoulders, but later these had been exchanged for a horse and wagon. He was rich for a Chinaman, but he still delivered his vegetables in person from day to day, and from door to door. One morning, something over a year ago, he informed me that another man would come in his place for a week.

"I not come-er-r—mebbe five six day—er-r—my Cousin—he velly good man—he all same me—he come."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I go Tacoma, get wife—I pay—er-r—six hundred dollar." And he swelled with a pride akin to that of a collector of pictures displaying a costly purchase.

"*Buy* a wife, Wouy!" I exclaimed, with horror; "what do you mean?"

"Oh—same time—er-r—same time"—what meaning Chin Wouy associates with these two words I do not know, but they form in connection with the hesitant "er" the bridge upon which he always crosses from one bit of assured English to another—"same time—er-r—I give plesent. Papa, Mama, got one litty girl long time—by'm by I take 'way, she my girl—er-r—they not have girl any more—er-r—Papa, Mama, mebbe heap solly—I give plesent." I probably looked dubious, for he added, "Sometime—er-r—mebbe you take horse, not give money, man velly mad, horse not much good, wife heap good. You sabbe? What you like to-day? Stling-bean? Spinachy? Gleen pea? What you like?"

The illustration of the horse, which Wouy had evidently considered an apt and happy one, was disastrous, and left me impervious to the sophistries which had preceded it. The bald fact remained—Chin Wouy was going to *buy a wife*, and it was, as the cook (who overheard our talk) remarked, "disgustable." However, I felt unequal to reconstructing a domestic system antedating the Christian era, and attempted no further expostulation, but swallowed my wrath and bought my vegetables as usual.

In a week Wouy was making his rounds again, but a year passed without any allusion to his domestic happiness or unhappiness. Indeed I had seen but little of him, as my housewifely zeal had relaxed to the point of letting the cook select my vegetables for me; but two weeks ago he asked to see me, and I went to the kitchen, wondering if he had perhaps tired of his first wife, and was about to indulge in the extravagance of a second purchase.

"How do?" he began. "I not see you heap long time—er-r—you know Chinaman garden—er-r—Led-house Load?"

I nodded assent.

"Ya—sometime I see you and you boss-man lide—er-r—all same my house. You lide all time evly day afternoon?"

I nodded again.

"My house—er-r—same time—er-r—same time—er-r—" He had strayed from the beaten track of the words necessary to his daily business, and knew not where to look for others. He began again.

"Heap many Chinaman house in garden—vell bad dirty house—all same pig—my house—er-r—er-r—" Suddenly his face lighted; he walked to the kitchen table and laid his hand on the seat of the chair beside it. "This," said he, "all same garden"—then lifting his hand to the table—"this all same Led-house Load," then dragging his finger along the edge of the table, to indicate the Red-house Road as it followed the rim of the gardens, which lay below its level, "this," and his finger stopped, "my house. You sabbe?"

I "sabbe'd," and he proceeded.

"You buy veg'teeble long time—er-r—you heap good lady—er-r—I got one litty baby I like you see. Velly good litty baby—three month old—all same boy. I like you see.

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Mebbe sometime—er-r—you lide again Led-house Load, you stop see litty baby?"

I promised to go the next week, but changed my mind and asked my "boss-man" to drive me there that very evening.

Wouy opened the door himself. He had the baby in his arms and was more pronounced than is customary with Chinamen in his expressions of surprise and pleasure when he saw us. A torrent of celestial gibberish launched into space brought another Chinaman from somewhere, who proceeded to brew us a cup of tea, while we ate Chinese confections and admired the baby.

Meantime Mrs. Chin Wouy—a small scrap of Chinese femininity, certainly not more than fourteen years old—sat cross-legged on the floor, happily unconscious of any responsibilities as hostess, and engaged in cutting out the pictures of flowers from an old seed catalogue! Wouy followed my eyes, and answered their question apologetically.

"Mama not velly big—er-r—not velly strong—er-r—baby heap heavy—I big, I all time cally baby."

"But," I said, "she has to lift him, when you are out selling vegetables every morning?"

"No," he answered, "baby heap sleepy—sleep evly morning th'ee four hour."

The tea was brewed. We drank it and proceeded on our way; but with our preconceived notions of Chin Wouy's domestic relations somewhat dislocated.

I was interested, and, before the week was out, I called again. I found the door open and the house empty, but I caught sight of little Mrs. Chin's shining, beplastered head through the open backdoor, and crossed over to it. She was sitting on the steps watching her husband, who was wringing and hanging out a wash, in which the baby's belongings far outnumbered the other garments. I looked on for some moments before he discovered me, then I spoke.

"Wouy," I said, "does your wife let you do all the work?"

"Ya," he answered, smiling indulgently down on her, "she not much old—er-r—by'm by mebbe she work. You like see baby?" and he dried his hands on his apron and came in-doors. The baby was asleep in a bunk against the wall, and I remonstrated against its being waked, but to no purpose.

"He not sleep other day afternoon—to-day sleep, er-r—heap long cly las' night."

The baby took the breaking of his nap very good-naturedly, and I, of course, said all the nice things expected of me, my mind meantime recurring to Wouy's report of the baby's wakeful night.

"Do you, or his mother, take care of him when he cries at night?" I asked.

Wouy grinned. "Mama all same baby—er-r—she too litty—I like she sleep—I 'flaid mebbe she no hear baby cly—I hear."

"You are a very good man," I said, with a little lump in my throat.

I have not been there since, but last evening we drove past the little home. Wouy sat on the steps holding the baby, and at the edge of the pavement sat his funny little wife, with two or three white children, making mud pies!

This morning I told the cook that I would get the vegetables.

"Wouy," I began, "you are too good to your little wife. She ought not to play all the time. You ought to teach her to take care of the baby and do a little work."

Wouy looked serious. "You heap good lady," his tone was propitiatory, "you heap good lady, but you no sabbe. You got one litty girl, she all time play—er-r—you got one litty boy, he all time play. When my litty wife all same you litty girl, you litty boy, she never have good time—er-r—I like she have good time now. You sabbe? What you like to-day? Cabbagy? Gleen pea? Stling-bean? What you like?"

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THE DEVOURING ELEMENT

By EUGENE WOOD

With Illustrations by Charles H. White

MR. SILVERSTONE was gloomily considering whether he had not better blow out the lights in the New York One Price Clothing Store and lock up for the night. Kerosene was fifteen cents a gallon, and not a customer had been in since supper-time. Business was "ofle, simbly ofle." The streets were empty. There were lights only in the barber-shop where one patron was being lathered while two mandolins and a guitar gave a correct imitation of two house-flies and a blue-bottle; in Riley's where, in default of other occupation, Mr. Riley was counting up; in Oesterle's, where a hot discussion was going on as to whether Christopher Columbus was a Dutchman or a Dago, and in Miller's, where Tom Ball was telling Tony, who impassively wiped the perforated brass plate let into the top of the bar, that he, Tom Ball, "coul' lick em man ill Logan Coun'y."

Lamps shone in every parlor, where little girls labored with: "And one and two, three and one and two, three," occasionally coming out to look

at the clock to see if the hour was any nearer being up than it was five minutes ago. They also shone in sitting-rooms, where boys looked fiercely at "$x^2 + 2xy + y^2$," mothers placidly darned stockings, and fathers, *Weekly Examiner* in hand, patiently struggled to disengage, from "boiler-plate" and bogus news about people snatched from the jaws of death by the timely use of Dr. McKinnon's Healing Extract of Timothy and Red-top, items of real news, such as who was sick and what ailed them, who cut his foot with the axe while splitting stove-wood, and where the cake sale by the Rector's Aid of Grace P.E. would be held next week.

At the prayer meeting, Uncle Billy Nicholson was giving in his experience and had just got to that part about: "Sometimes on the mountain-top and sometimes in the valley, but still, nevertheless—" when, all of a sudden, something happened.

The mandolins stopped with a jerk. Mr. Riley stood tranced at: "And ten is thirty-five." Mr. Ball was stricken dumb in the celebration of his own great physical powers. The crowd in Oesterle's forgot Columbus and were as men beholding a ghost. The drowsy congregation sat up rigid, and Mr. Silverstone gave a guilty start. He had been thinking of that very thing.

The next instant, front doors were wrenched open, and the street echoed with the sound of windows being raised. Fathers and sons rushed out on the front porch, followed by little girls, to whom any excuse to stop practising was like a plank to a drowning man.

They had heard aright. Up by the Soldiers' Monument fell the clump of tired feet and upon the air floated the wild alarum of——:

"FIRE! Pooh-ha! FIRE! Poof! FIRE!"

Mat. King, the assistant chief, kicked off his slippers, and swiftly laced up his shoes, grabbed his speaking-trumpet and his helmet and tore out of the house. If he could only get to the engine-house before Charley Lomax, the chief! But Charley was the lone customer in the barber's chair. With the lather on one side of his face, he clapped on his hat and broke for the fire-bell, four doors below.

"Where's it at?"

"FIRE! Pooh-ha! FIRE! Sm-pooh! FI—(gulp)—FIRE!"

"It's Linc Hoover. Hay, Linc! Where's the fire?"

"FIRE! Pooh-ha! FIRE! Whooh-ha, whooh-ha! FIRE!"

"Hay, Linc! Where's it at? Tell me and I'll run. Hay! Where's it at?"

"FIRE! Swope's ba—(gulp) Swope's barn. FIRE!"

"Which Swope? Henry or the old man?"

"FIRE! Pooh! J. K. Swope. Whooh-ha, whooh-ha! Out—out on West End Avenue. Poof!"

The news thus being passed, the fresher runners scampered ahead, bawling: "FOY-URRR! FOY-URR!" and Linc, the hero, slowed down, gasping for breath and spitting cotton.

"Whew!" he whistled, gustily, his arms drooping and his whole frame collapsing. "Gee! *I'm* 'bout tuckered. Sm-pooh! Sm-pooh! Run all th' way f'm-sm-ha, sm-ha!—run all th' way f'm—mouth's all stuck together—p'too! ha! Pooh! F'm West End Avenue and Swo—Swope's. Gee! I'm hot's flitter."

"Keep y' coat on when you're all of a perspiration, that way. How'd it ketch?"

"Ount know. 'S comin' by there an' I—whoof! I smelt smoke and— Gosh! I'm all out o' breath—an' I looked an' I je-e-est could see a light—wisht I had a drink o' somepin' to rench mum mouth out. Whew! Oh laws! An' it was Swope's barn and I run in an' opened the door, didn't stop to knock or nung, an' I hollered out: 'Yib barn's afire!' an' he run out in his sock-feet, an' he says: 'My Lord!' he says. 'Linc,' he says, 'run git the ingine!' an' I putt." Linc drew in a long, tremulous breath like a man that has looked on sorrow.

"Why 'n't you——"

"Betchy 'twas tramps," interrupted a bystander. "Git in the haymow an' think they got to have their blamed old pipe agoin'——"

"Cigarettes, more likely," said another. "More darn devilment comes from cigarettes——"

"Why'n't you——"

"Ount know nung 'bout tramps," said Linc. "All I seen was the fire. I was a-comin' long a-past there an' I smelt the smoke an' thinks I— What say?"

"Why'n't you telefoam down?"

Linc, the hero, shrunk a foot. "I gosh!" he admitted, "I never thought to."

"Jist 'a' telefoamed, you could 'a' saved yourself all that——"

"Ain't they weltin' the daylights out o'

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that bell? All foolishness! Now they're ringin' the number—one, two, three, four. Yes, sir, that's up in the West End. You goin'? Come on, then."

"No, Frank, I can't let you go. You've got your lessons to get. Well, now, mother, make up your mind if you're comin' along. Cora, what on earth are you doing out here in the night air with nothing around you? Now, you mosey right back into that parlor, and don't you make a move off that piano-stool till your hour's up. Do you hear me? No, Frank. I told you once you couldn't go and that ends it. *Stop your whining!* I can't have you running hither and yon all hours of the night and we not know where you are. Well, hurry up, then, mother. Take him in with you. Oh, just throw a shawl over your head. Nobody'll see you, or if they do they won't care."

The apparatus trundles by, the bells on the trucks tolling sadly as the striking gear on the rear axle engages the cam. A hurrying throng scuffles by in the gloom. The tolling grows fainter, the throng thinner.

MAT. KING TORE OUT OF THE HOUSE.

"Good land! Is she going to be all night? Wisht I hadn't proposed it. That's the worst of taking a woman any place. Fuss and fiddle by the hour in front of the looking-glass. Em! Be all over by the time we get there. Oh, Em! *Em!* EM! Holler my head off! *EM!* Well, why don't you answer me? Well, I didn't hear you. How much long— Oh, I know about your 'minute.' 'Hour' you mean. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Conklin? Hello, Fred. Pleased to meet you, Miss Shoemaker. Yes, I saw in the paper you were visiting your sister. This your first visit to our little You see, we're trying to make your stay as interesting as possible. Oh, no, not *altogether* on your account. No, no. Ha! Ha-ha-ha! Hum! ah! Well, yes, if she ever gets done primping up. Oh, there you are. Miss Shoemaker, let me make you acquainted with my wife. Now, you girls'll have to get a move on if you want to see anything."

The male escorts grasp the ladies' arms and shove them ahead, that being the only way if you are ever going to get any place. The women gasp and pant and make a great to-do.

"Ooh! Wait till I get my breath. Will! Wee-ull! Don' go so *fay*-ust! Oooh! I can't *stand* it. Oh, well, you're a man."

But when they turn the corner that gives them a good view of the blaze, fluttering great puffs of flame, and hear the steady crackle and snapping, as it were, of a great popper full of pop-corn, they, too, catch the infection, and run with a loud swashing and slatting of skirts, giggling and squealing about their hair coming down.

In the waving orange glare the crowd is seen, shifting and moving. It seems impossible for the onlookers to remain constant in one spot. The chief, Charley Lomax, is gesticulating with wide-arm movements. He puts his speaking-trumpet to his mouth. "Yoffemoffemoffemoffemoff!" he says.

"Wh-at?" the men halloo back.

"Yoffemoffemoffemoffemoff."

"What'd he say?"

"Search me. John, you run over and ask him what he wants. Or, no; I'll go myself."

"Why in Sam Hill didn't you come sooner?" demands the angry chief.

"Well, why in Sam Hill don't you talk so's

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emoffemoffem.' Who can make sense out o' that?"

"The hose ain't long enough to reach from here to the hydrant. You'n some more of 'em run down t' th' house an' git that other reel."

"Aw, say, Chief! Look here. I'm awful busy right now. Can't somebody else go?"

"You go an do what I tell you to and don't gimme none o' your back talk."

(Too dag-gon bossy and dictatorial that Charley Lomax is. Getting 'most too big for his breeches. Never mind. There's going to be a fire election week from Tuesday. See whether he'll be chief next year or not. Sending a man away from the fire right at the most interesting part!)

"I'll go, Chief, wommetoo," puts in Jumbo Lee, all in a huddle of words. "I je slivsnot. Aw ri. Mon Jim. Shoonmeansmore of 'em go gitth'otherreel."

Jumbo isn't a member of the fire department, though he is wild to join. He isn't old enough. He is six feet one inch, weighs 180, and won't be sixteen till the 5th of next February. Nobody ever saw him when he wasn't eating. They say he clips his words so as to save time for eating. He takes a cracker out of his pocket, shoves it in his mouth whole, jams his hat down till his ears stick out, and, with his companions, tears down the road seemingly propelled as much by his elbows as by his legs. Why, under the combined strain of growing and running, he doesn't part a seam somewhere is a dark mystery.

NOBODY EVER SAW JUMBO LEE WHEN HE WASN'T EATING.

Crash! The roof of the barn caves in and reveals what we had not before suspected, that Platt's barn, on the other side of the alley, is afire too. Say! This is geting interesting. The wind is setting directly toward Swope's house. It has been so terribly dry this last month or so that the house will go like powder if it ever catches. Why, I *think* Swope has a well and cistern both. Used to have, anyway, before they put the water-works in and the board of health condemned the wells. Say! There was a put-up job if there ever was one. Why, sure! Sure he had stock in the water-works. Doc. Muzzey? I guess, yes. . . . Pity they ever traded off the hand-engine. They got a light-running hook-and-ladder truck. Won two prizes at the tournament, just with that truck. But if they had that hand-engine now though! "Up with her! Down with her!" Have that fire out in no time!

They're not trying to save the barns. They're a dead loss. What little water they can get from the cisterns and wells around —*hasn't* it been dry?—they are using to try to save Swope's house and the one next to it. Is that where Lonny Wheeler lives? I knew it was up this way somewhere. Over this way a little. See better. They're wetting down the roof. Line of fellows passing buckets to the ladder, and a line up the ladder. What big sparks those are! Puts you in mind of Fourth of July. How the roof steams! Must be hot up there.

O-o-o-oh!

A universal indrawn breath from all spectators proclaims their horror. One of the men on the roof missed his footing and slipped, rolling over and over till he reached the roof, where he spread-eagled for a fall. The women begin to moan. Some poor fellow gone to his death. Or, if he be so lucky as to miss death itself, he is doomed to languish all his days a helpless cripple. Like enough the sole support of an aged mother; or perhaps his wife is sitting up for him at home now, tiptoeing into the bedroom every little while to look at the sleeping children. That's gen-

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erally the way of it. Who is there so free and foot-loose that, if harm befall him, some woman will not go mourning all her days? It must take the heart out of brave men to think what their women folk must suffer, mothers and wives and— Who? Dan O'Brien? Oh, *he'll* be all right. He'll light on his feet like a cat. I believe that boy is made of India rubber. He never gets hurt. Why, one time— Ah! There he goes now up the ladder as if nothing had happened. Hooray-ay-ay-ay! Hooray-ay-ay-ay! I thought he'd broken his neck as sure as shooting.

Wandering about, one cannot fail to encounter what the brave fire-laddies have rescued from the devouring element. There is the piano with a deep scratch across the upper part, and the top lid hanging by one hinge. It caught in the door, and the boys were kind of in a hurry. There is the parlor carpet, plucked up by the roots, as it were; and two tubs, the washboard and a bag of clothes-pins; a stuffed chair, with three castors gone, the coffee-pot, a crayon enlargement, a winter overcoat, a blanket, a pile of old dresses, the screw-driver and a paper of tacks in the colander, the couch with a triangular rip in the cover, the coal-scuttle, a pile of dishes, the axe and wood-saw, a fancy pillow, the sewing-machine with the top gone, the wash-boiler, the basket of dirty clothes, with the stove-shaker and the parlor clock in together, and a heap of books, all spraddled and sprawled every which way. Upon this pitiful mound sits Mrs. Swope with her baby sound asleep upon her bosom. She mingles her tears with the sustaining tea that Mrs. Farley has made for her. Swope, still in his socks and with his wife's shoulder-cape upon him, caught up somehow, is trying to soothe her. He is as mad as a hornet, and doesn't dare to show it. All this furniture he had insured. It was all old stuff their folks had given them. If the brave fire-laddies had been as discreet as they were zealous, they would have let the furniture go, and Swope and his wife would have had an entire, brand-new outfit. As it is, who can ever make that junk look like anything any more?

"ALL RIGHT, TOM, YOU DONE NOBLE."

What's this coming up the road? Jumbo Lee and his friends with the other hose-reel. Now they will connect it with the hydrant and have water a-plenty to save the house. Now the fellows are coming down from the ladder. Cistern's empty, I suppose. The other reel didn't come any too soon. How the roof steams! Or is it smoking?

"Don't stand around here with that reel! Up to that water-plug. Farther up the street. Front o' Cummins's."

Jumbo crams another cracker in his mouth and speeds away, hunching the patient, unresenting air with his elbows.

Ah! See that little flicker of flame on the roof! Do, for pity's sake, hurry up with that connection! The roof is really burning. See? They are trying to chop away the burning place. But there's another! And another!

A-a-ah! Hooray-ay! Connection's made! Now you'll see something. Out of the way there! One side! One side! Up you go! . . . Wh-at? Is that the best they can do? Why, it won't run out of the nozzle at all when it's up on the roof! Not a drop. Feeble little dribble when it's on the ground-level. There's your water-works for you. It is a good long way from the fire-plug I know, but there ought to be more pressure than that. Oh, pshaw! If we only had the old hand-engine! "Up with her! Down with her!" Have that fire out in no time. The house will have to go now. Too bad!

Somebody in the second story is rescuing property from the devouring element. He has just tossed out a wash-bowl and pitcher. Luckily they both fell on the sod and rolled apart. He takes down the roller-shade and flings it out. The lace curtains follow. They catch by the edge of the veranda roof and

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languidly wave there as for some holiday. Bed-clothes issue and pillows hurtle out. What's he doing now? No use. No use. You can't get the mattress out of that window. A waste-paper basket, a rag rug, a brush and comb—as fast as his hands can fly, he's throwing out things.

The women began to whimper.

"Oh, the poor man! The roof will fall in on him! He'll smother to death! Oh, *why* doesn't somebody go tell him to come away? Not *you!* Don't you *think* of such a trick! Oh, *why* does he risk his life for a lot of trash I wouldn't have around the house?"

The smoke oozes out of the open window. It must be choking in there. For a long time no jettison of household goods appears. Perhaps the man, whoever he is, has seen his peril and fled while yet it was possible to flee. Ah, but suppose he has been overcome and lies there huddled in a heap, never to rouse again? Is there none to save him? Is there none? Ah! A couple of collars and a magazine flutter out into the light! He is still there. He is still alive. Plague take the idiot! Why doesn't he come down out of that?

"Yoffemoffemoffemoffemoff. Yoffemoff!"

But no! He will do it himself. The chief rushes gallantly into the burning building and disappears up the dark stair.

Desperate measures are now to be resorted to. On the lawn a line of men forms. They bend their necks, cowering before the fierce glow, but daring it, and prepared to face it at even closer range.

The men dash forward in the withering heat. With frantic haste they fix the hook into the lattice-work beneath the porch and scamper back.

"Yo hee! Yo hee!"

The thick rope tautens as the firemen lay their weight to it. You can almost see the bristling fibres stand up on it.

"Yo hee! Yo hee!"

With a splintering crash the timber parts, and a piece of lattice-work is dragged away.

Another sortie and another. Bit by bit the porch is ripped and torn to rubbish. You smile. It seems so futile. What are these kindlings saved when the whole house is burning? Is this what you call heroism? Yet the charge at Balaklava was not more futile. It had even less of common-sense, less of hope of benefit to mankind to back it and inspire it. Heroism is an instinct, not a thought-out policy. Its quality is the same, in two-ounce samples or in car-load lots.

The weather-boarding slips down in a sparkling fall. The joists and stringers, all outlined and gemmed with coals, are as it were a golden grille, through which the world may look unhindered in upon the holy place of home, heretofore conventually private. The flames die down. The timbers sink together with a softer fall. The air grows chill. We fetch a sigh. We cannot bear to look at that mute figure seated on the sordid heap of broken furniture, her sleeping baby pressed against her breast, her gaze fixed—but seeing naught—upon her ruined temple. We do not like to think upon such things. We do not like to think at all. Is there nothing more to laugh at?

The firemen, having all borrowed the makings of a cigarette from each other, put on their hats and coats, left on the hook-and-ladder truck in the custody of a trusted member. The apparatus trundles off, the bells dolorously tolling as the striking gear on the rear axle engages the cam.

Who is this weeping man approaches, supported by two friends, that comfort him with: "All right, Tom. You done noble," uttered in pacifying if not convincing tones. Heart-brokenly he cries: "I dull le ver' bes' I knowed, now di'n't I, Charley? Billy, I dub bes' I knowed how. An' nen he says to me— Oo-hoo-hoo-oo-oo-oo! He says to me: 'Come ou' that, ye cussed fool!' Oo-oo-*oo*-hoo-hoo-oo-oo! Smf! Lemme gi' amma ham—hankshiff. Leg go my arm. Waw gi' amma hankshiff. Oo-oo-oo-*hoo*-hoo-oo-oo! Fmf! I ash you as mav wurl—I ash you as mav—man of world, is that—is thap proper way address me. Me! Know who I am? I'm Tom Ball. 'S who I am. I kill lick em man ill Logan Coun'y. Ai' thasso? Hay? 'S aw ri. Mfi choose stay up there, aw, thas sec—aw, thas second floor and rescue fel-cizzen's prop-prop'ty from devouring em—from devouring em-lement, thas *my* bizless. Ai' tham my bizless, Charley? Ai' tham my bizless, Billy? W'y, sure. Charley, you're goof feller. You too, Billy. You're goof feller, too. Say. Wur—wur if Miller's is open yet? 'Spose it is? Charley, I dub bes' I knowed how, di'n't I, now? Affor that Chief come up thas stairway an say me: 'Come ou' that, ye cussed fool!' Aw say! 'Come ou' that—' Called me fool, too! Oo-hoo-hoo-*oo*-oo-oo!"

"Hello, Dan! Hurt yourself any? (That's

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Dan O'Brien. Fell off the roof.) Well, sir, I thought sure you'd broken your neck. You don't know your luck. And let me tell you one thing, my bold bucko: You'll do that just once too often. Now you mark."

. . . . . .

The day before the *Weekly Examiner* goes to press, Mr. Swope hands the editor a composition, entitled: "A Card of Thanks," signed by John K. and Amelia M. Swope, and addressed to the firemen and all who showed by their many acts of kindness, and so forth and so on.

"Kind of help to fill up the paper," says Mr. Swope, covering his retreat.

"Sure," replies the editor. When Mr. Swope is good and gone, he says: "Dog my riggin's if I didn't forget all about writing up that fire. Good thing he come in. Hay, Andy!"

"Whatch want?" from the composing-room.

"Got room for about two sticks more?"

"Yes. Guess so, if it don't run over that."

A brief silence. Then:

"Hay, Andy?"

"What?"

"Is it 'had have,' or 'had of'?"

"What's the connection?"

"Why-ah. 'If the gallant fire-laddies, under the able direction of Chief Charley Lomax, had of had a sufficiency of water with which to cope with the devouring element—' etc."

"'Had have,' I guess. *I* don't know."

"Guess you're right. Run it that way anyhow."

The Reformation of Michael Doolan

By ANNE STORY ALLEN

With Illustrations by J. A. Williams

MISS GRANBURY walked up Fifth Avenue with mingled feelings of delight and distress. A clear sunny sky, cold bracing air, the brisk exercise, all contributed toward physical content and harmony. The ice-coated asphalt, the slow, tense gait of the horses, the scraping, sliding recovering of smooth-shod hoofs, broken now and then by a heavy thud, were nerve-racking in the extreme.

The contrast between her own easy progress and that laborious advance of the horses excited her to a helpless rage, directed in turn toward the street commissioners, the owners of the animals, and the harassed drivers themselves.

"I'll stop thinking about it," she said.

She walked on again, but her sympathetic imagination was soon busy devising some sort of a shoe that should prevent the suffering of the poor, struggling animals. There must not be spikes in it, because they would tear up the asphalt, nor would the flat rubber button answer the purpose because rubber slipped; her golf shoes had proved that. Perhaps a rough steel shoe, with a corrugated surface to get a hold on the ice, might do it. She looked sharply at the feet of a horse near the curb. How smooth those shoes were—utterly unfit; and what woful-looking feet! Just then the beast slipped, the hind hoofs skated back under the wobbly wheels of an express wagon, but recovered marvellously, digging the clumsy shoes through the thin ice into the asphalt with fine disregard of street regulations and inadequate appropriations for repairs.

"Hi, there, Miss Maloney! A fine day for skatin'. It's a fancy turn ye were doin' then, sure enough."

The driver of the express car was talking at the back-turned ears of the sorry beast whose hoofs had been serving as models for Miss Granbury's imaginary ice-shoe.

"Keep up yer heart, old lady," he went on; "we'll be off this blamed avenoo soon, and 'tis Miss Maloney that'll have an extra

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oat in her nose-bag to-night. Dig yer toes in!"

There was a sudden stop, and Miss Maloney was brought back almost sitting. Her driver stood up and leaned from the side of his rickety wagon.

"It's some of yer friends is down," he remarked to Miss Maloney; "some of yer fine friends that wouldn't speak to ye because yer down in the world, and drag a bum cart like this;" and he resumed his seat. "And others is down, too, some as wouldn't recognize you, Michael Doolan, wouldn't recognize him as used be coachman when that fat cockney there was a bow-legged groom."

He drew from his pocket a piece of tobacco, tucked it neatly inside his cheek and settled back in comfortable resignation to the enforced waiting.

Miss Granbury had abated her pace to listen to this one-sided conversation. She smiled appreciatively.

Many people thought Cornelia Granbury odd, and certainly she was a bit unconventional and independent of other people's opinions. But then, she had a rich uncle, whose particular fad was orchids, and who had long since given her the management of Granbury Leas.

"Run it as you like," he had told her. "Have all the company you want. Give them a good time, but keep them out of the greenhouses. I can't stand their foolish talk about the flowers, and they make the orchids tired."

And because Granbury Leas was a place to be envied, with big lawns and plenty of horses, a golf-course and everything else one would wish, and because Miss Granbury invited only when she liked and whom she liked, and because, perhaps most of all, she was a charming, healthy, sensible girl, people shook their heads indulgently at the little unusual things she occasionally did.

Cornelia stopped as she came to the fallen horses, that helped to block the progress of Miss Maloney. They were struggling to their feet with a straining of harness and a scuffling of hoofs that brought a scowl of sympathy to the face of more than one onlooker. With a final kick, first one and then the other stood on his four feet, but blood was flowing from the foreleg of one of them; flowing in jets and spurts that counted the heart-beats of the poor animal, and covered the asphalt with a widening stream of red.

The coachman, frightened and uncertain, seemed to have lost his head.

"Wot'll 'e say?" was all he could gasp. He could drive, but the sight of a cut artery aroused active fancies of future discharge rather than any practical effort to stop the bleeding.

The carriage door opened and a young, cross, pretty face leaned out.

"What's the matter, Jennings?" called the girl. "They're up, aren't they? Why don't you drive on?"

"One of 'em's bleedin' to death, miss," volunteered a messenger boy. A slender figure jumped from the carriage.

"Do something, Jennings;" then seeing the helpless look on the coachman's face, "Idiot," she muttered, "tie it up someway," she commanded. "Take your handkerchief —anything. Where's the nearest veterinary?" she asked of the crowd in general. But no one knew.

At that moment the driver of the express wagon, finding an opening in the throng of vehicles, swerved around to the right of the brougham. Miss Maloney's nose was on a line with that of the injured horse when Michael awoke to the fact that something serious had occurred.

He glanced down, saw the blood-stained pavement; his eye took in the ominous jets that pumped themselves from the slim brown leg, and Michael was down from his wagon and on his knees beside the horse with the instinct and coolness of a born veterinary. He pressed his fingers firmly against the wound, and assumed command without hesitation or apology.

"Get that old cover out of my wagon," he ordered, and the fat coachman dragged from under the seat a torn bundle of cloth. "Take hold of that end," and Jennings's gloves grasped one end of the blanket, while Michael, inserting his fingers into a convenient rent, tore off a strip with one movement of his arm.

Rolling his own bandana handkerchief into a wad he pressed it against the horse's leg, and bound the clumsy bandage carefully.

"Get a stick," he said to the coachman. Jennings looked about him vaguely.

A dapper youth who had watched Michael's operation broke over his knee a slender walking-stick he carried and presented it to the surgeon. It was thrust under the folds of cloth, and a swift turn tightened the bandage.

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"That's all I can do," announced Mr. Doolan. "I don't know any more, but he won't die now before the vet gets to him." He was tying another strip to hold the tourniquet in place.

"Father told me not to take the horses out to-day," said the young girl to Cornelia, "but I *had* to make some calls. He'll be awfully angry. I must give the man some money. Stop him, Jennings."

But Michael had climbed to his wagon-seat and Miss Maloney was scratching her way through the mass of vehicles.

At the next block they were stopped by a policeman, who handed him a card.

"The lady wants you to call at the Holland House this evening." Michael took the card.

"Shure, it was nothin' at all," he said. "I don't want anythin' for it."

"That ain't the one," said the policeman. "'Twas another one that seen you fix the horse's leg. Better go and see what she wants," he added, good-naturedly.

"Much obliged," answered Michael. He pocketed the pasteboard and shook the reins over Miss Maloney's back. They steered around the next corner into a side street, and then Mr. Doolan extracted the card and read the inscription:

MISS GRANBURY,
GRANBURY LEAS,
New Jersey.

"The Holland House," he muttered to himself. "Well, I don't look much to be goin' to the Holland House, but—'Granbury Leas!' It sounds like the country. Maybe I'd better go."

Michael Doolan sat erect on his wagon-seat with his feet against the dashboard. He held the reins in his left hand, and drawing his old whip from its socket he flicked its limp lash against Miss Maloney's side. She must have guessed rather than felt its touch, but she drew herself together in friendly response. She stretched out her neck, waved her ragged tail, and raising her feet high, started along the cobbled road in a series of resounding crashes.

In one of the Holland's private sitting-rooms, that evening, Miss Granbury talked with Michael Doolan.

"I might promise ye I wouldn't drink," Doolan was saying, "but it wouldn't do any good. Some day I'd wake up and I'd *know* that that day I'd got to get drunk, just got

MISS GRANBURY HAD ABATED HER PACE TO LISTEN TO THIS ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION.

to, miss, and then, ye see, I'd drink and I'd try to hide it, and I'd take out the horses, and I'd act a little queer and you'd suspect me, and I'd know it. Then I'd drink some more, and then I wouldn't care, and all the time I'd know I'd broke me promise, and all the time I'd know I couldn't help breakin' it. I've made promises to every man I've worked for, and I broke 'em every time."

"You're very honest about it," said Miss Granbury.

"Well, miss, it's no use. I thought it might be somethin' like this ye'd want me for, and I come up here hopin' it was. But ye seem so sort of honest yourself, miss, that I just had to be honest, too. I'll keep on with Miss Maloney, I think ye, miss, she don't

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mind if I go off the handle once in a while, and cartin' trunks is about all I'm fit for, I reckon."

He twisted his hat nervously. He felt that when he got outside he should curse himself for a fool. The prospect of a good position, with stables and horses such as his soul loved, and he had lost it because he had felt that he must tell the truth to this woman, whose honest, kindly eyes seemed to read his very thoughts.

"Moral courage is a good thing, Doolan," said Miss Granbury, after a moment, "almost as good as temperate habits, and sometimes it leads to them."

"Yes, miss," responded Michael, vaguely. He recognized the words "temperate habits." He had heard them before. The rest was not so clear. So he could only add:

"But I couldn't promise, miss."

"The only thing I would ask you to promise," went on Miss Granbury, "would be that you would tell me when you were going to get drunk. Then we could arrange things, you see, and you could have your freedom for a couple of days, and could use it as you chose. That wouldn't be hard to promise, would it?"

Doolan stopped twirling his hat and looked at Miss Granbury with suspicion. To discharge a coachman when you found him drunk was natural, but to engage a man who confessed to getting drunk periodically was a new idea to Doolan. He was astounded and he showed it.

"Sit down," said Miss Granbury, "I want to talk with you."

Doolan sat down and Miss Granbury talked. It was to be an experiment, she said, and they would find out in a few months whether they were both satisfied with the results of the experiment or not. Michael was to have his liberty on those days when the desire for drink came upon him. He could use that liberty as he chose; no questions would be asked, no fault found. One of the grooms would look out for things. On no account was he to go near the horses when he had been drinking, and he was to come to town, not stay about the place. He might bring Miss Maloney to Granbury Leas. She would be useful about the farm. In short it was for Michael Doolan to accept or refuse this remarkable offer.

The quiet, confident voice of Miss Granbury ceased and Michael still stared at her.

"I believe ye mean it," he said finally.

"Of course I mean it," said Miss Granbury.

"I never heard the like before, miss, and I must say it sounds a bit queer to me, but if ye say so, I'll try it, and may the Lord bless you, for it'll be fine to be in the country again."

So Michael Doolan became coachman at Granbury Leas, and Miss Maloney rolled the lawns, with boards on her feet and a look of quiet content in her eyes.

II

MICHAEL'S first holiday occurred about four weeks after his instalment in the coachman's room over the stables at Granbury Leas. There was a little embarrassment in his manner when he approached Miss Granbury with his request, but her matter-of-fact and cheerful acquiescence sent him away with a delightful sense of freedom and decency.

Driven to the station by a groom, his trip to town had not the color of an offence, and Michael leaned back in his seat as the train rushed toward New York, with his morning's desire for drink abating somewhat, but with firm determination to enjoy himself and to get as drunk as possible.

He did his best. He drank a great deal of whiskey, and because he had plenty of money he drank good whiskey, which, though it caused him to talk loud and fast, and to treat a great many chance acquaintances, still left him in possession of a portion of his senses. He quarrelled with no one, for everyone seemed unusually good-natured, and he had no haunting fear of consequences —there was nothing to irritate him.

Pleasantly drunk and hospitably inclined, he dined with an old friend whom he met toward evening.

"At it again, Mike?" asked the friend as he accepted Doolan's invitation.

"At nothin'," responded the host. "Drinkin', yes; but drinkin' like a gentleman."

"That's it, is it?" returned his friend. "But how'll yer boss know ye're drinkin' like a gentleman? An' wot'll he care whether ye're drinkin' like a gentleman or like a bloomin' fish?"

"Now, look here," said Michael, "that ain't your business. I'm settin' up the drinks, ain't I? An' I'm settin' up the dinner? Well, that's all right."

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"Where'll I take ye, Mike?" asked the guest. "I'll see ye through. Ye're a good friend of mine."

Michael brought the handles of his knife and fork to the table.

"Ye'll take me nowhere, do you hear? I'll take myself home, when I've finished my dinner."

Over the telephone Mr. Doolan called up Mr. Rohan, groom at Granbury Leas, and requested him to meet him with Miss Maloney on the arrival of the 11.40 train. He turned to his guest as he hung up the receiver.

"I don't mind telling ye," he remarked, "that I only drink on me off days. There's too many foine horses in the stables to bother with the drink when I'm round 'em. It ain't that I've swore off, you understand, only I choose my time, ye see, I choose my time."

"THE HOLLAND HOUSE," HE MUTTERED TO HIMSELF.

Miss Maloney whinnied as the 11.40 train drew into the station. She whinnied again delightedly when the short figure of Doolan approached the dog-cart. Rohan's face looked friendly in the light of the lamps, and Michael had a sense of home-coming, mingled with a feeling of gratitude toward the woman who had made home-coming possible.

"I'm glad yer back, Doolan," said Rohan. "Leonardo's been ailing all day, and no vet nearer than New York. Miss Granbury said to-night I was to telephone in for Bagsby to come out on the first train in the morning."

Michael clucked at Miss Maloney. "That horse didn't look right yistaday," he said. "Gawd, I'm glad I came. I wouldn't have anything happen," and then he stopped.

He had been drinking, and though he did not consider himself drunk, still, drinking was drinking and you couldn't make it anything else.

"I'll tumble in," he said, to Rohan, as they reached the stable. "Take a look at Leonardo and tell me how he seems."

"Better look at him yourself," suggested Rohan.

"Ye'll do as I say," returned Doolan, "and put Miss Maloney up afterward."

He walked unsteadily up the stairs to his room over the stables. His head was nearly normal after his nap in the train and the drive in the soft night air, but his legs still wavered. Yes, he could not go to Leonardo.

He threw himself on his bed. He could hear Rohan below. There was a stamp of horses' feet, the shafts of the dog-cart dropped, Miss Maloney reached heavily to the water-trough, and then to her stall. It seemed like an hour to Doolan before he heard the groom's step on the stair.

"He's kind of dopey, but he started when I went into his stall, and nickered. Guess he thought it was you. He never takes any notice of me."

Doolan groaned silently.

"Think he's feverish?" he asked.

"Couldn't say. Do you want me any more?"

"No."

"Good-night."

"Night."

Michael got from his bed as the groom's door closed. He walked carefully up and down his small room. He tacked from bureau to door and from door to washstand.

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DOOLAN STOPPED TWIRLING HIS HAT AND LOOKED AT MISS GRANBURY WITH SUSPICION.

"I ain't drunk," he wailed to himself. "I ain't drunk. Gawd, wot'll I do? She'd think I was drunk. 'I won't go near 'em,' I says. The only promise I had to give her. Wot'll I do?"

He threw himself again on the bed. The holiday suddenly turned to a dreadful nightmare. Truly it was a big price to pay for his little spree, to have to lie here, with Leonardo just below, needing him, suffering—Leonardo of all others.

"Take specially good care of Leonardo," Miss Granbury had said to him, one day shortly after he had come to be her coachman. And another day, as a friend of hers, a little white-faced girl, who wore mourning, was walking through the stables with Uncle Granbury, Doolan had heard the stranger say:

"You bought him? You bought Leonardo?" and Mr. Granbury had answered: "Cornelia," and the girl had said nothing more.

And still a third day, Miss Granbury had been alone, as she thought, in the stables, and had put her face against Leonardo's, and Doolan, who was on the other side of the box-stall, heard her say: "He'll come back, honey, if we wait patiently. He's proud, and so are you and so am I, but he'll come, boy." And her eyes looked red as she passed the stall where Doolan was wishing he was deaf. But she had not seen him.

Doolan had been fond of Leonardo from the first and Leonardo had reciprocated, but after these three little incidents he felt that Leonardo was in some way his special care. Rohan had explained, with a jerk of his thumb in her direction, that the white-faced girl was a friend of Miss Granbury's, but that since his father's death their place,

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next to Granbury Leas, had been sold and she and her brother had moved away. He, Rohan, had seen the brother mounted on Leonardo ride away from Granbury Leas on the morning after his father's death. He had never come back. That was the way. Folks was up one day and down the next. He, Rohan, was coming to the conclusion that it wasn't so desirable to be quality after all. If you was a groom, you was a groom, and everybody knew it, but if you was quality and poor, folks had to explain and tell about why it was, and then Rohan, finding himself alone, turned to his harnesses.

Doolan lay on his bed and wondered what a promise was worth if it was going to stand in the way of looking after Leonardo. He tried to think out the relative moral values of keeping his word not to go near the horses when he had been drinking; of the responsibility he held toward the animals in his charge.

Would Miss Granbury consider him unfit to return to his duties because he couldn't walk straight, or would she think that a suffering horse was worth the breaking of all the promises ever made? And finally, did not his ability to reason it out in this manner prove him sober?

He got himself off his bed again and steered erratically toward the stairs, where he held himself by the rail and listened. He thought he heard a faint whinnying.

"Leonardo!" he called in a loud whisper. "Whish! Boy!"

Yes, there was a faint sound from the box-stall where Leonardo was.

Doolan hesitated no longer. He went down the stairs as fast as his legs would let him.

Miss Granbury, awakened by a sense of something disturbing, got up and looked from her window toward the stable. There was a light there, several lights. Had Doolan returned? Was Leonardo worse? Was Rohan trying to help the horse? What was it? Nothing must happen to Leonardo. He must wait, wait with her. Cornelia called her maid.

"HE'S PROUD, BUT HE'LL COME, BOY."

Rohan, half dressed and looking frightened, opened the stable door at their knocking.

"Rohan, ye domned fool, come here quick and bring that hot water," called Doolan's voice from Leonardo's stall. Frightened, yet unaccountably relieved, Miss Granbury hurried to the stall.

"Hand me that whiskey, quick," was Doolan's command.

"Don't let him die, Michael."

Mr. Doolan looked up. "He' ll not die, if I have anything to say about it, miss," he said.

Miss Granbury sat on an overturned bucket outside the stall. Her maid moved sleepily here and there. She wished her mistress would go to bed.

During a short interval in his ministrations, Doolan came out to Miss Granbury.

"I may as well tell you now, Miss Granbury," he said, "I broke my word. That is, I half broke it."

"What word, Doolan?" asked Cornelia, starting out of a confused dream of memory. "What word? Oh, I am so thankful you came home. You shall have a week's holiday for this. You shall have your wages raised, whichever way it turns. But you can save him, can't you?"

"Yes, miss, I think I can. But I was drunk, miss. Leastwise, you'd have called me drunk, for my legs was no good. But my head was gettin' all right and I knew Leonardo needed me and

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"Drunk? I don't care if you were drunk —head and legs, too," cried Miss Granbury. "You did perfectly right and I'm very, very grateful."

Doolan turned back to Leonardo, and Leonardo raised his head and looked at Doolan and there was a better look in his eye, and the world seemed a pretty good place to Doolan.

At dawn Cornelia and her maid walked along the driveway toward the house. The birds were beginning their morning song. The world seemed a good sort of place to Miss Granbury as well as to her coachman. Leonardo still waited with her, and something seemed trying to tell her that the waiting would not be long.

Doolan laid a light blanket over Leonardo's glossy black back, and gave him a final pat. The horse snuggled his muzzle against Doolan's neck.

"It don't pay, Leonardo, this boozin'," whispered Doolan. "It don't pay. Why, think of it, boy, I might have stayed in town a-pourin' in whiskey, and you— Good-night, boy, I'm goin' to bed." He started toward the stairs, and up. His legs obeyed naturally. A peaceful smile came over Doolan's face. "I've had luck this time," he said, "but it don't pay."

Kramer; Bicycle Champion

By EVERETT B. MANSON

"LADIES and gentlemen," announced the starter, "the final heat for the National Bicycle Championship of America will now be competed for by Ivor Lawson, of Salt Lake City, and Frank L. Kramer, of Orange, N. J., present holder of the title. Distance, two miles. Mr. Kramer, two points ahead."

It was at the Manhattan Beach track, last Labor Day. The great crowd in the grand-stand, attracted by the exciting finishes of the semi-finals run on the preceding Saturday, arose *en masse* for a better view of the contestants in the chief event of the day. The rail-birds, hooking their legs through the fences, leaned far out and yelled advice to their favorites as the men wheeled up to the starting-line.

"Put it on to him, Frank. Keep him working from the start."

"Hold your wind, Lawson, old man. You'll need it in the stretch."

"Hey there, Fenn, if you don't drag him in ahead you'd better sneak before the gang wakes up."

Fenn was Kramer's team-mate. Each racer had one. Lawson's mate was named McFarland. Both these men were technically in the race, but were so far behind the chief contestants in the matter of points won in previous heats that even had either been able to come in first, he would not have been entitled to the championship. Their office was to set as fast a pace as possible and to assist in the "jockeying," as the finesse of cycle racing is called.

The buzz in the grand-stand gradually ceased as the men lined up, and except for an occasional cry of "down in front," there was silence, for the get-a-way was as absorbing as the finish promised to be. On the manœuvring of the wheels for position would depend the character of the race.

"They're off!"

The men who held the wheels erect from behind released them, and the racers moved forward, not swiftly, but with an erratic, wavering motion that threatened a collision. No one desired the honor of the lead, and while they did not for a moment stop moving forward each was seemingly anxious to give way to the others. The audience became impatient.

"After you, Gaston!" yelled a man in the crowd.

Presently there was a cry of "Kramer! Kramer!" as McFarland was forced out of the ruck and took the lead with Lawson on his flank, Fenn third, and Kramer last, with the advantage of place.

Once away, the relative position of the teams became fixed, and the crowd settled down patiently to wait for the sixth and last lap when the real racing would be done.

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FRANK L. KRAMER.

Over in the Amen Corner a group of veterans made comments on the chances of the racers.

"It's anybody's race," opined one who had won the championship years before. "Kramer has apparently more endurance, but the Swede's got a sight of go into him. I think he's faster on the sprint."

"Oh, I don't know," said another. "Kramer holds every record from a quarter to twenty-five miles, and look what he did last year at Vailsburg. He rode a half mile in 54⅘ seconds from a standing start, and the best previous record was 55 seconds from a rolling start."

"Yes," added another, and year before that he rode two miles in 3.59 from a standing start. And look at that race last Saturday. Why, Lawson had forty per cent. the best of it at the beginning of the third heat, and it looked like his race even in the stretch, and then the breath seemed to go out of him, and Kramer won in the last fifteen feet."

"Well," replied the first, "if he wins today it will put him in Bald's class." Eddie Bald once held the championship for three years in succession. Kramer had already held it for two years, hence the comment.

Around and around the course the racers were speeding in the order in which they had started. It was not a race against time, nevertheless the gait was swift enough to carry them well up the embankments built at the ends of the track to keep the wheels from sliding. As they whirled into the stretch at the end of the fifth lap, Lawson was hugging the rail slightly behind his team-mate who was much farther out. Between them they had the inner side of the track well blocked, and McFarland's stride was fast enough to make it hazardous for the other team to attempt to ride around him and yet slow enough to save Lawson plenty of breath for the final sprint.

"There's science for you!" cried the Amen Corner. "It's Lawson's race unless Kramer can break through and wind him."

The position seemed impregnable, and a man in the stand, who had bet a friend that Lawson would win, became audibly jubilant, whereupon his friend grew bitingly sarcastic.

"Not in a thousand years!" he said. "Watch Kramer."

But even the veterans were shaking their heads dubiously and wondering how the champion would get out of the pocket into which his opponents had so deftly placed him. The solution came just after they passed the stand. Fenn bent low over his wheel and with a sudden spurt attempted to ride past McFarland, who was thus compelled to quicken his pace. Kramer followed

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in the wake of Fenn, and Lawson, to avoid being passed, also quickened his stride.

It was the belief of the Kramer element that while Lawson might possibly be the faster in a sprint, he had not, on the other hand, the endurance of the champion, and hence, if Kramer could drive him through the last lap at breakneck speed, it would tend to weaken the Swede's chances in the stretch. So the moment Fenn opened the pocket by forcing McFarland's stride, Kramer closed up on Lawson and drove him ahead at a speed that was well-nigh record breaking. At the first turn Fenn and McFarland ran well up the embankment and the two principals hugging the rail shot ahead into the back stretch, while the crowd in the stand yelled its approval.

"Well, how about you?" asked the sarcastic man of his friend. But the latter did not answer. He was yelling with the rest on general principles.

With heads bent low over the handle-bars and Kramer's front wheel lapping over Lawson's rear wheel, it looked from the stand as though the men were riding tandem. Their progression was so steady and orderly that the relation of distance between them was apparently not altered a fraction of an inch in two hundred feet. Yet the two were working at cross purposes, the one endeavoring to drive his adversary as fast as possible, the other holding back as much of his energy as he dared for use at the finish.

"A question of endurance," said a veteran. But in an instant he had changed his mind and was on his feet excitedly.

The men had rounded the turn without slackening their pace. Lawson was nearest the rail and, under the rules, should have kept within two feet of the fence. Perhaps the pace interfered with his control, for, instead of holding within the prescribed limit, he began to mount the embankment, and as Kramer was almost abreast of him on the outside, the champion was forced farther and farther up the incline until it seemed he would roll over the edge. The crowd in the stand rose up like a wave and roared forth its apprehension mightily.

"He'll fall! He'll go off the bank!"

Up, up, went Kramer, until he seemed to be riding on the very summit of the ridge. He could not go around Lawson from the rear without losing his stride, and to go on seemed like courting disaster. Suddenly he bent low over the handle-bar. His feet whirled the pedals like the governor of an engine, and—he had jumped past his opponent, and was coming down the stretch like a catapult. Lawson followed strenuously, but Kramer's momentum was too great, and he passed under the wire, winner.

It was all done so quickly; the change from imminent peril to victorious safety was so sudden, that the crowd was surprised into the expression of a double emotion, and gave vent to it in a roar that merged from fear into delight. Then they surged down and around the young man, and for half an hour he held an impromptu reception that might have turned the head of one less used to such demonstrations.

But Frank L. Kramer's career on the track has been punctuated by such triumphs. He is young, being yet in his twenties, and took up cycling as a serious business as soon as his school-days were over. Year after year he won local championships, and in 1901 he carried off his first national honors after a severe competition. He repeated the feat in 1902, and the race described above brought him the honor for the third time in succession. In private life his demeanor is reserved, and he can be induced only with great difficulty to talk of his professional achievements.

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INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

RICHARD STRAUSS.

Born forty years ago in Munich, the son of the greatest horn player in Europe, Richard Strauss holds to-day the blue-ribbon office of musical Germany, Kapellmeister of the Royal Opera in Berlin. He learned to conduct under Hans von Bülow, and at home his skill as an orchestral leader is considered equal to his high talent as a composer. It may be said that he is the most distinguished musician we have had in America in many years. As a composer, he is as great a revolutionary of our present-day theories as Bach and Monteverde were in the seventeenth century. He has greatly expanded the scope of the orchestra, and his wonderful art as a leader is due to his extraordinary knowledge of the possibilities of every instrument.

The wife of Richard Strauss is the artist Pauline Strauss de Ahna, daughter of the Bavarian general. She created the rôle of *Elizabeth* in "Tannhauser" in 1871, and also that of *Frühilde* in her husband's opera "Guntram."

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From a Photograph by James E. Wood.

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY.

Professor Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Washington, D. C., has recently achieved popular fame because of his dietetic experiments carried on with the help of a dozen young government clerks, who have submitted themselves to prolonged tests in the matter of food adulteration. But Professor Wiley has been well known in scientific circles for many years, and his researches have led to many governmental restrictions on the importation of deleterious substances. He was born in Kent, Ind., October 18, 1847, and began his public career immediately after graduating from Harvard in 1873.

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REV. DAVID H. GREER.

The choice of the Rev. Dr. Greer for Coadjutor Bishop of New York is a marked instance of the right man in the right place. To this new office will fall the spiritual charge of the city and the adjustment of all matters affecting the discipline of the clergy. During his fifteen years as rector of St. Bartholomew's Dr. Greer has shown himself well fitted to leadership in religious thought and work, and his popularity with his brother clergymen was shown in the convention which elected him, for he was nominated by Dr. Dix, of the High Church party, seconded by Dr. Huntington, of the Low Church. Dr. Greer is sixty years old, and a native of Wheeling, W. Va.

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MRS. AUGUSTUS C. HONE, *NÉE* MISS ALICE CASTLEMAN.

At the Charity Ball of February, 1897, a tall, graceful blonde set the world asking "Who is she?" The question was repeated by Colonel John Jacob Astor, in whose hands then lay the social destinies of New York. As a result, Miss Alice Castleman, of Kentucky, was asked to lead the Grand March in company with the autocrat. That was her march into fame. From being merely a beautiful Southern girl of good family, she became in a night what London calls a "beauty." Miss Castleman is typical of what is best in the American girl—vigorous, high-spirited, independent, original in speech, and a fearless horsewoman. She was recently married to Augustus C. Hone, of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

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JOHN HINCHCLIFFE, MAYOR OF PATERSON.

Paterson the unlucky, victim of riot and anarchy, fire and flood, has in its mayor a picturesque figure, as well as a vigorous citizen. In the big fire Mayor Hinchcliffe, bruised and battered, with clothes in rags, worked for twenty-four hours under conditions that would have driven many to a hospital. When the floods came and beat upon the town, the mayor was down at the point of greatest danger all night, directing the workers and helping to erect barricades. And it was he who set a fine example of independence by refusing outside relief for the city's sufferers. Personally, Mayor Hinchcliffe is tall, slender, energetic — a gentleman and a [illegible], according to one of his admirers.

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"WELL, NOW, YOU KNOW, MR. WRIGHT, FOLKS FROM MY PART OF THE COUNTRY ARE NOT AS SMART AS YOU NEW YORKERS."

The "Blockite" and the "Get-rich-quick Man"

By S. A. NELSON

With illustrations by H. S. Potter

ANTHONY BATTERSBY was an exceedingly discouraged "blockite," which is to say, that he was an unemployed telegraph operator who had come up out of the South, arriving in New York almost penniless. In vain he had visited the offices of the big telegraph companies, the newspapers, and the stock brokers in search of employment, and, as misery is not averse to company, he swapped tales of woe with other "blockites" who frequented the stone blocks which made a pavement border for the red Western Union building at Broadway and Dey Street. On one point all the "blockites," whether from North, South, East, or West, agreed—"York is a tough town for a man without money or friends."

One blustering February morning Battersby ruefully counted his few remaining dollars and, having contracted the bad habit of talking to himself, said: "Unless something turns up to-day, I'll quit and go to Philadelphia." This was a good resolution, and had he adopted it forthwith, he would not have been tempted to stray from the paths of the virtuous into the highways and by-ways frequented by Albert Yarnell.

Some months prior to his arrival in New York, Battersby had been a telegraph operator in a Southern watering-place, and there he had met Yarnell, who had occasion to send many messages to Wall Street. With the enthusiasm of youth the operator cultivated a strong liking for the New Yorker, and Yarnell, pleased with the admiration of the cheerful and clever young Southerner, said, as he was about to return home: "If you ever visit New York come and see me. My address is 10 Wall Street." Straightway Yarnell forgot all about Battersby and all about the invitation. There was not a day, however, that Battersby did not recall Yarnell and his invitation, and each week his intention to "cut" his native town and go to New York grew stronger. So that, when he arrived and looked up Yarnell, it was a great disap-

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pointment to be told the "financier" had left his offices and no one in the building knew where he could be found. The janitor carefully refrained from telling the youngster that the object of his inquiries had been dispossessed for non-payment of rent.

Pleasant indeed, therefore, were Battersby's emotions when, on the morning of his resolution to quit the town, he espied Yarnell, clad in fine raiment, walking briskly down Broadway.

"Why, Mr. Yarnell," he ejaculated. "How do you do? Don't you remember me—Battersby, of Pinesville?"

Yarnell paused, adjusted his eye-glasses and looked amazed, replying: "Yes, yes. You are the young fellow who pounded a telegraph key in the Hotel Good Air. I'm in a hurry. Walk along with me. So you decided to come to New York, eh? And how do you like it?"

Battersby rapidly told of his plight and his resolution, concluding, "I am quite in a desperate fix, Mr. Yarnell, and, if you can do something for me in the way of a job, I'll be everlastingly grateful." And Battersby rattled on volubly until Yarnell checked him.

"Here," said Yarnell, "is $20—a loan which you can repay when you get on your feet. You must not think of leaving town. I have a little scheme which I think will benefit the two of us. It is now almost ten o'clock, and, as I am interested in the market, I wish to be in my office before the Stock Exchange opens. Suppose you come to me, say at three o'clock. All right. Room 101, 39½ Broadway."

A few minutes before three o'clock Battersby put in an appearance at Yarnell's office.

"Have a cigar?" asked Yarnell, as he offered a box, "and listen carefully to my proposition. D'ye ever hear of a 'get-rich-quick' concern? Yes? Well, perhaps you don't understand the one I have in view, and I am going to explain it to you. There's an old fellow of the name of Thaddeus Wright, who has an office in the Underwriters' Building, and he conducts such an institution. His method is simplicity in itself. He distributes thousands of circulars through the mails showing how, by the investment of a little money, his patrons can make 150 per cent. and a great deal more. Suppose a man puts in say $500 with this chap, in one of his discretionary pools. From time to time Wright advises the customer that the pool is making money, and soon the $500 is $1,000 —that is to say on paper—and the 'lamb' is tempted to invest more money. But suppose the 'lamb' suddenly demands his coin? you ask. Well, in that event, Wright writes with many regrets that the venture has been a disastrous one, and quite unexpectedly he finds that almost all, or quite all, the principal and profits have vanished. In support of this statement a number of fictitious transactions in the stock-market are prepared and sent to the victim, who never has a chance to recover his money. By and by, when the game becomes notorious, Mr. Wright will suddenly disappear and change his name, turning up in this or some other city, with another 'get-rich-quick' scheme.

"Do I make it plain? Yes? Very well. I'll tell you now how we are to make some money out of Mr. Wright, and if you wish to join me in this enterprise, which is really very simple, I can make enough money for you to get a fine start. I am told that this Thaddeus Wright has gathered up something like $50,000, and, before long, he will be shaking the dust of Wall Street from his shoes. My intention is to invest a sum of money, through you, with Wright. He will make money for us, but the great trouble will be to draw down our principal and profits. I will attend to that part of it, provided you will do exactly as I tell you, and, mind you, I want you to do nothing that is not strictly legitimate. It is true we are going to deal with a dishonest man, but that is his lookout."

Battersby agreed to become a partner in the plan, and promised adhesion to Yarnell's instructions.

On receiving $500 from Yarnell next day, the young telegrapher called at the office of Wright, met that industrious thief, and asked for the privilege of investing his money in the "Wright Stock-Market Discretionary Pool No. 23." He accepted a receipt, which clearly stated that Anthony Battersby, of Pinesville, had made Thaddeus Wright a gift of so much money. Returning to Yarnell, he exhibited the receipt.

"Every day hereafter you must," explained Yarnell, "visit Wright's office, and ask him how your venture progresses. Believe everything he tells you. Never mention my name. Talk about your home and your friends. If he asks you, tell him that you have friends who will put in their money, too, if your speculation turns out to be a winner. Understand?"

Battersby understood and thereafter haunt-

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"THERE'S A CAR. YOU GET ABOARD AND GO HOME."

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ed Wright's office. Wright believed the young operator a simple fool, and ascertaining that he had more money, the get-rich-quick man planned to secure it.

"Pool twenty-three has been very fortunate, Mr. Battersby," reported Wright, in answer to a daily inquiry. "Here you've only been 'in' for two weeks and your $500 shows $1,200 profits. This deal is in 'Little' Atchison and it seems a pity that you can't make another investment."

"Perhaps I may to-morrow," replied the delighted Battersby. "Mr. Wright, you surely are a wonderful speculator. I never dreamed of making money so fast. I think I will have to urge some of my friends to try your 'system.'"

"They might do worse," said Wright, with a clumsy affectation of modesty.

A half hour later Battersby had related the progress of the deal to Yarnell. "You understand, of course," explained Yarnell, "that if you went back and demanded an immediate settlement, Wright would refuse it, saying that the pool had three days to run, and then, at the end of that time, he would tell you that you had been wiped out. But that's all right. Here's $1,000. Take it up to-morrow morning and invest it, and, at the same time, say to him that you have been writing to an old friend at home telling of your good fortune. This friend's name is Henry Plant—that'll do as well as another. Say that Henry Plant has all of $10,000 that he might invest."

Battersby obeyed instructions, and Wright consented graciously to invest the $1,000 in "Pool No. 26." He listened with greedy ears to Battersby's information regarding Henry Plant.

"It's a pity," Wright interrupted, "that your friend is not coming in Pool No. 26, for, unless I am badly informed, this is where you are going to make a roll of quick money."

"If I do as well this time as I did in the first deal, I don't know but that I will urge him to come No'th and see for himself. A man is a fool not to take advantage of your methods. Why, Mr. Wright, you can give Keene and those other fellows lessons."

Wright, delighted with the prospect of securing Battersby's friend Plant (with his $10,000), silently resolved that if he was successful he would "suspend" and "disappear."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Wright, in greeting, a few days after the $1,000 investment, "Pool No. 26 in Colorado Steel and Iron has been very profitable. Your account shows a net profit of $2,200, while your No. 23 account now shows a profit of $1,800, or a total of $4,000, which with your principal means that your $1,500 now amounts to $5,500. Can your friend Plant make money any faster that that?"

"I should say not," exclaimed Battersby, "and, Mr. Wright, I just received a letter from Plant this morning saying that he is coming No'th. He is to stop at the Astor House. He says that if you can prove to him that you have done as well as you say, that he will put in $10,000 with you."

"Prove it! prove it!" demanded Wright, "why, what better proof does he want than your account?"

"Well, now, you know, Mr. Wright, folks from my part of the country are not as smart as you New Yorkers. Of course, I trust you absolutely. But he does not know you. I suppose he means that if he saw that I had really made this money, and had it to show him, then he would believe it. It's pretty hard for him to understand how I could have struck such a rich thing."

"How do you want me to prove it?"

"Henry is going to get here Friday evening. Now, I don't want to take my money down. But I'll tell you what to do. You bring the $5,500 with you in bills. We will go over to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot at Jersey City and meet Henry. Then we will come back to the Astor House, and the three of us will have dinner. During dinner you can show Henry my account. If he does not believe it, you can pull out the money and offer to pay me. I will refuse to take it, as I wish my account to remain as it is. Then Henry will come in, see. You must remember, though, that you promised me a five-per-cent. commission on all the business I brought to you."

Now Wright would have sworn on one or several Bibles that Battersby was as green and as innocent as he looked, and he agreed to the young man's plan.

Yarnell, in keeping with an appointment with Battersby, on the day Plant was to arrive in New York, proceeded to Philadelphia, where he changed his clothes. When he boarded a Southern train bound for New York, it was not as Yarnell, but as Henry Plant, of Pinesville. At Jersey City he was greeted by Battersby and Wright. Plant and Battersby talked much of Pinesville, which strengthened Wright's belief that he was

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shearing two unshorn lambs. At the Astor House, Plant registered. They sought a table in the restaurant on the north side of the hotel. During dinner the object of Plant's visit was discussed.

"You surely are a wonderful speculator, Mr. Wright, but, down where I come from, we don't make money so fast, and so you surely must excuse me if I can hardly believe it. If you can prove it, well, all I have got to say is that I have a draft on a bank here for $10,000, and I don't know but I'll double up with you the same as Tony."

"If proof is all you want," said Mr. Wright, after much conversation and many drinks, "why, all Tony has to do is receipt his account and I'll pay him off now. I am not accustomed to carry such amounts with me, but I happen to have $6,000, and a little more, in my pocket. Mr. Battersby, sign your name to that account."

Extracting a bulky and luxurious roll of yellow notes from his pocket, Wright counted out $5,500, and handed the money to Battersby, expecting it to be refused.

Battersby took it. He slowly counted it, and carefully deposited it in his inside pocket. Plant energetically engaged Wright in conversation, and Wright, carried away with thoughts of the $10,000 draft, forgot his own money, or, at all events, expected to get it back before they separated.

"Let us smoke our cigars while we walk up Broadway," suggested Battersby, as Plant finished saying, "Mr. Wright, you have convinced me. To-morrow morning I will deposit with you for collection my draft. Do as well for me as you have for Tony, and I will be well pleased."

The trio left the hotel together. As they swung into Broadway from Barclay Street, the mythical Plant turned to Wright, laughed aloud and said: "I see you don't know who I am. My name is Albert Yarnell. I know your game, and you for a low-down, contemptible swindling robber. You're in the widows-and-orphans-swindling class. Here's a nickel; run and buy a glass of beer. Sneak now, and if you try to swindle any more of my friends, I'll have you raided. I'll sic the District Attorney on you."

"Sir—what!" gasped the Discretionary Pool Thief.

"There's a car. You get aboard and go home," harshly commanded Yarnell, and the old fellow, stunned by his experience, meekly boarded a Broadway car bound uptown.

"Now, Battersby," demanded Yarnell, "it is up to us to divide. I deposited $1,500 with you; the money takes one-third of the profits, I take one-third and you one-third—that leaves you $1,333 as your share—and you're very lucky to get it."

When Battersby had time to reflect he thought so, too.

Incidentally he left New York for home.

The Fellowship

By KATHARINE LEE BATES

WHEN brambles vex me sore and anguish me,
Then I remember those pale martyr feet
That trod on burning shares and drank the heat
As it had been God's dew, with ecstasy.

And when some evanescent sunset glow
Renews the beauty-sting, I set my pride
On that great fellowship of those who know
The artist's yearning, yet are self-denied.

Feast me no feasts that for the few are spread,
With holy cup of brotherhood ungraced,
For though I sicken at my daily bread,
Bitter and black, I crave the human taste.

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Significant Autobiographies

A Woman Philanthropist

IMPORTANT results are sometimes brought about by seemingly inadequate causes. My whole course in life was settled for me at eighteen by a story told at my father's table. It was told by an Episcopalian minister whose parish lay in one of the poorest quarters of our city.

"A member of my young men's club had been absent from several of our meetings," he said, "so one evening last week I went to the tenement building where I knew he lived, to see if anything had gone wrong with him. As I stumbled up the ill-lighted, evil-smelling stairs, a door opened and a boy of about ten came out on the landing; he was sobbing in a jerky, nervous way.

"'Is there anything wrong, sonny?' I asked him.

"He looked up at me with a pair of scared eyes, which seemed simply enormous in the starved white face, and after a long glance decided I was to be trusted:

"'Please sir,' he answered, 'my mother fell on the floor this afternoon, and I can't get her to speak or to move, and oh! I am so frightened.'

"'Let me see if I can help you,' I said, and went with him back to his room. Oh, such a room—the *hideous* poverty of it! In one corner a collection of rags that evidently served as a bed; close to the window, a sewing-machine and an unsteady wooden chair. That was absolutely all the furniture. In the fireplace the ashes of a fire long cold; on a high shelf some crusts of bread, and a broken pitcher of water; and on the floor near the sewing-machine the figure of a woman. I went over to her—a glance told me she was dead. No need to go into the details of what followed. At the coroner's inquest it appeared that the woman's husband had died some six months before, and that since then she had been supporting herself and her child by making neckties at the rate of fifteen cents a gross—fifteen cents for twelve dozen, think of it; the machine was given her, but she provided her own thread. Her death was directly the result of overwork and under feeding."

"Are such tragedies necessary?" asked my father.

"No," said the clergyman, "they are absolutely unnecessary; that is the worst of it. If that woman had gone straight to the factory instead of getting her work through an unprincipled middleman, who, seeing her ignorance, took advantage of it, she would have received a fairly adequate wage. If she had applied to any one of a dozen aid societies, she might have had her boy taken off her hands, have been given a temporary loan, and have been properly started out to maintain herself. But she had never been taught to be resourceful; she was stupefied, lethargic with misery, and she hopelessly accepted what seemed to her inevitable conditions, and uncomplainingly starved to death. Heaven knows the lot of the very poor must always be bad enough, but it is the unnecessary misery they endure that breaks my heart—the unnecessary misery that they will continue to endure till we can educate them up to the point of being capable of availing themselves of their opportunities—till we can make them able to help themselves."

"*The unnecessary misery that they will continue to endure till we can make them able to help themselves.*"

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING

The words rang in my ears; to teach the poor to help themselves, to make impossible such tragedies as that of which we had just been told, to lessen the horrible amount of *unnecessary* suffering in the world—here was a life-work worth the doing. All night I thought the matter over. In the morning I went to my father and said to him that I had determined to devote myself entirely to philanthropic work in our slums. He listened to me very patiently and then told me I was too young and too inexperienced to be al-

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lowed to make such a decision. "Live at home for the next three years," he said, "go into society, lead the normal life of a girl of your class, and then if, when you are twenty-one, you still feel as you do at present, I will not stand in your way." The period of probation seemed interminable, but I recognized the reasonableness of his position and accepted it.

I enjoyed the years of gayety that followed, for I was a very human girl; but not once did my purpose waver, and on my twenty-first birthday I reminded my father of our bargain, and pointed out that the hour of my emancipation had arrived. He asked me what my plans were, and I told him I intended to go down and live in a settlement house, in a poor district, where I would be in hourly touch with the people I wished to help, and where I could work under experienced leaders.

SETTLEMENT LIFE

My first weeks in the Settlement Home were a time of bitter disillusion. I went there expecting to find myself among a band of women, who were dedicating their lives to a serious and intelligent struggle with sin and misery; instead of which I found that, with the exception of the Head and of the nurse, my companions were actuated in their choice of domicile by motives entirely selfish and practical, and that such work as they did grudgingly do was quite ridiculously unlikely to reach the root of existing evils. In my disappointment, I became for a time almost as bitter against the settlement idea as its most virulent opponents; experience, however, has shown me another side of the question.

I still put very little faith in the benefit the poor derive from the efforts to reform their lives by means of music lessons, wood-carving, photographs of Botticelli's Madonnas, and an artificial intimacy with young men and young women of culture; but I am persuaded that the cultured young men and young women almost invariably receive the very greatest benefit from daily insight into the ugliness, the misery, the heroism, and the humors of the lives of the poor. I have never seen a woman who did not leave us a little more earnest, sympathetic, and unselfish than when she came to us, and out of seemingly almost hopeless material I have known competent and enthusiastic workers evolved. Much depends on the Head of the settlement: not the least of her duties is the education of her volunteers, her assistants. The case of one girl is worth telling.

Miss Carter came among us full of a sentimental desire to alleviate the lot of her fellow human beings. To the Head she discoursed on the responsibilities attaching to wealth and station, and the divine calls which she believed she had experienced. She demanded work—hard work. I think she would have liked to begin with a class of drunkards. The Head heard her out. "You are emotional, I see; you must get over that." To help her over it, and to find out what she was made of, she was assigned the position of settlement housekeeper, the regular housekeeper being absent.

To count napkins and sort sheets; to buy scouring soap and to disinfect the drains; to cater to ten jaded, hot-weather appetites; to darn the table-cloths, to be discreetly deaf to some criticism of viands and discreetly alert to others; to keep the housekeeping bills down, and the housekeeping books in a perpetual state of readiness for the stern eyes of the household committee of the governing board—this was her test of stanchness. I think she cried, by herself; publicly she implored to know when she might begin to visit our neighbors—in her heart it was still with a sugar-coated idea of diffusing sweetness and light among them. But the Head sternly kept her particular brands of sweetness and light out of the neighborhood until she had expended her first energies where they would do least harm.

The greater part of the summer work in our settlements consisted in sending the children, and often their mothers, to country homes or on country excursions. Each batch that went either to our own summer home near the Sound, or to homes maintained by outside charities, had to report at our house for examination. The doctor, sitting grimly kind in one room, made her search for contagious diseases, chiefly of the eyes. Then we made our search for uncleanliness.

WHAT MISS CARTER FOUND

The first day that it was Miss Carter's lot to look below the pleasant seeming of starched pinafores, and to examine rudely and sceptically into the recesses of beribboned curls, was near to being her last as a philanthropist. She spent the dinner hour

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in the residents' bathroom, reckless with hot water. And when two irate mothers came to deny the truth of her discoveries, alleging vehemently that "my Paulina" and "my Issie" were, from crown to toe, most fastidiously clean, and demanding from her retraction and apology, I ached for her discouragement. She who had come to change social conditions, to inaugurate a new era, to be beloved by the lowly—here she was keeping a boarding-house, washing the heads of a score of dreadful children, and bearing the berating of the neighboring shrews! She trailed into my room to make her farewell announcements. She was in no mood then to realize the wider aspects of the work. I made no attempt at argument.

"Let's take a Turkish bath to-morrow morning," I suggested, "and then go into the country for the rest of the day. After that we'll see."

So she was saved to the service. For that day proved a climax, and after that she did see. Her sense of humor woke up; giving up the ideal, she found the actual worth the trouble.

My own novitiate was less trying than Miss Carter's. I frankly told the Head that I was exceedingly ignorant, but was anxious to learn; and that I was prepared to begin with the simplest of charitable works. That my intention to labor among the poor was not a sudden resolution, but the result of three years of thought, and that I intended to make sensible philanthropy my life work. "You shall have all the assistance I can give you," said the Head.

HER FIRST MISTAKE

The first work assigned to me was a girls' club that met twice a week, and the care of the library during the hours it was open to its boy members.

I shall always remember the terror with which I, for the first time, confronted my girls. I had not the most remote conception of what I was to do with them. Some sloping shoulders suggested the happy idea of physical culture; I had been a star at our school gymnasium. I organized them on the spot into a band of potential athletes. Their response seemed to me more polite than fervent, and before I had time to do much harm, I discovered that most of them spent their days in the hardest kind of physical labor. So I called off the Indian clubs, set them down, and taught them to trim their own hats, to their much greater satisfaction, and incidentally learned myself that one of the primary laws of good work is—first know the circumstances of those you would benefit.

That the girls ever got much from the club, I cannot believe. When they knew me better, had lost their awe of me, they firmly declined to be improved and spent their evenings in gossip and chatter, or in dancing, for which they were never too tired. Still I saw that the chatter was innocent, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that on two nights of the week at least they got a nourishing cup of chocolate and wholesome sandwiches before going to bed.

BOY READERS

The boys who came to the library were for the most part the American children of foreign Jews; a few were diligent readers, but the greater number used the library simply as a club-room, spending the evening there, looking at the illustrated periodicals, and playing checkers, a game in which they all showed extraordinary skill. To keep order among them was a hard task, for they were bubbling over with vitality and rough fun; moreover, they were all so clever and so impudent that I found it exceedingly difficult to restrain the laughter that would have been forever fatal to discipline. Well do I remember Joseffi Bascalouppi, who with the face of an angel combined a truly Puck-like ingenuity in mischief and evil-doing. Diligently he haunted the library and employed his time in disturbing the studious, in teasing the smaller boys, and in embroiling the older ones in quarrels.

At last I determined to make an example of him, and calling him to the desk I said sternly:

"Joseffi, I am going to take your ticket away from you." He looked at me with eyes of bewildered innocence.

"From me, teacher? For what?"

"Because," I explained, "the library is meant for those who want to read or to take out books. You only want to make trouble and annoy me, so I am going to make it impossible for you to come back."

"Teacher, ma'am!" cried Joseffi, "you are wrong. Come to make trouble? No, ma'am, I come for books. To-night even I came for a book, a special book."

"Why didn't you take it and go?" I inquired.

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"Teacher, I could not find it."

"Tell me its name," I said.

Joseffi's eyes wildly roved the surrounding book-shelves in search of inspiration. They fastened on a large red volume, the back of which bore a florid gilt design. It looked promising.

"Teacher, I see it, even now," he cried, and darting to the shelf brought me the book.

It was a collection of sermons entitled, "Kinship of God with Man."

"Very well, Joseffi," I said, "you can take out this book, but you need not come back till you can tell me what it is about. If you do, your library ticket goes."

I believed I had rid myself for some time of the angel-faced son of the Bascalouppi, but next evening found him at my desk.

"Well, Joseffi," I said, "what was your book about?" He looked at me sadly.

"Ma'am, Teacher," he said, "I would not read that book—no. It is a bad book, Teacher. Most was I ashamed to have it in the house."

"What is the matter with it?" I inquired, rather startled.

"It has bad words in it, Teacher. I could not show them to a lady—they are not ladies' words."

"You are mistaken, Joseffi," I said; "it is a very good book—there could be no bad words in it."

Slowly, regretfully, he opened the book at the index page, and with a very black, accusatory forefinger pointed out to me a chapter entitled "Hell and Damnation."

A FRIENDLY VISITOR

At the end of three months the Head told me she now thought I had learned enough to be given charge of one or two families who were in trouble. Our method with our "cases," as we called them, was to render efficient aid in the crisis which had caused them to apply to us, and then by constant friendly supervision, by counsel, by reproof, by a helping hand in the hour of need, to raise them by degrees to the position where such crises would become impossible—to gradually teach them the practical value of honesty, thrift, industry, cleanliness, and the other social virtues—to educate them to the point when they could help themselves.

For three years this was my task. Some little good I did; one or two families I assisted from the misery in which I first knew them, and placed more or less firmly on their feet; but in the greater number of instances, after months of patient labor, my people were very much where I found them—in one or two cases I had only succeeded in weakening such self-reliance as they had had in the beginning. And yet I had carefully followed all the precepts laid down by the charity organization for the guide of the "Friendly Visitor." I sought for the cause of my failure, and at last became convinced that while the conditions attaching to the lives of the very poor were what they were, any moral or social progress was impossible. How expect Mrs. Gallagher, who had to live in a dilapidated room, filthy with the neglect of years, with no water nearer than the court, to appreciate the necessity of cleanliness? "Shure, child, it's so used to the dirt I am that I never notice it," she explained, when I remonstrated with her on the uncleanliness of her habits. Why hope that the little Shemuels would ever grow up honest and respectable citizens, when they had to spend their evenings and their nights in the same room with their disreputable parents and three loose-living, evil-speaking boarders? Could schools and settlement clubs overcome the sights and sounds of such a home? Was not the uselessness apparent of expounding the principles of sanitation to the Donovans, when their own drains were blocked up and the dirty water of the family above them trickled down their walls? (Remember, I am speaking of conditions as they existed a good many years ago.) It became obvious to me that if people were to be asked to lead clean, decent lives, they must be placed in quarters where clean, decent lives were possible, that "the spiritual elevation of a large class depends to a considerable extent upon sanitary reform."

Full of this conviction, I forthwith turned my attention to landlords, where only discouragement met me. To keep tenements and poor dwellings in repair was financially impossible, I was assured, owing to the very large percentage of unpaid rents. My contention that more rents would be paid if the tenants were not degraded by squalor and misery, was regarded as the irresponsible theory of a crank. Yet, I was certain I was right and was determined to try the experiment. I finally bought a very dilapidated group of houses in an exceedingly poor district.

As soon as the property became mine, I went down and saw my tenants. To each in turn I explained exactly the position I meant to take. All rooms would be thor-

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oughly cleaned and repapered immediately, drains and water supplies put in order; but no new appliances would be added till the people had proved that they were capable of taking care of them. All back debts on rent would be wiped out, but henceforward extreme punctuality in payment would be demanded. A certain amount of overcrowding I could not prevent, but I absolutely prohibited the taking in of boarders, and I intimated that an open disregard of law and order would be followed by immediate eviction. Several of the tenants left at once, but the greater number evinced a certain pleased curiosity in my plans.

PRACTICAL TENEMENT REFORM

Some mistakes were made, many disappointments were met with, but at the end of two years I had succeeded in keeping my property in repair, I was making a net profit of six per cent. on the money invested in the buildings, and I had the satisfaction of perceiving a distinct and general improvement in the tenants themselves. Moreover, I had discovered that my position as landlord brought me into an altogether desirable relation with the people. They recognized my connection with them as a business one; they saw in my visits neither a patronage to be resented nor a charity to be taken advantage of. Among them daily, they realized the hopelessness of imposing on me, and I came to know their circumstances intimately. They respected me, because if I fulfilled all my duties as landlord toward them, I insisted on their scrupulously fulfilling their duties toward me. In the matter of the payment of rent, particularly, I was adamantine, and I found that the discipline of meeting the weekly payment punctually was excellent. Even in case of distress from lack of work, I did not remit the rent, but rather set myself to find the man or woman employment. If nothing else could be found, there were always jobs of repairing about the houses sufficiently necessary to take away the appearance of the work being given as charity.

I had fully expected that my attitude in this and in one or two other matters would make me unpopular, but it had not this effect. My tenants soon recognized that I was just, if I was severe; that while I showed no patience with faked-up stories of misfortune, I was willing to give all my time and strength in cases of real trouble, and they grew to have an almost pathetic trust in my judgment, and in my capacity to help them. I became a sort of Court of Appeals for the settlement of all family disputes or vexed questions among neighbors.

The poor have exceedingly warm affections, and are easily guided by them. On one occasion when I had argued for an hour with a quarrelling husband and wife without bringing reconciliation any nearer, I said, "Well, you must go your own way, but you are simply breaking my heart with your foolishness." I believe my voice trembled for I was tired and discouraged. The man and the woman looked at each other, and then the woman said:

"Indeed, miss, we didn't know we were hurting *you*—we wouldn't do that for worlds, John and me, and if it will make you happier, we'll try again."

When I lay ill, one summer, the hospital was positively besieged by my poor friends, who were willing to walk four miles daily in the intense heat just to hear the latest news of me; and when at the end of two months I returned among them, I found the greatest cleanliness and order reigning. "It seemed all we could do for you, just to act the way you would want us to," one woman told me. As for their goodness to each other, it is beyond all praise. The nights spent in watching sick neighbors, though no rest can be looked for on the day that follows—the meals shared—"the nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love"—one has to live among them to realize these.

I do not believe I shall ever hear the word "self-sacrifice" without thinking of my friend Mrs. Milligan. Mrs. Milligan was a childless Irish widow of forty-five, and earned a meagre subsistence by making gold lace for uniforms. She had had many sorrows in her life, but she always shamed me by her cheery contentment. One morning on calling for the rent, I was surprised to find her downcast.

"Is there anything wrong?" I asked.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY

"No, there's nothing wrong," she said, "but, oh, dearie, there's a cousin of mine is just come back from the country, and it's of the trees, and the grass, and the flowers coming up natural that anyone can pick, and the birds, and the sweet smells, that all her talk is, and it has taken that hold of me

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that it seems as if I had to see these things once before I die. Would you believe it, I have never been away from the city in all my life, and I don't know what a field looks like, and now, sudden, the country's started calling me, and I must go, and yet, how can I?"

"Let us see how it can be managed," I said. I made a few calculations, and decided that for $10 Mrs. Milligan could get a fortnight at a farm-house I knew of.

"You wouldn't want to go to the country now," I pointed out; "there aren't any flowers, or grass, or birds in November. You want to go in June. That gives you six months to save the $10."

To save $10 in six months sounds simple, but it isn't when the weekly earnings are rarely in excess of the sum necessary to maintain existence. Every cent put aside would represent some act of self-denial in a life already so bare that further deprivation seemed impossible. Yet Mrs. Milligan set undismayed about the task. Penny by penny, the money in the little tin cash-box grew. Oh, the joy those weeks when the increase was an important one! Oh, the despair when some unlooked-for emergency necessitated a withdrawal from the holiday fund! But through all the ups and downs, Mrs. Milligan's determination never weakened, and the 1st of June found $10.82 in the tin box; $2 of this was to be spent in some necessary addition to her wardrobe; $2 would pay the railroad fare; her board was to be $2.50 a week, which left nearly $2 for pocket-money.

"Perhaps it's able to take a drive I shall be. Sure it all seems too good to be true," said Mrs. Milligan, excitedly.

MRS. MILLIGAN'S SELF-SACRIFICE

It was arranged that I should put her on the train, as she had never been on a journey in her life, and on the appointed day I called for her. To my astonishment, I found her in her working dress, seated as usual at the work-table in the window.

"Mrs. Milligan," I cried, "why aren't you ready? You'll miss your train."

"I'm not going, dearie," she answered—she spoke quietly, but I could hear that the tears were not far off.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that, after working for a holiday all winter, you have changed your mind and don't want to go?" I spoke sharply, for instability of purpose, freakiness, is one of the most discouraging characteristics of the poor.

"Sure I want to go, all right," replied Mrs. Milligan, "but I haven't the money."

"Stolen?" I gasped.

"No," she replied, "not stolen—it's like this. You're knowing Maggie Flynn—her that lives in the next building?"

I did know Maggie, a strapping big girl of seventeen with all the comeliness of youth, health, and high spirits.

SAVING MAGGIE FLYNN

"Well," went on Mrs. Milligan, "this winter the foolish girl had to take up with a married man, and her mother's been clean crazy about it. 'It's hoarse I am with speaking,' Mrs. Flynn told me, times without number, 'and I might as well save my breath. Maggie will own up to the truth of every word I say, and promise to mend her ways, and then the first thing I know she's off with that fellow again. It's as if he had mesmerized her.' Last night," went on Mrs. Milligan, "I went in to take my farewells of Mrs. Flynn, and found her an' Maggie argufying. 'What's the use, Mother?' says Maggie; 'as long as I'm where I see him, I'll go with him—he's got the hold over me. If I could have taken that place and gone away, you know I'd have done it.' 'Maggie,' explains Mrs. Flynn to me, 'had the chance to go away with a lady for the summer, but she'd have needed a decent black dress and a pair of shoes, and some aprons, and where was I to get them for her, I'd like to know? What with Flynn so long out of work, and the childer's being sick, sure it's all we can do to keep body and soul together, let alone buying trousseaus.' 'I know you can't get them, Mother,' says Maggie. 'It's not complaining I am, but it was my only chance to keep straight.'

"I looked at the girl," continued Mrs. Milligan, "her so pretty and young, and all her life to come, and it sort of hurt me she shouldn't have her chance. 'Maggie,' says I to her, 'is it true you'd go away and try to do better if you had those fixings up your mother has mentioned?' 'Yes, I would,' says Maggie. 'I want to stay respectable, and I know well enough where I'm going to end if I keep on with Ed Sullivan, but I don't seem able to help myself, some way.' 'I have some money laid by,' says I, 'that I'm willing to give you the lend of, to keep you out of

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trouble, and so'" . . . . Then fearing that what she saw in my face was disapproval, "Don't you go thinking it was easy, dearie, and don't believe I'm ungrateful for all the trouble you've taken for me, but what pleasure at all would I have got out of the country with a picture in my mind all the time of Maggie Flynn on the streets, because I wouldn't lend her a hand? And, sure, this isn't the only summer," she wound up, bravely. "It's beginning I am already to save for next year."

It would forever have destroyed the friendship between us if I had done as I was longing to do, and then and there paid the Flynn's debt, but later on in the season, when a friend offered me a country house for the use of my tenants, I saw that Mrs. Milligan was the first visitor.

HOW DESTRUCTIVENESS WAS CURED

But to return to my experiment as landlord. In the beginning I found the destructiveness of my tenants very hard to cope with. I finally met this by setting aside a certain sum for the annual repair of each apartment. If at the end of the year this had not all been spent in restoring and replacing, it was used for the putting in of any new appliances the tenant might choose. When they came to understand that the care of what they had would mean increased comforts, they very quickly ceased from the most careless of their ways. A certain amount of cleanliness in the rooms I insisted on, and the enforced order brought about a desire for more. Curtains went up, furniture was repaired, flower-pots bloomed in the windows, the evils of overcrowding began to be appreciated, and extra rooms were voluntarily taken. And hand-in-hand with the improvement in my tenants' physical condition went an advance in their whole mental and moral make-up. They became more hopeful, more ambitious, more resourceful. An elementary decency of life gave their self-respect a chance to develop. The feelings in favor of propriety of conduct gradually grew till the worst element among the tenants became uncomfortable, and moved out, and I was able to replace them by a better class, thus raising the tone of the district.

I wish it to be understood that the picture I draw is only bright comparatively. The subjects of my little kingdom were, always would be, very near the bottom of the social ladder, but most of them had climbed at least one rung, and some were on the way to further progress. I had proved to my own satisfaction that I was right, and that proper environment is the first essential to the bettering of the very poor.

HER EXAMPLE FOLLOWED

With my two years' work to show what could be done, I now set about persuading my friends to follow in my footsteps and invest in tenement property. I again visited landlords, laying before them the financial results of my experiment, and begging them to replace their present agents by women who would work along the lines I had followed. In several instances this latter plan was adopted, and whole estates in slum districts have come to be administered by philanthropic workers, who, besides doing an incalculable good, make a very fair living themselves as paid rent collectors.

With the views I hold on the immense influence on the poor of their immediate surroundings, it is not surprising that, when the tenement reform agitation was started, I threw myself into it heart and soul, and became a "public woman." It has indeed been thrown up at me, that of late I have abandoned my work among the poor, and become nothing but a politician and a notoriety seeker. As a matter of fact, it has been with the extremest reluctance that I have given up much of my earlier personal work among my poor friends, and I have been influenced in so doing entirely by the conviction that it is through the State, or the municipality, rather than through the individual, that the conditions of the poor can be most widely benefited.

THE PHILANTHROPIST'S IDEAL

When I am lobbying up the State, when I am attending municipal committees, when I am addressing distinguished audiences, my motive is as single as it was on the day when I for the first time entered the settlement house; my purpose has never changed since the night at my father's dinner-table. It is not for fame, it is not for the excitement of the struggle that I am working; it is that the environment of the poor may be such that it should be possible for them to become sufficiently self-reliant to help themselves; possible for them to grow competent enough in life to avoid wholly unnecessary suffering.

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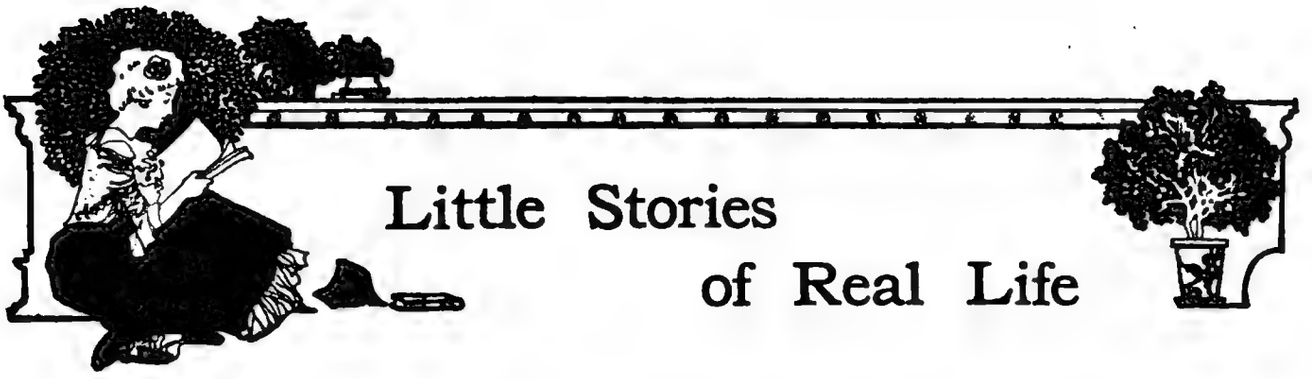

Little Stories of Real Life

Mis' Perkins' Supper

A Monologue

By Elizabeth Flint Wade

(Mrs. Doolittle speaking.)

HOW d'e do, Nancy Hubbard. Here you set lookin' as cool as a cowcumber, an' I'm jest clean beat out a-walkin' up that hill. I'm gittin' hefty as I get along in years. I don't get round so easy, an' I feel the heat more. I wonder if you keep a pitcher o' buttermilk settin' in your cellar-way, same's your mother used to.—My, ef that don't taste good. To my mind there's nothin' like a drink o' cold buttermilk that's got a little tang o' sour, to freshen a body up after such a hot walk as I've had.

I'm on my way up to Mis' Madison's, an' I stopped in to rest an' git your mother's receipt fer but'nut color, ef so be as you've kep' it. What, Mis' Madison gone away? I don't see how she gits time to go gaddin' so much with her big family. I was cal'latin' to stay there to dinner, an' have her Ben fetch me home in the cool o' the evenin'. Stay with you to dinner? Oh, I'm 'fraid 'twould put you out. Where there's only two like you an' your husband, it's upsettin' to have unexpected comp'ny to meals, but then, I ain't a mite pertickler what I have to eat.

Goin' to have beet-greens? That settles it, I'll stay. If there's one green I like above another it's beets, an' I never have 'em but what they remind me o' Mis' Perkins' supper. What about Mis' Perkins' supper? You don't mean to say your mother never told you 'bout it? Why, we've laughed over it hundreds of times. You just wait till I git out my knittin' an' I'll tell you the whole story.

You see, we had a new minister to Hanover Green, and what hadn't happened before in the whole history of the church, he wasn't married, so everybody—especially them with grown-up daughters—took an uncommon int'rest in him. There was some proper nice girls, too. There was Katy Knight for one, an' Emily Johnson, an' Cordelia Austin. There was Amy Perkins, too, though didn't anybody think o' her 'long side o' the others. She was kind o'-meachin' like, an' didn't have no go in her.

The first Ladies' Aid meetin' after the minister come, Deacon Johnson's wife said she thought 'twould be nice for each of the members of the s'ciety to invite him to supper so's he could get acquainted right off. We could take turns havin' him to supper, she said. Mis' Austin, the doctor's wife, said she thought 'twould be nice to invite the s'ciety and their husbands. There was only eight women in the Ladies' Aid, so 'twant so awful many. We couldn't agree which should have him first, for we all wanted him first, so your ma said: "Why don't we draw cuts, an' arrange it that way?" So she cut eight differ'nt lengths of paper strips, an' we drew. Mis' Austin got the longest an' Mis' Perkins got the shortest, an' that meant that Mis' Austin was to have the first supper an' Mis' Perkins the last one. We chose Wednesday nights for the suppers, so's to have the washin' an' ir'nin' out the way.

Land sakes, I can see Mis' Austin's table that first supper jest as plain as if 'twas settin' right in front o' me this minute. She had on her best white chiny—white chiny was all the fashion then, an' her table-cloth was ir'ned smooth as glass. There was white bread, an' brown bread, an' hot biscuits, an' veal loaf, an' two kinds o' sauce, an' jelly, an' cheese, an' three kinds o' cake. Oh, yes, an' she had custard pie, too, to show off her

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new silver forks on. They was the only ones in town then, though they're common enough now.

Cordelia Austin waited on table, an' she passed everythin' to the minister first, an' twice at that. She looked sweet's a rose, with a new pink gingham an' a white apron all ruffled to kill.

Well, we'd all had our turn 'cept Mis' Perkins. The Perkinses had plenty to do with. Why, Perkins owned four hundred acres of land, and had a hundred of it out to wheat; that year it went to a dollar a bushel. But he was tighter than the bark to a tree. They lived mighty close, an' Mis' Perkins never had no comp'ny.

The next supper to the last was to your ma's, an' jest as we was settin' down to the table Mis' Perkins' brother-in-law, that lived over to Winfield, come in a great to-do for her to go right back home with him, for his wife—Mis' Perkins' sister—was real sick. Mis' Perkins didn't get back till Sunday night, so we didn't have a chance to pass the time o' day with her in church. But then, we knew she knew 'twas her turn to have the supper, an' bein' she wasn't there to tell him, we told the minister ourselves.

As it happened, the whole seven of us women met almost on Mis' Perkins' doorstep on a Wednesday. When Mis' Perkins opened the door we walked in, an' I remembered afterward she looked kind o' scared like, but I didn't think anything of it then. We went in the parlor bedroom to take off our things. The parlor was dark as a pocket, but she had the curtains up when we come out. She didn't seem ter'ble sociable, but, thinks I, it's 'cause she's got comp'ny an' I know from experience comp'ny's distractin' to the mind, fearin' things won't come out right.

Pretty soon I looked out the winder an' see the minister, an' Doctor Austin, an' my Thomas comin' across the green, an' 'twant long 'fore the rest 'o the men got there. Soon 's the minister come Amy walked into the parlor. She had on a blue dress with crochet lace 'round the neck an' sleeves, an' her hair was in long curls. She did look kind o' sweet, but she couldn't hold a candle to Cordelia Austin, or Katy Knight, or Emily Johnson.

The men hadn't more 'n come when Mis' Perkins got up an' beckoned me to come along with her. I followed her out into the pantry, an' she shut the door an' ses she, "Oh, Mis' Doolittle, I thought 'twas Mis' Brown's turn to have the minister's supper an' I ain't got a thing in the house to eat 'cept part of a loaf of bread in the crock an' this," an' she opened the cupboard door an' there set a solitary dish o' cold beet-greens.

Well, I was beat fer a minit. All them folks in the parlor an' not a mite for 'em to eat. You see the way she thought 'twas Brown's turn, was 'cause she was over to her sister's when Mis' Brown had the supper, an' that was the second supper. I knew Mis' Perkins was a great hand for gettin' things mixed an' forgettin' 'em, but I never thought o' her forgettin' her turn for the supper.

"Well," ses I, fer I see somethin' had to be done, an' quick, too, "you mix up some sour milk biscuit an' I'll slap a sponge-cake together that'll be a caution to Delmoniker, an' I'll make some Boston cream-cakes, too. 'Twon't take no time to do 'em," I said. "You get the eggs an' sugar an' things an' get me an apern."

I clapped some wood in the stove an' turned 'round an' there stood Mis' Perkins lookin' as ef she'd lost her last friend.

"Oh, dear," ses she, "I ain't got an egg in the house. Mr. Perkins took 'em all to town to-day, an' there ain't flour enough to make a batch of biscuit, neither. We're havin' some wheat ground an' we put off gettin' flour. Oh, Mis' Doolittle," ses she, kind o' beseechin' like, "ain't you got some things you'd lend me for supper? I'll pay 'em every one back."

"Why," ses I, "Mis' Perkins, I'd lend 'em an' be glad to if I had 'em, but my bread's three days old, an' 'twouldn't do to set 'fore the minister. I've got a loaf of fruit cake an' you can have that an' welcome. But say," ses I, for I have a way of thinkin' quick, "Mis' Dennison"—that was your ma—"hes some fresh riz biscuit. I see 'em on the shelf when I come by her butt'ry window this afternoon. Ask her to step out. She'll be real pleased to lend 'em."

I was hopin' your mother would have somethin' else, fer she was a great hand to keep baked up, but it jest happened that all she had fit for the minister was them biscuit.

"But," ses she, "Mis' Brown's got some cold ham. I smelt it a bilin' yesterd'y."

Mis' Perkins called Mis' Brown out an' she said she'd be proud fer Mis' Perkins to

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have her ham, and she'd bring along some o' her spiced pickles, too. "An'," ses Mis' Brown, "Mis' Peters told me jest now she'd baked two custard pies for the boys' supper, an' you all know," ses she, "that Mis' Peters makes the best custard pie in Hanover Green, fer she ain't sparin' of her eggs an' cream. She'd let ye have 'em in a minute. Jest ask her."

"Yes," ses I, fer I was gettin' into the spirit of the supper, "you go an' ask her out, Mis' Perkins, an' tell Amy to come along and help set the table, an' we'll see that there's things to eat on it."

With that Mis' Perkins burst right out a-cryin' an' ses she: "That's the worst of all. I ain't got no table-cloth big enough fer the table. I've ben savin' my rags to git one 'fore 'twas my turn to have the supper, but I ain't got enough yet."

"Never mind," ses I. "Fetch two small ones an' we can piece 'em together," but when she got 'em they was the coarsest kind of unbleached, an' I see right off they never would do fer the minister.

"I'll tell you," ses I, "you ask Mis' Austin out. She'll lend you a table-cloth, an' you better hev her silver forks, too, fer we want to eat Mis' Peter's custard pie real stylish."

Mis' Austin an' Mis' Peters was jest as willin' to lend their pies and table-cloth as the rest of us was our things. Mis' Austin, when we told her how 'twas, give a funny little laugh, an' ses she: "What you got fer relishes? Mis' Johnson's been makin' pot-cheese this mornin', some with sage an' some without, an' she's got some new clover-honey, too. She'd let you have 'em," an' ses she: "Mis' Knight's got some o' the splendidest pound-cake you ever tasted, an' she allus keeps spice cake an' crullers in the house. Why don't you ask her to lend you some?"

I see a little twinkle in Mis' Austin's eye an' I sort o' thought she was makin' fun—she was a master-hand for a joke—but Mis' Perkins she never noticed it an' went an' asked Mis' Johnson an' Mis' Peters to come out, an' we all told 'em 'bout Mis' Perkins' trouble.

Amy stayed in the parlor with the minister and our husbands, fer her mother said she wa'n't no manner o' use in the kitchen—an' we seven women streaked it seven different ways across the green, an' were back with the things for supper 'fore you could say Jack Robinson.

Mis' Perkins had got the table-leaves in an', she was up to the top o' the cupboard gittin' down her grandmother's pink lustre chiny. She didn't have no white, like the rest of us. Such a cuttin' an' arrangin', fer every woman wanted to fix her own things. While I was gettin' my cake I thought of sass an' brought along a jar o' my preserved strawberries, an' my big glass standard dish to put 'em in. To my mind there's nothin' like glass fer showin' off strawberry sass.

We had to eat by lamplight, fer the supper was so late 'twas near dark. Mis' Perkins got her big parlor lamp with glass danglers an' set it in the middle of the table, an' that not seemin' to make it light enough she took two glass candlesticks 'twas her mother's—the lamp was her grandmother's—and put candles in 'em an' set 'em at the ends of the table. I went into the parlor while she was fixin' the lights an' there set Amy on the sofy 'side the minister, an' she was as smilin' as a basket o' chips. Our husbands was settin' t'other side o' the room, talkin' 'bout the crops.

I hate to own it, but none of our tables looked as nice as Mis' Perkins'. With the lights shinin' on them pink lustre dishes that table was jest like a picter. Mr. Perkins didn't git home time enough fer supper, but Mis' Perkins set to the head o' the table an' kep' askin' us to take more o' this, an' more o' that, as ef she'd made everythin' herself. To the other places the grown-up daughters, if they had 'em, had waited on table, but Amy Perkins set right down 'long with us, an' if we wanted anythin' we passed it.

The minister he eat an' eat an' praised up everythin', specially the biscuit an' the strawberry preserves. He told Mis' Perkins he didn't know when he'd eat such a good supper, an' Mis' Perkins said she was afraid her biscuit wus a trifle heavy, an' her preserves seemed to be workin' a little. Of course 'twas proper not to take pride in your things, fer we allus said that this wasn't quite up to the mark, or that wasn't as good as it ought to be, when any of our victuals was praised up, but to hear Mis' Perkins runnin' down my preserves that looked like red jewels, an' your mother's biscuit that was light as a feather, it made me fairly bile in

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my chair. The minister he said they was the best he'd ever eat an' he hoped she'd ask him to supper agin' soon, an' he looked at Amy an' she turned red and looked at her plate.

The very next thing we heard was that Amy Perkins was going to marry the minister. How he could 'a' took a notion to such a little helpless thing as she was, when he could 'a' had such splendid girls as Katy Knight, or Cordelia Austin, or Emily Johnson fer the askin', was past my guessin'. But then, there's no 'countin' fer tastes, specially men's tastes in wives. Your mother an' me, we allus thought 'twas her riz biscuit an' my strawberry preserves that made the match. We was pretty sure 'twasn't Mis' Perkins' cold beet-greens.

Mandy

By Norman H. Crowell

THE sun dipped slowly below the scarred profile of the mountain, sending dark shadows speeding up the gray slopes to the east. Half-way up the ragged mountain-side a cabin clung, half in, half out of the yellow soil. On a low bench close by the doorway a man sat, stolidly smoking. Near at hand a half-dozen lean dogs stood, eying their master expectantly, though his attention seemed centred upon the curling smoke that rose from his pipe.

"Em!" called the man, presently, "whar's Mandy?"

"Down mounting in th' bresh some'eres, I reckon," was the reply, as a thin-faced woman appeared in the open doorway.

The man resumed his studious attitude, meanwhile carefully tamping his pipe with his index finger.

"Em!" said he, rousing suddenly.

"Yes, pap?"

"Hain't Mandy gi'n up them fellers yit?"

"I reckon Lije Linkin'll get shook 'fore long, pap. Mandy's sorter goin' long o' Luke Travis last day or so."

"I reckoned Mandy'd make out t' take up with Lije, shore, Em."

"Too pore, pap, I reckon."

A dog lifted his black muzzle and sniffed tremulously. Then he stretched out his long body, and a mournful howl broke the mountain stillness. The man arose and kicked the dog viciously.

"Climb, ye varmints—consarn ye, git!" he said.

"S'pose Lije's down yender long o' Mandy, now, pop, er Maje ud never let on so. Got a grudge ag'in Lije, thet dawg has."

The man whistled softly, and the dogs, swiftly turning, crowded in between his bony knees with short, joyous barks. The woman, wiping her hands on her apron, watched the scene a moment, then turned to her work.

Far down the mountain a girl stood beside a clump of alders just below a spring. She moved her bare foot idly to and fro in the cool water as it fell over the rim and dashed away in its flight—she was waiting.

Picking a way skilfully along the mountain-side, a tall figure approached, scarcely discernible in the dusk. A half-dozen steps from the spring the man stopped abruptly and pushed something hastily behind him; but the girl's eyes were upon him in mingled surprise and inquiry.

"Be thet you, Mandy?" he asked, peering into the shadows of the alder clump.

"Yes, it's me. Whut yuh got yuh gun 'long for, Luke Travis?"

She was regarding him sternly, standing stiffly erect. The man advanced stealthily, leaned forward and whispered:

"Offisahs closed in on Morg Pike's still. Morg's shot. Somebody gabbled and they—I—I'm to—they shook up a hat and it fell to me. They's no flunkin', Mandy—I got to——"

"Who told?"

"Don't know—they wouldn't tell me then—jest goin' down t' find out. Reckon 'twar some pore critter 'at needed money more'n livin'."

He paused and glanced concernedly into his companion's down-turned face.

"Ain't cryin', be ye, Mandy?" he asked.

"No, I ain't, Luke Travis, but I don't keer t' hev yuh doin' no killin' 'count o' thet sneakin' one hoss still o' Morg

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Pike's—even ef they did kill Morg. Yuh got t' vote ag'in er git a substitute—I hain't goin' t' stan' it."

"Now, Mandy, ye know them reggilations, don't ye? I jest got tuh—or say, wait—mebbe I kin git Zeb Tait t' do it—shore I kin—Zeb's my man, Mandy. I'll go right down. Don't yuh feel hard, gal, will yuh?"

He spoke shrilly—in a tone of confidence that gave the lie to his restless, furtive eyes. The girl was looking earnestly into the gloom of the valley, her bosom rising and falling rapidly as she breathed. Presently she glanced up at him.

"Yuh better go, Luke. Pap's likely t' kem down after water for maw 'bout this time. He ain't——"

Off at the right a twig snapped, and the girl glanced that way nervously. The man started and looked at her inquiringly, his hand on the rifle.

"A hawg—er one o' th' dawgs. Be yuh goin'?" she said.

"Yes—I guess I be. But, Mandy——"

"Wal?" Her defiant tone silenced the approaching words. After a silence he spoke.

"Good-night, Mandy—see yuh tuhmorruh, little gal!"

She did not reply, but listened intently to the sound of his footsteps as he passed down the trail. When she could hear them no longer she turned and peered anxiously into the thicket, from whence came again the snapping of twigs, more audibly.

"Lije!" She articulated the word questioningly. The alder clump parted and a figure came into view.

"Mandy," said the youth, as he neared the girl, "yuh said yuh'd settle it to-night—hev yuh tol' him t' go?" He spoke hotly, eagerly.

"Tol' Luke t' go? I reckon I hain't, Lije. No, I didn't."

"What, then?" The question was an expectant one.

"I guess, mebbe, yuh cain't come no more, Lije—I guess yuh better not." It required an effort to produce the words.

"Yuh mean *thet*, Mandy, gal?"

She nodded merely, biting her lip the while.

The youth shrank back a pace and gazed off into the deepening darkness. His face, when he turned to look at the girl, was white and haggard.

"Mandy," he said, chokingly, "it's a tough lick yuh dealt me. I hate t' see yuh do it—hope yuh'll not git t' wishin' yuh hadn't—I——"

"I s'pose I"——

"Thet's all right, gal—I ain't a-kickin'. I'm jest surprised. Guess mebbe me bein' so pore is one reason—but—I got *some* money—some I—saved. I want yuh t' hev a new dress, Mandy—been figgerin' on it fer some time, an' I 'low I won't change my mind—here's th' money—it's your'n, take it."

As he spoke he produced three pieces of gold and forced them into her warm palm. She regarded them dizzily, her brain confusing with strange thoughts.

"Lije Linkin; thar's—fifty—dollahs!" she gasped.

"Shore—an' I'm givin' it t' yuh—shet yuh han' onto it, cain't yuh?"

"Fifty dollahs?" she repeated, looking sharply into his eyes.

"Yes—fifty," said he, cringing before her gaze.

For the space of a minute there was silence—the two looking into the darkness at their feet. The yellow metal burned within her hand, yet she clasped it tightly. In her mind she saw a tall figure, rifle in hand, join a group of grim-visaged mountaineers at the fork in the valley. She saw the hurried consultation—the angry expostulation of the tall figure—the argument—the threats. She saw the conference close, leaving the tall figure alone at the fork of the trail—a tiger in wait.

Shudderingly, she awoke from her dream and faced the man before her.

"Lije, I reckon we'll say good-by now."

"I—suppose—so, Mandy," said he.

"An,' Lije!"

"Yes, Mandy?"

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"Yuh mought take th' upper trail goin' home—ef yuh'd jest as soon. It's better goin'." He glanced at her keenly, but the darkness hid the deathly whiteness of her features.

"Reckon I'll take t'other," he said, finally. "It's a mile shorter."

"Yes—it is," she said.

"Wal, guess I'll be shovin' on along—be middlin' late, time I git home. Wal, good-night, Mandy."

He turned hastily and had taken a step or two before she called him back.

"Whut yuh want, Mandy?" he asked.

"Yuh—yuh didn't say it, Lije."

"Say whut?"

"Good-by."

"Guess I must 've forgot it, gal. But—wal, good-by, Mandy an' don't forgit thet dress—a good one—a——"

He stopped abruptly, for the girl, with a swift spring, flung her arms about his neck and pressed her lips quickly to his. A moment only—then she sprang away, sobbing, and ran fleet as a deer up the dark trail, leaving the wondering youth staring after her.

"Mandy's—said—good-by," he remarked, at length. Then he slowly turned and melted into the darkness down the steep path.

A hundred feet above the spring a slender figure crouched and listened with her whole soul. In her hand the girl clutched the gold that seemed to sear her very flesh. Her mind was a jumble of confused ideas—she cowered beneath the weight of her thoughts.

From the depths below the whistled notes of "The Mocking Bird" came floating up sharp and clear—Lije Linkin's favorite air. How foolish—how fatal it sounded—had Lije gone mad? She listened closer—her heart beating fiercely. The breeze stilled, the quivering leaves hushed their rustling: all Nature assumed an air of tremulous expectancy.

Suddenly, far down the mountain, a sharp, deadly sound cracked out on the silent air. The swelling chorus broke sharply off and a deep, penetrating silence took its place. The girl, clasping the coins beneath her apron, stood on tiptoe and listened. Then she slowly climbed the path toward the cabin.

The man greeted her, first cursing the dogs to silence.

"Back fr'm courtin', Mandy?" he asked, with a harsh laugh. The girl passed quickly inside without replying. She sat down at the bare table and stared at the flickering light. Outside the man puffed silently a moment, then craned his grizzled head forward and called:

"Mandy?"

"Yes, pap."

"I heerd shootin' down mounting a spell back."

The girl started up nervously and met the eye of the thin-faced woman regarding her intently.

"Did yuh, pap?" she said.

"Whut mought it 'a' been?" he went on.

"I reckon 'twar Luke Travis—he had a gun 'long."

"Thought it mought be a killin'. Cain't tell nothin' 'bout these hills with th' rev'noo fellers so thick—git down, Maje, consarn yer picter!"

The girl's hand was pressed tightly to her breast. In it she clasped three yellow things that burned to her very heart. It was the price of Lije Linkin's life's blood.

An Evening's Work at Home

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

IN the inner room, behind the drawn curtains, all was soft darkness. Without, in the circle of lamplight, a man bent over a desk, writing diligently.

"Jerry." It came plaintively from the inner room. He did not lift his head.

"You're a bad girl—go to sleep," he said, severely, though a smile crinkled about his eyes.

"I don't want to."

"Well, you must."

There was a sigh from the darkness, and the pen scratched undisturbed for five minutes. Then an impatient rustling heralded another interruption.

"It isn't good for you to work at night."

"Um." A finished sheet was thrown aside and a new one took its place.

"You have worked two evenings this week," persisted the voice.

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"And I shall have to work three if you don't behave."

There was a wail of protest. "You're so harsh with me!"

He laughed noiselessly, but his hand did not pause. The clock ticked away five more minutes. Then the voice came again, tinged with conscious duplicity.

"I can't go to sleep, Jerry: the shade is rattling."

"I don't hear it."

"Well, it did a minute ago. And I want a drink."

"My dear young woman!" he spoke with judicial firmness. "I have an evening's work before me. How can I get through it if you keep interrupting?"

"But I feel so lonely and unpopular. Besides, I'm afraid—I heard a queer noise just then, Jerry. I dare say it's a burglar."

"Well, you talk to him, then, while I work."

"I don't think you're kind."

"Yes, dear;" he spoke absently, comparing papers with frowning absorption.

"I suppose you'd rather I weren't here at all."

"Yes, dear;" still more absently.

"*Jer*-ry! How can you say anything so hateful?" He started slightly, lifting his head for a moment.

"I don't know what I said, my dear; but I know what I will say if you don't keep still."

"What?"

"Better not find out."

"Would you say——"

He drew a deep breath: "*Will you be still?*"

"Oh, very well. I'm insulted now."

The silence lasted nearly ten minutes, the work progressing furiously. Then there was a little chuckle from the darkness.

"Jerry, I'm getting over being insulted." He groaned softly, and so gained another pause. Then the voice, very sweetly and persuasively:

"Jerry."

"Um."

"If you came and said good-night, I might keep quiet."

"My good girl, I have said good-night. Now don't let me hear another word."

"*I'd* go half-way round the world—barefoot!—if you wanted me to come and say good-night." The voice was strongly self-righteous: also injured. The man shot a glance toward the curtains, but his tone was dry.

"I dare say!" And the pen went on with renewed energy.

"I don't like you, Jerry."

Silence, but for a quick stamp of the blotter.

"In fact, I think you are the most disagreeable man I know."

Still no answer. In the discouraged pause that followed two more sheets were laid aside, then the man paused, considering intently, with suspended pen.

"Jerry;" it came with brisk interest.

"My dear girl!" There was exasperation in his voice. "If you speak once again, I shall shut those doors."

"You can't!" triumphantly. "They're stuck. They won't slide but a few inches. I was just going to tell you——"

"Please don't, honey. I *must* finish."

"It isn't fair, Jerry, to appeal to my better nature like that. It's cowardly."

"Please—dearest."

"*That* is bribery and corruption. I should think you'd be ashamed."

"Um h'm."

"Very well. Then I sha'n't tell you at all, ever. And it is extremely interesting."

Full fifteen minutes of silence followed, then, very cautiously, the man laid down his pen and stretched back his arms with bent elbows.

"Finished, Jerry?" It was so joyful that he relented a shade.

"Not quite, little girl. Pretty soon."

"Ten minutes?"

"Oh, no—perhaps an hour."

"Oh, de-ar!"

He bent to his work again.

"You couldn't stop now, Jerry?"

"No, dear."

"Just long enough—for *one?*"

"Not one."

"But it wouldn't take a second, and it would make me so happy."

"No:" his mouth was held consciously severe at the corners, as though it might betray him.

"You wouldn't care for one yourself?"

The corners wavered, but he set his jaw and tried to frown: "No."

"I don't believe you like me at all, Jerry."

"Very well, then." But the pen had faltered.

"If anything were to happen to me, you'd be sorry."

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"Something *is* going to happen to you in about two seconds, if you don't reform:" his tone was still firm, but the frown had given up the attempt and disappeared. There was an eager little rustle.

"Truly? Oh, Jerry, I'd far rather be hit than not noticed!" He tried to ignore it. There was a dense stillness on the other side of the curtains, as though someone were on elbow, listening. His fingers relaxed and the pen slipped to the desk. The voice seemed to divine its advantage. "Just one, because I'm a nice girl!" it pleaded. The corners of his mouth suddenly broke away into a broad smile. "Please, dear Jerry." He rose slowly to his feet.

"Will you be good afterward?"

"Good as gold!" But there was triumph in it.

He stood a second, wavering, conscious shame struggling with amusement in his face.

"*Kind* Jerry," said the voice, very small.

Suddenly the laughter in his eyes brimmed over, and he turned quickly to the inner darkness.

The Bringing To of Flora May

By J. B. Norman

"DAT 'oman suttenly am de lazies' nigger in dis yere town," remarked the buxom cook, as the delinquent laundress departed. "She don't nevah git her close out 'fore de ve'y las' minute. I wonder Jeems don't sarve her lak mah cousin Mose sarve his wife."

"How was that?" asked her mistress, good-naturedly.

"Hit was dis way. Mose was a mighty peart nigger. He wukked in a gents' boardin'-house, an' saved money foh to start him a li'l business uv his own, but fust thing anybody knowed he'd up an' fell in love wid a purty, sassy yaller gal what didn't know no moah erbout wuk den I knows erbout jogerfy. Her an' her folks jest live f'om han' to mouf, doin' li'l odd piddlin' jobs to keep 'em f'om starvin' plum to deaf, an' Flora May—dat was de gal's name—got a place waitin' on de ladies in a manicure parlor what made her so uppedy dat she wouldn't look at nobody but quality folks. Mose was dat tuk up wid her he couldn't see no faults, so he married her an' sot up housekeepin' in a flat, jest lak white folks. Den Flora May didn't do nary t'ing 'cept visit an' gad in her weddin' close, and fer a li'l spell Mose didn't make no objections 'case he was plum foolish erbout her. He'd git up an' cook his own breckus widout a whimper. But by'mby he got tired doin' housewuk, an' tell Flora May she got ter do it. Flora May didn't dare mek no fuss, 'case when Mose got his mind made up he's stubborner den a mewel, so she mend her ways for a li'l while, but 'twarn't hardly no time 'fore she 'gun to take faintin' spells. She'd be fixin' breckus, an' all of a sudden she'd flop ovah an' roll her eyes an' take on till she went plum off in a trance. Fust off Mose was powerful scairt, but by'mby he 'gun to git 'spicious dat she's playin' possum, 'ca'se she nevah tuk dem spells 'ceptin' when she hatter wuk, spachully wash-days. De doçtor say he don't hardly understand her complaint, but he 'low Flora May was sorter highsteriky an' needed some powders, but he didn't do her no good. Den Mose he sont for me to wait on Flora May an' do de housewuk, an' from den on Flora May live lak a queen twel I went off visitin' one day an' lef' her for to git suppah. When Mose got home Flora May was lyin' on de bed, an' dey warn't no suppah cooked nor nut'in'. Mose nevah said a word, but when I got back, 'long erbout nine o'clock, he ax me for to go out in de kitchin wid 'im 'ca'se he wanter say sumpin seryus. He shet de door of Flora May's room, makin' out lak he hated to 'sturb her, but Flora May she got up an' listened at de keyhole—lak he knowed she would.

" 'M' Jane,' he say, 'I'se done give up hope erbout Flora May evah gitten well. I can't 'ford to keep hired help, so I'se gwine to send her to de horspitul.'

" 'What you gwin' to do, Mistah Black?' I ax, real anxious.

" 'I'se gwin' to git a revorce an' marry ag'in,' says Mose. 'I don't lak single life. I'se gwin' to be mighty keerful nex' time I marry an' git a wife what kin wuk an' keep mah house jest right. I want a gal what kin cook, an' wash, an' iron, an' what ain't lazy. Does you happen to know ary young cullad lady uv dat 'scription, M' Jane?'

"I 'low I dunno what style uv beauty he pertic'lar lak, an' he speak up an' say, real gallant, 'Your style jest erbout suits me, M' Jane. You ain't got a lazy bone in your body and you're lively an' peart an' a heap purtier'n pore Flora May. What does you say to marryin' me when I git mah revorce?'

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"I told him I didn't hab no objections, 'an' Mose he say he's mighty pleased to heah it an' he'd lemme know soon as he got his revorcement papers writ out. But he hadn't no moah'n got the word outen his mouf 'fore de door bu'sted open an' Flora May jumped out lak a wild-cat. I tell you, Mis' Adams, I nevah seed a madder nigger in mah life. She grabbed hold uv me an' lammed mah head ag'in de wall 'fore I ketched mah breff, an' if Mose hadn't pitched in an' helped me she suttenly would 'a' wiped up de floor wid me. By'mby Mose he pulled her offen me and shove her up ag'in de wall where he hold her while she scratch an' claw lak a mad cat.

"'I'se turrible 'fraid you'se gwin' to hab a real bad spell', says he, 'ca'se you'se exercisin' yo'se'f too much. Lemme tote you off to bed, honey.'

"Flora May jest squall an' try to git loose, but when she seen it warn't no use she fell to beggin': 'I'se cured, Mose, 'fore God, I is,' she tole 'im. 'I ain't nevah gwin' to hab anoder spell de longes' day I lives. If you'll jes' gimme one moah chanct I'll cook your victuals an' wash your close so good dat you'll nevah hab one word uv fault to fin'. I suttenly will, Mistah Black, suh.'

"Well, Mose he consider a while lak he didn't b'lieve her. 'All right, Flora May,' says he, 'I'll give you one moah chanct an' if you wuk as good as M' Jane heah, I won't git no revorce, but if you evah has anoder spell M' Jane am gwin' to step inter your shoes for sutten.'

"You may not b'lieve it, Mis' Adams, but dat gal was cured for shore. She quit her onery ways an' l'arn to cook an' wash an' sew good as anybody. She keep her house neat as a pin and Mose ain't nevah had no 'casion to call on me no moah."

Shadow-Tide

By Claribel Egbert

WHEN twilight slow descends on silent wings
And o'er the fragrant meadow broods with hush
Of shadows dim and darksome; when the thrush
Stirs softly in her nest that dips and swings
Upon the hawthorne in the hedge, and sings,
Her wee breast throbbing in the tender flush
Of mated love—ah! then ofttimes will rush
My bitter, lonely tears from heart-deep springs.

I seem to hear the tread of eager feet
From long ago, to feel the yearning fold
Of passion-tender arms. I dream through sweet,
Swift flight of years—but, O! the human hold
How frail, when silent Death sounds his retreat—
The footsteps hush—and I'm alone and old.

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

THERE are two or three points of view as to the position of the Administration in regard to the new "republic" of Panama. First, as a matter of business: The country wants an Isthmian Canal. There was a dispute about route. The Panama prevailed. Colombia tried blackmail. Panama revolted. The Canal will be built. Most Republicans, and, judging by the attitude of some of the most prominent Democratic newspapers, many Democrats stand by the Administration. There is an opportunity. Take it. That is good business. No question of morals is involved, unless it should appear that the Administration fomented the revolution. Remains the question: Was the Administration too hasty in recognizing the new republic? That is a question of judgment or of diplomatic precedent and propriety; in short, of manner rather than of matter.

WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA?

THE Commonwealth of Australia is still looking for its Federal capital. It cannot be Melbourne or Sydney. Those jealous sisters have prevented that. The American plan of creating a capital city must be followed. The House of Representatives votes for Tumut. The Senate's voice is still for Bombala. Neither of these future centres of Australian statesmanship and architecture is much bigger than a pint of cider at present. Each has perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants. So much the better. The architect and landscape gardener will have free play, and the glories of Washington, a purgatory of mud and dust and hovels seventy or eighty years ago, can be repeated. Washington is going to be the most beautiful city in the world. Tumut or Bombala has the same chance. Tyre, Sidon, Babylon, Palmyra, Carthage, Rome, Paris—and Tumut! The Australian capital with any other name would smell much sweeter. Bombala is melodious and, at the same time, explosive and formidable. A fortified word, so to speak. But what will the Australian poets rhyme it with? Whereas,

> No foe shall fell, no war shall gut
> Thy towers and spires, thou proud Tumut!

If that's the way you pronounce it.

POTATOES

THE fact that in Germany the average annual consumption of potatoes is some twenty-seven or twenty-eight bushels a head, while in the United States it is only three, shows that the Americans are more carnivorous, at least more able to spend money for meat, than their cousins over the water. It explains, in part, why Hans raises about six times as many "Irish bananas" as Jonathan raises. Hans gives three times as much space to potato-fields. But Hans also gets twice as many potatoes out of the same area. The German crop yields about 200 bushels to the acre. The American average runs from 80 to 100, say 95 or 96. Why is this? Why can't the Yankee farmers coax as many potatoes out of the hill as their brethren in Deutschland? Will Secretary Wilson or some other practical potato-planter tell us why?

TWO FARMER STATESMEN

LAST summer Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, mowed, spread, raked, pitched, loaded, "got in" incredible acres of hay, by telegraph, at least. An unworthy suspicion clings to the agricultural exploits of politicians. Can the full performance of Governor Mickey, of Nebraska, who jumped into fame by refusing to wear evening clothes or give an inauguration ball, be verified by affidavit? Scene: appropriately enough, the State Insane Asylum at Lincoln. Mr. Mickey's platform is a stack of wheat. He has grabbed a fork, "shed" his coat. He is fighting a duel with a threshing-machine. Wheat pours from the feeders. The Governor tables the bundles so fast that the

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machine itself groans in despair. "Nebraska Executive 'feeds' threshing-machines like a real farmer," cries an architect of newspaper "head-lines." Like a *real* farmer? Wait till Senator Quarles and Governor Mickey repeat their performances before a jury of real farmers.

CARNEGIE AND CANADA

THE course of Lord Alverstone in the Alaskan Boundary Commission continues to make the Canadians bristle, but the Lord Chief Justice has compensations. Mr. Andrew Carnegie says:

"Lord Alverstone and I are well acquainted."

Fortunate Lord Alverstone! His philanthropic friend is sorry for Canada and proposes humorously that she "annex the United States as Scotland annexed England." A great statesman should be more practical. It will be remembered that Mr. Carnegie offered to buy the Philippines. Why shouldn't he buy Canada and give it to the United States on condition that the two countries be federated as the United States of Carnegie?

BUSINESS AND CHRISTIANITY

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., appears to be an excellent young man, with a genuine zeal for encouraging and exhorting his brethren. In view of the malicious pleasure with which some envious souls delight to remind him of the camel and the eye of a needle, his courage is as much to be praised as his pious activity. But he does emit some queer propositions. Many such are ascribed to him by inventive reporters, but here is one which is published by a trustworthy newspaper that has no unfriendliness for the wealthy: "Be a good business man that you may be a good Christian, and be a good Christian that you may be a good business man." This has an epigrammatic flow, but it is an extraordinary proposition none the less.

I. P. S. S. AND W. D. I.

THIS is the age of specialists, as is said and written two or three thousand times a week. Give a kind hand, then, to the International Political Specialists' School and the World's Diathetic Institute. The former is to be "the political reformatory of the world"; the latter will "collect and disseminate information on the human diathesis." "Diathesis" is an imposing Greek word, which your doctor charges you from one dollar to five hundred dollars for using instead of "habit." The political reformatory is to develop "enlightenment, honesty, earnestness and sincerity in the politics of the world." The specialists have decided to spend a billion for their great purpose of diathesis and reform. It will take a good deal more than that to give enlightenment, honesty and sincerity to politics, national or international. Apparently the specialists come from Philadelphia. They will ask Congress to give them a site for their reformatory and diathetic establishment. It will be at "the exact geographical centre of the United States." Naturally this is in Kansas, which is the exact geographical centre of everything.

ROOSEVELT

OUR young friend, Theodore, is such a positive and pugnacious chap. He is always saying something or doing something. He is always treading on somebody's toes. He "butts in" where cautious, elderly angels, like Mr. Allison, of Iowa, for instance, would fear to tread. He scandalizes venerable politic sages and wide-ruling bosses by shaking his fist in their faces. There are Senators and Representatives of his own party who will scarcely go to the White House; who regard him with a wonder verging on hatred; who would like to "rip him up the back," as the phrase is. A politician, brooding in the Amen Corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other night, said solemnly and with no intention of irony: "Roosevelt ain't got any strength outside of the people." The November elections showed that that strength is increasing and not diminishing. Ohio couldn't have done more for McKinley than she did for Roosevelt. Pennsylvania gave an "old-time" majority. The Democratic plurality in New York City was cut down one-half from what it was in 1902. Nebraska and Colorado are Republican. In fact, there is not much comfort anywhere for Roosevelt's Republican enemies or for the Democrats. "Bar a panic or a clever series of big strikes in 1904," said a shrewd old Democratic campaigner last month, "there's nothing for us

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to do but to get in good shape for 1908." Sad, but true.

THE DOLLAR AND THE STRING

SPEAKING on "The Moral Side of Our Corporation Policy," Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, says that "three or five men can enter a room, lay one silver dollar on a table, call it 'assets,' create a capital of one million dollars, get a State seal on the charter, and go on with the enterprise." We don't like to charge a United States Judge with inaccuracy, but doesn't Judge Grosscup greatly overestimate the amount of cold cash, even "with a string to it," that is needed for the creation of a "giant" corporation?

THE CASHIER OF THE YELLVILLE BANK

A HYMN of triumph to all-conquering woman! Every day her sway enlarges. Every hour she crowds some man out of a job for which she is better fitted. Everybody has heard of that Arkansas classic spot, Yellville, the seat of Colonel Yell, whose accounts might be crooked, but whose heart beat warmly for his native land. Yellville now boasts a much more interesting figure. For a number of years Miss Florence Layton has been cashier of the Yellville Bank. She is a very handsome cashier to look at, and "no man has been able to overreach her in a business way." She is one of the owners of the bank. She handles thousands of dollars every business day. She is an able business woman in banking hours, and is just as agreeable in society as if—probably even more agreeable than if—she were perfectly ignorant of business. It is impossible not to admire her, even if she is the harbinger of a country full of woman bank cashiers. A woman bank cashier may be able to refuse a loan more graciously than the sharp financier with austere little white side-whiskers and the manner "of God Almighty to a black beetle."

WAR AND PEACE

HERE is the meat of two cable dispatches printed on the same day in the same paper. Russia has decided to give 14,000,000 rubles, in addition to the regular naval budget, to increase the fleet, and 3,000,000 rubles for the Port Arthur fortifications. The second tells of bad Russian harvests. Wheat must be confiscated. Peasants have to sell their cattle for want of forage. Great suffering among the rural population. So, a few months ago, there was immense Russian military and naval activity and bluster, and great strikes in southern Russia. "Every peasant carries a soldier on his back," but even that stupid, patient moujik's back may get tired sometimes.

A LAKE-TO-OCEAN CANAL

WITH only the slightest public notice and with virtually no public interest, the first step has been taken in what may be one of the mightiest of engineering and commercial enterprises. The last River and Harbor Bill authorized the President to appoint Commissioners "to report upon the advisability of locating a dam at the outlet of Lake Erie." Mr. Roosevelt has named three Commissioners to investigate, in co-operation with three British Commissioners, water routes from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. It is possible that an American-Canadian neutral ship canal from the Lakes to the sea may be the ultimate result of the labors of the joint commission. Who can estimate adequately the commercial and political effects of such a canal?

DISASTERS IN THE SUN

SUN-SPOTS may come to be the object of as much superstitious fear as comets and "stars with trains of fire and dews of blood" used to be and are yet, for that matter, to most of the human race. The connection between sun-spots and famines in India has been demonstrated or asserted with great plausibility. Last fall a majestic storm, accompanied with much auroral display, interfered with the telegraph service and the running of electric cars in several parts of the world. The sun "broke out" badly, so to speak. Sun-spots, each as big as our poor planet, were surrounded with vapors and gases covering an area Heaven and the astronomers only know how large. According to one theory, electrified particles like cathode rays are fired from the sun with "inconceivable velocity," as the schoolbooks on natural philosophy used to say.

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These form an electric current which, penetrating the atmosphere of the earth, sets going the Aurora Borealis, the "banners of the sun." If that current comes near enough to the earth, it is apt to commit all sorts of magnetic and electric excesses. At any rate, there is a coincidence between sun-spots and "magnetic disturbance." It is among the innumerable curiosities of that old curiosity shop, the universe, that an explosion in the sun should tie up electric cars in Geneva or prevent Bill Jones from telegraphing to his wife that he is "unavoidably detained; don't wait dinner."

HEART TROUBLE, SPORT, AND STATISTICS

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, President of Clark University at Worcester, Mass., and long a reaper and gleaner of statistics, is one of the many powerful minds that are harrowed by college athletics. Doting fathers and mothers will please read this assertion of President Wright's and tremble duly:

"A noted statistician shows that men who are trained for sports in college are apt to have heart trouble."

Another noted statistician shows that men who are not trained for college sports are apt to have heart trouble. Still a third noted statistician shows that noted statisticians are apt to have heart trouble, and that many of them have died for want of breath. "Heart trouble" or "heart failure" includes most diseases except statistics.

THE COMEDY IN ASIA

Russia and China, that old slyboots, are playing a droll comedy. Russia "evacuated" Manchuria, by staying in it. By treaty with the United States, China makes Mukden, in Manchuria, an open port. Russia reoccupied Mukden because the Chinese Government wouldn't cut off the head of a Chinese official who shortened by a head a Chinese brigand who had been useful to Russia in her benevolent designs. The Chinese Minister at Washington appeals to the United States Government for help against the pernicious activity of Russia. To play one foreign devil of a Power against the other is the old Chinese game, and a very good one. A Chinese treaty stipulation about a port in what is virtually Russian territory is another joke. So comedy comes in to console the audience for the apparent temporary postponement of the Russian-Japanese tragedy.

THE EMANCIPATED MULE

The towpath mule is plodding his weary way in Egypt and Assyria. Is he getting near the end of his journey? The engineers have been testing the "electric mule" on the Erie Canal. The electric-motor mule stands about three feet high, two wide, ten long. It runs on rails, built on the towpath edge on an elevated traction-way, one rail above the other, and has about eighty horse-power. It will pull heavy loads at twice the speed, or want of it, attained by the four-footed mule; and further improvements of it may be looked for. The emancipation of the mule approaches.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR

Dr. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was the first foreigner to ride on those lightning motor cars of the Marienfelde-Zossen military railroad. It is difficult to keep up with German engineers on the road. They made a speed of nearly 130 miles an hour some time ago, and they may be making the figures 150 at this moment. The impressions of Dr. Pritchett, a highly competent and conservative man, as to the commercial application of such motors in the United States are worth having. Any speed above one hundred miles he regards as a scientific curiosity or superfluity. There is no money in it. But he thinks that rapid electric traction would be commercially successful on American roads with low grades, few curves, and heavily ballasted. Between New York and Washington, for instance. Wait a few years and you may be taking the Mile-Eater Electric Express, Limited.

INNOCENT MEN AND THE ROGUES' GALLERY

Mr. Roland B. Molineux, of Brooklyn, was acquitted of murder. Though that is nothing to the present purpose, the community in general held that no other verdict could have been rendered. At any rate, in the eye of the law he is an innocent man. He brought suit against the Superintendent

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of State Prisons to force that official to remove from Sing Sing Prison the photographs and "measurements," the "criminal record," so to speak, of Mr. Molineux. Common sense and common justice would seem to have been on Mr. Molineux's side. In the eye of the law he is as innocent as Bishop Potter. That he has been arrested, tried, convicted, imprisoned, gives the police authorities and the prison authorities no rights against him or over him that they have not over the rest of us. A jury has pronounced him innocent. What right has the State to continue to regard him as a criminal? In what respect are his rights inferior to those of us who have not had his misfortunes?

The Courts have refused to interfere. It is the law, apparently, that legally established innocence shall not be recognized by the autocrats of the prison and the police. Then the law should be changed in double-quick time.

THE COOING OF THE DOVE

THE Hay-Pauncefote arbitration treaty, which failed in the United States Senate, has now received the sincere flattery of imitation. The treaty of arbitration which has been negotiated between the English and French foreign offices is modelled after the Hay-Pauncefote document. While not committing the two powers to refer every dispute that may arise between them to arbitration, it presents for the submission, so far as possible, of Anglo-French controversies to the Hague Arbitration Court or to a special tribunal, composed of one member chosen by each power and a third to be selected by such third power as the two powers agree upon. Following the visit of Edward VII. to France and of President Loubet and a delegation of French deputies to London, the Anglo-French treaty indicates more sensible and cordial relations between John Bull and Jean Crapaud than have prevailed for a good many years. The welcome of the King and Queen of Italy to Paris marks the cessation, for the present at least, of the estrangement between Italy and France. All this cooing of international doves is very pretty; but the vultures are hardier birds.

THE MIRROR OF WOMEN

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the young "tabloid" journalist, who founds a newspaper or a magazine every other week, has established the *London Daily Mirror* for the benefit of the women. The *Mirror* is twenty small pages for two cents. It scorns to reflect politics. That exclusion seems to cut it off from the good graces of the feminine "classes." Politics are a powerful element of English society, as society is a powerful element of English politics. All the "strugglers" are eager to imitate the socially "arrived," so that Mr. Harmsworth's venture after its first success of curiosity may have difficulty in finding readers. There are curious Sunday papers for the housemaids and the cooks. English women are conservative. The girl is severely suppressed. The married woman is distinctly the inferior of her lord, and the easy subservience of the American husband is unknown in Great Britain. The diversified interests of the American woman, who in many cases makes her own dresses, does her own housework, and yet finds time to belong to clubs and wrestle with Dante, would strike the British matron with amazement or horror. But there is one strong card in Alfred the Great's hand. If he will give enough columns of "society" intelligence and lists of fashionable names; diffuse, in short, the glitter of the *Morning Post* into lower-middle and upper-lower society, his *Mirror* may remain unbroken.

THE BEANS OF KOKOMO

MARRIAGE and death and division make barren our lives, according to Mr. Swinburne. Beans, black beans, were used by antique juries as ballots for conviction and death, In the Indiana town of Kokomo, which sounds like a carol or a crow, beans have been an agent of division and divorce. Mrs. Arabella Elliott, suing for divorce, told the court that for two long years her husband made her live on beans. Nothing but beans, three times a day and Sundays. The vision foreseen by a minstrel of the Boston-stage some thirty years ago was an actuality in this Kokomo home: "Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans for lunch and tea." The lady was not strong enough to live by beans alone. But do not condemn her husband. He may have held that beans are the food of thought. He may have been seeking to improve her mind through her diet. Beans have a high standing as the raw material of literature. They have the additional merit of being cheap. Who knows what, say, fifty

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years of beans might accomplish for intellectuals and the bank account?

THE MONKEY AND THE BABY-MAN

DIVERS worthy moralists, male and female, who never saw a member of the Four Hundred—those sacred Manhattan cows and calves—are not above earning an honest penny by lecturing or writing sternly about them. Their frivolous amusements cause the moralists much pain. Is there any reason to suppose that the Four Hundred are any more frivolous than other folk? If a monkey at a Newport dinner-party is a frivolous amusement, what is a "shirt and pants" party in Deaf Smith County, Texas? Why should anybody object to those innocent and infantine diversions in which most societies, cultivated or uncultivated, take occasional delight? We can't all be intellectual all the time. What is the latest form of sport in that sophisticated Paris? The "baby-party." A grown man puts on a baby-cap and bib and has a nursing-bottle. Opposite to him, a woman in the garb of a nurse, scolds him, talks baby-talk to him, and finally bestows a stick of candy on him. What idiocy, you say. Very like. But what harmless idiocy. Surely it does no hurt for even wicked people to play at childhood.

A SMALL PRODUCER

THE late Professor Mommsen, the author of more than a hundred books, estimated that he had committed to print more than twenty-four thousand words—good, fat, long, many-legged German words. Mommsen thought that he had written too much. He was inclined to be surprised at the volume of his output. Yet he was only a small producer by the side of some of our industrious American speakers. Twenty-four million words is only a fair week's work for Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, or Mr. Jerome, of New York; and Mr. Depew, of New York, would lose his health if he produced less than a hundred millions a month.

THE RECEIVER AND THE TRUST

THE receiver of the United States Shipbuilding Company characterized the organization of that grand combine as an "artistic swindle," a phrase which has given much pleasure to persons who have no sympathy with the operations of financial genius. A moment's thought will show the injustice of this receiver's language. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the master spirit in the shipyard combine, is the same man whom the country was looking up to reverently in 1902. Then he was an example for young men to imitate. He had come up from nothing to millions. He got an enormous salary. All the teachers of success pointed at him with pride. He was a hero then. He is just as heroic now as he was then. He has not changed. As for dummy directors, false statements, the issue of millions of stock based on nothing and the piling up of bonds without any regard to the value of the security, these are part of the ordinary tactics of Captains of Industry. This virtuous indignation is a little late. Besides, was the shipyard combine an artistic swindle? $55,000,000 of water to $12,000,000 of actual value; wasn't that rather moderate and conservative for a trust?

PSYCHOLOGICAL MILK

A CURIOUS fact in the psychology of cows is communicated to the world by the staff of the Technical College at Chelmsford, England. Cow-study has taught these experts that the cow is full of nervous sensibility and given to likes and dislikes. To a sympathetic milker, who is in harmony with her, she will yield much more milk than to a brutal, stolid, or unsympathetic milker. For instance, one Chelmsford milky mother of herds gave her favorite milker nineteen pounds of milk, while to a less agreeable or intelligent hand she afforded only fifteen. Our farmers do not give time enough to cow-psychology. The more psychology, the more milk.

THE MAN THAT SOLVED THE TRUST PROBLEM

MANY thinkers have thought long thoughts about the trusts. Many orators have sputtered at them. Many platforms have ordered them to be regulated or abolished. Many editors have sailed into boiling seas of ink to harpoon those octopuses. At last the predestined and supreme economist has come. Now we know what to think about trusts. Dr. Charles S. Edmonds, of the Central High School of Philadelphia, is the happy man.

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At a Teachers' Institute he poured forth this impressive doctrine: "Trusts are economical; they reduce prices generally, and increase the quality of manufactured products." These admirable beneficial results of the trusts might have remained unknown to a careless generation had not this gifted school-teacher revealed the secret. The trust question is settled. Give us something harder.

$25,000 REWARD

Do you want $25,000? Here's your chance. California, which produces so many grapes, is eager to learn how to make grape acids out of them. Grape acids are raw materials for tartaric acid. The United States is a large importer of them. As the grape ripens, a part of its acid changes into sugar. The problem is to change that sugar back into acid, especially tartaric acid, which is worth some thirty-one cents a pound wholesale, while to change measure into weight, a pound of California wine, made from grapes costing $10 a ton, is worth only about a cent. There ought to be money for the alchemist who can transmute that sugar into acid. The American Grape Acid Association of San Francisco offers him $25,000, and gives him until December 1, 1904, to earn it. The money has been "put up" with Mr. Daniel Meyer, banker. Young chemists, go and catch that tartaric acid, that little nest-egg.

LITTLE FLAW, BIG MACHINE

THE aggregate transactions of the postal service for the last fiscal year amounted to more than a billion dollars. Additional safeguards in accounting methods are needed and have been recommended. The responsibility for their rejection or adoption rests with Congress. All things considered, the wonder is not that there are abuses, as there always have been and will be in a business so great and so widely distributed, but that they are not greater.

MISSOURI AND CATHAY

GINSENG root is Chinese cure-all. Why, nobody knows. Why does a Chinaman shake his own hand? Chinese characters are plain English compared with the mysteries of the Chinese character. Ginseng is an ordinary carroty plant, with a root some five inches long. Like that once famous magical plant, mandragora, it is supposed to look like a man. The more human it looks, the more money Ah Sin will give for it. Is anything wrong with his inwards? He chews and swallows a morsel of "seng" root and lives happy. Has he a leg-ache? He applies as a liniment a piece of the "seng" root which resembles a leg. The stuff brings from five dollars to ten dollars a pound; and it is said that one acre of land will grow 100,000 plants, producing $25,000 in five years. Professor Howard, of the Missouri Agricultural College, tells the Missouri farmers to devote themselves to ginseng, which grows in many parts of the Central States, but best in the Ozark district of Missouri. Bugs don't bother it. Dry weather doesn't hurt it. It prefers a bad, rocky, parched, hilly soil. It will thrive where nothing else will. Professor Howard urges women and children to cultivate little ginseng gardens and get rich. There is plenty of ginseng soil, hard, scrubby, strong, stubborn. Shall we not turn in and raise medicine for our oblique-eyed brethren?

FACT vs. IMAGINATION

THERE was a thrilling tale in the papers last month relating the heroism of Senorita Manuela Hernandez Flores, the beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of the mayor of Linares, Mexico. A scourge of yellow fever had depopulated the town and stricken down all the civic officials. Whereupon Senorita Manuela was represented as nobly stepping in and executing the work of the mayor, the treasurer and the secretary at the risk of her life. A right feverous tale it made, too, told to the limits of its possibilities. Investigations, however, revealed a less sensational condition. Here is a letter from the heroine in which she modestly discounts the tales told about her.

LINARES, October 12, 1903.

THE EDITOR OF EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your letter of the 28th of September in which you show that you have been misled as to my person and endeavor in the yellow fever epidemic. I have received so many letters these last few days that I have no time to answer all. This is a city of about 10,000 inhabitants. I am the telephone girl; it is a long-distance telephone, connecting with the capital of the State and other towns. Because all the public officials are either sick or dead, and my office being in the Town Hall, and the only person that speaks English I was thought it at the Presbyterian Mission here very like-

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ly gave cause to some American reporter or doctor that I was everything. It would be impossible for any one person to do all the work of the offices the papers mention. I am officially only the telephone operator. I was sick but got strong enough to do my work. I support my widowed mother, sister, and brothers. I have no photograph of myself and there is not a photographer in town. I have the will to do all they say, but there is no occasion for it. The yellow fever is having the town, and there are hardly any people left in it to die.

Yours truly,
(signed) MANUELA HERNANDEZ FLORES.

"A LAND-OFFICE BUSINESS"

THE report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1903 shows that land-hunger is still very keen. Nearly twenty-three million acres of public land were appropriated. The land frauds said to have been perpetrated by a gang of speculators on the Pacific Coast have been under investigation by the Secretary of the Interior for more than a year. Some hundreds of thousands of acres are involved, but the area for which fraudulent patents were obtained seems to have been greatly exaggerated by some inventive newspapers. It is easy to swell with anger over such frauds, which are going on all the time. The proper reflection for the moralist in these cases is this: The Government is always regarded as fair game. Plenty of tolerably honest citizens, who had rather die than pick a pocket, will pick the pockets of the Government with the utmost unconcern; and they and their friends regard themselves as wronged men if the Government tries to prosecute them.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

GENERAL satisfaction is expressed over the award of prizes at the Carnegie Institute's Annual Exhibition of this year. To Frank W. Benson, of Boston, fell first honors, entailing the gold medal and $1,500 in cash. Mr. Benson's winning picture, which is executed with his customary charm of feeling and of color, is entitled "A Woman Reading." Its appeal is neither deep nor subtle, but it is unmistakable. The medal of the second class, in silver, and carrying with it $1,000, went to Bryson Burroughs, of New York, for his "Ariadne Abandoned;" a canvas which shows beauty in the landscape, and not a little suppressed dramatic power in the forlorn, forsaken figure. The third-class prize was captured by a pure landscape called "An Abandoned Quarry," by W. L. Lathrop, and honorable mentions were awarded "The Robbers," by Van Dearing Perrine, and "Pont Aven," by David Ericson. The exhibition as a whole proved a notable success, there being an especially strong showing of portraits, the most characteristic among which were Boldini's seated likeness of Whistler, and Blanche's Aubrey Beardsley.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE PORTRAIT SHOW

NEVER, perhaps, has this country seen a more notable assemblage of portraits than those placed on view at the American Art Galleries in New York, for the benefit of the New York Orthopædic Hospital. Wealthy collectors and amateurs on all sides responded with generous enthusiasm, and the number of distinguished portraits by old and modern masters was a revelation to the public. It is estimated that $2,000,000 would not cover the cost of the various canvases, and their present value is probably greatly in excess of that amount. Mr. William C. Whitney's superb full-length "William Villiers, Vicomte Grandisson," by Van Dyck, was easily the most effective among the old masters and also one of the highest priced, its value being $125,000. Mr. James W. Ellsworth's "Portrait of a Man," by Rembrandt, and Rembrandt's "Standard Bearer," owned by Mr. George J. Gould, proved, however, of kindred interest. The showing made by moderns such as Sargent, who led with twelve canvases, and by Chase, Funk, Von Glehn, Wiles, Reid, Franzen, and others was most creditable. Obviously, portraits are popular both with owners and with the public, and can be counted on in the interests of charity and of art.

THE ART OF MARY CASSATT

THERE is every reason to claim for Miss Cassatt the foremost position among American women painters of to-day. The beauty, seriousness, and depth of feeling which characterize her work, together with its

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strong, thoroughly modern technique, place it quite apart. Although living almost continuously abroad, Miss Cassatt frequently exhibits on this side, the recent display at MM. Durand-Ruels', in New York, offering renewed opportunity for a study of her work both in oils and in pastel. Miss Cassatt's theme is motherhood. She paints not the seductive allure of the woman of the world, but the tender and intimate relation which exists between mother and child. Her art recalls the art of Degas or Renoir, but in the treatment of her single theme she excels both of them. In her eyes mother and child are a unit, they lead a common existence, their expressions are associated, and in all her pictures they seem as one. Miss Cassatt is a Pennsylvanian, a sister of A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in art she is not less distinguished than is her brother in railway and financial circles.

CAMILLE PISSARRO

FAR too little attention has been paid to the passing of Camille Pissarro, one of the greatest of French Impressionists, whose death occurred the other day in Paris as the result of an unsuccessful operation. Pissarro, who was seventy-three years of age, was born at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and although his pictures have regularly been seen here he never visited this country. Though for many years celebrated as the chief successor of Millet and the leading painter of Norman peasant life and landscape, Pissarro lived to become one of the prominent exponents of the new movement headed by Claude Monet. He passed his summers in Normandy, and after he became too old to work out of doors in all weather he migrated to Paris during the winter. Like Millet, Pissarro experienced the direst poverty, and was once discovered living in a cottage which boasted neither floor nor roof. Still he kept heart and painted his tender, joyous bits of landscape, dotted by tall poplars and bathed in sunlight. Even from his garret window overlooking Paris he caught glimpses of light and atmosphere, which he rendered with that same bright charm, the secret of which he never seemed to lose. Apropos of the passing of Pissarro it is interesting to note that Monet, the greatest of the prismatic painters, still lives and has, after years of derision, witnessed the general acceptance of his theories.

AUTOMOBILES AND UGLINESS

Now that the automobile has become part of the mechanism of modern life, its æsthetic as well as its speed possibilities are under consideration. Certain serious-minded souls, fearful lest beauty be sacrificed to utility, have inaugurated a campaign for the regeneration of the auto. The most energetic of these crusaders is Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., who has recently appealed to English manufacturers to introduce better lines and more becoming proportions into their machines. As the more progressive French firms have also been studying this side of the question, we may shortly see a decided improvement in construction. Before long there may appear on our streets autos which are models of Louis XV., Empire, or Art Nouveau styles. Racing machines in the form of sea-gulls, or cars for ceremonial occasions in the guise of stately swans, are quite within the range of possibility. As a matter of fact, that element of utility so tabooed by artistic spirits is the very factor which prevents such exaggerations. The auto will undoubtedly improve in appearance, as the hull of a yacht has, but the betterment will be along rational and rigidly practical lines.

Books

THE TEMPERAMENT AND MOTHER

LILLIAN BELL has never struck better than when she described the artistic temperament from the standpoint of its bewildered mother in her "Book of Girls." According to Mrs. Tappan, the artistic temperament is "the blues. It's hysterics. It's caring for music and art and literature so's you can't be polite to your own mother." Here is a homely protest sure to find an echo in many a troubled Philistinic breast that has unwittingly mothered a genius. The fine irritability of the artist is no doubt a necessary part of his equipment—the proof of his minute sensitiveness; but heaven help the non-comprehending women and children! The fable of the Princess and the Pea stays perenially modern; and no doubt the Princess was not polite to her own mother, if that royal dame was not of the temperament elect.

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THE MASTER ROGUE: A CHARACTER DESCRIPTION THAT MIGHT HAVE HAD AN ORIGINAL

To sit up till two of the morning, enjoying the company of a rogue—it looks bad. So was the rogue—but no less good company, though he never meant it. The Master Rogue he was, too, fathered to the world by David Graham Phillips. No common deceiver or thief, but a many-millionaire—such a man as "promotes" ship trusts, burns his candle night and day, breaks wife and children when they do not bow like slaves, lies, steals, ruins towns, blasts lives by scores, hates himself, believes in nothing noble, is consumed, rusted away, rotted to a moral abomination by the lust of gold and power; a man crazy with egotism, weak in every quality of manhood, strong only in ambition, mighty through nothing but lack of conscience, self-deceived and duped by the flattery of the very ones he too much despised to fathom; vulgar, base, proud, ashamed, mad with power and yet impotent, writing out all his pitiable revelation, betraying the fearful hell of his own soul and the pitiful heaven of his pleasures in his own story of his life; a Master Rogue indeed, abject, cursed, and accurately duplicated, now in this, now in that, now in many things, by more than one of the M. R.'s of our present madness. Mr. Phillips's character study needs only to include all the class of the Master Rogues to be relentless satire.

"THE SOCIAL UNREST"

It is a pity that a work which has required such qualifications and such preparation on the part of the author, and which offers so much of suggestion to the reader as "The Social Unrest," by John Graham Brooks, should elicit so little comment and presumably reap so small a reward. Mr. Brooks is, and has been for many years, a sincere student of social conditions and social tendencies. He calls himself a socialist, but he is far from being the cross between a walking delegate and an anarchist which that much-abused term has come to suggest to us. He is a socialist rather in the sense that all of us who think must come to be. He is a keen thinker and a concise writer. He approaches his subject as a seeker after truth and not as a rider of a hobby nor as a grinder of axes. His volume could be read with profit by every citizen of the Republic.

THE THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTS OF CARISABEL

Carisabel discusses frankness:

"Between friends, then, what would your high standing as a follower of William Morris, and a purchaser of 'mission furniture' be worth to you, in comparison with the joy of freedom to be out with: 'How I hate those Botticellis—long, lank things with hideous faces,' or that other sincere utterance: 'I'm sick to death of moth-eaten Persian rugs, all faded out and with holes in them' and would you not cheerfully resign an impressionistic poster sent you from Paris for the pure pleasure of going down town with a friend of opinions like your own, and buying a bright Brussels rug, with a dog on it rescuing a child from drowning?"

Carisabel on conversation:

"A wise conversationalist will avoid referring to eventful circumstances in which he or she participated. People who were in the Ischia earthquake tell me that they have never regained their position in society since that experience. They are suspected of wanting to tell about it. And a poor lady who was in the Union Depot explosion in New York, and had consoled herself with the reflection that now she had something to talk about, says that she has never been able to get further than the announcement that she was whirled against a stone wall."

Carisabel has thoughts on marriage:

"A girl should not consider the suit of a man who owns to a love of fiction. Why a novel is considered unmanly reading, and why if his wife gets one for him, she should think it necessary to explain to the librarian that he only reads fiction as a sedative when he is kept awake by his profound thoughts, we will know when we know the lost art of colouring. Even Jane and I are apt to disclaim a love of light literature on the part of our men folk, and when John was absorbed in 'Mamie's Lover,' we screened him from the housemaid."

Think some more, Carisabel!

"WHERE LOVE IS"

Norma could not find her soul. The more she circulated her indifferent beauty in the London world of fashion, the further it receded from her. But Jimmie knew where it was. He had it in charge, and the way to it was through the dinner of herbs — and Jimmie. Norma almost attained it, after many days of struggle. Then there came a morning when the herbs were not sweet to her

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nostrils, and she flung over the quest to elope with an American millionnaire provided for the purpose. The reader is disappointed. Norma needed that soul more than she needed the diamonds that were finally victorious. Besides, with a little intelligent help the dinner of herbs might have been furbished up a bit. And Jimmie was a good fellow. The author — W. J. Locke — has given a hard, ugly picture of London social life, but an interesting story and an appreciable amount of human truth.

"MERRY HEARTS"

THERE is a perennial theme which crops up persistently in the first book of the writer who is young and feminine, and a dweller in New York. This maiden effort can scarcely escape concerning itself with two devoted bachelor maids, one who writes and one who paints; they inevitably live together in a tiny apartment and practice amusing economies and have a lover apiece, and there is a general atmosphere of bagdad and hat-pins. Anne Story Allen has not departed from the traditional type in her "Merry Hearts," but she has much improved on it; her characters are bright and natural, but escape the trying exuberance of the typical she-bachelor of fiction, while the episodes have a pleasant novelty. Miss Allen, who is both young and pretty, has published a number of short stories, and perhaps this first book must be called a long short story, but undoubtedly there are novels to come.

"THE CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE"

COMMON-SENSE is often a great detriment to perfect enjoyment of novels. For instance, all through "The Circle in the Square" the practical reader is haunted by the knowledge that if Shan does get his fair, frail, petted Sara, he will be saddling himself with a good deal of a burden. Sara was of the sort that inevitably becomes an invalid after a very few years of married life and hangs a graceful dead-weight about a man's neck ever after. Shan deserved something better. He won his Sara, and to all outer seeming the book ends happily; but the experienced will find cause for a sigh. The author, Baldwin Sears—who, by the way, is a woman—has given a strong picture of Southern life and its conditions, both social and political, in a small town of aristocratic traditions.

"THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF GREAT MUSICIANS"

Two large and handsome volumes, standing for months of diligent research, prove just one thing—that "the love affairs of great musicians" are uncommonly similar to the love affairs of great bricklayers, or book agents, or millionaires, or any other order of beings. Their common genius, setting them apart from other men, seems to have given them little or nothing in common in their manner of loving. One proves faithless and treacherous, but another, with an equal gift of music, is an exemplary husband and father. One has many loves before he finds the real, another lays all his heart before the one pair of feet—exactly like our neighbor Willie and our cousin George. Their letters are impassioned; but no more so than those our sister Gertrude is receiving from a rising young corporation lawyer in Detroit. Genius or grub, it seems that a man's a man for a' that, and we are grateful to Rupert Hughes for proving it to us.

"THE CHANGE OF HEART"

"FROM that very minute I knew my farm and orchards and all were just like my cat's red tassels," says a prosperous spinster in Margaret Sutton Briscoe's book of short stories called "The Change of Heart." The sudden realization of her loneliness came just after, without so much as a "by your leave," she had put a stranger's lame horse in her stable, and its owner had tagged after her to the house. It is one of the characteristic moments for which and about which these stories are written—quick flashes of insight or self-revelation set as the crises in rather unusual situations. Some are more distinctly spiritual than that of the eccentric spinster; a young doctor is called out in the middle of the night to settle a difficulty between a simple-hearted young husband and wife, and finds their problem a duplicate of his own; a bishop and his wife, trying to decide for which of their daughter's suitors they shall cast their influence, are confronted by the wife's recollection of her own narrow escape from marrying the man her friends,

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but not her heart, chose for her. If, perhaps, one or two of the situations are unique to the point of unreality, the delicately suggestive morals in all of their solutions are closely applicable to common human experience; no moment of clear vision is left without its appropriate fulfilment.

"TOMMY WIDEAWAKE" AND "GEE BOY"

"TOMMY is not an ordinary boy," said the father of "Tommy Wideawake," in H. H. Bashford's little book of that name, when committing his only son to the care of his four dismayed, but loyal, bachelor friends. But the charm of the story would be lost if Tommy were not an ordinary boy, at least a normal one, with all that means of bounding vigor, wild joy in mere living, and wholesome views of life. Only an ordinary, genuine, out-of-door boy could in one afternoon have transformed a shy, anti-destructionist poet into an enthusiastic killer of water-rats; or cajoled another staid bachelor into the undignified joys of a swimming-hole, on a bright April day. "Gee-Boy," however, is by no means ordinary, though none the less real. The difference between him and the normal child is not so much that he asked of the universe an unusual number of hard questions—questions common to the child and the philosopher—but that, finding no answers, he refused to accept the commonplace of daily living in the stead of unknowable truth. The story of the clashes between his illusions and reality is full of charming humor, sadness, and at the last hope.

TWO BOOKS AND AN EVENT

THE event is the defeat of the reform ticket in New York. The two books are "The Master Rogue" and Jack London's "The People of the Abyss." The books persistently suggest each other, because they treat of things which, if not cause and effect, are at least most closely related and have to be thought of together. Mr. Phillips's book tells of the devil into which the successful passion for money and power can turn a man; Mr. London's describes the hell of starvation, oppression, and hopelessness into which tens of thousands are born, and in which they live and die—an abyss which Mr. Riis's books show to be as deep in the metropolis of America as in that of Great Britain. Together, they bring home irresistibly to the mind the fearful problem which (as Mr. London points out) twentieth century civilization must solve or be set down a failure—the problem of the balances, wherein now misery dangles in the lowest pit and opulent indifference and relentless oppression gayly kick the golden clouds. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of these books comes the defeat in New York of the only administration in years that has attempted anything which might in the course of time help to relieve the suffering many-tenths—a defeat made possible by the votes of these helpless sacrifices themselves, as hungry and as miserable under reform as under "graft," who are hopeless of any improvement that would dip down to them, and no longer ask anything but a chance to gather what pickings, good or ill, they can to help them to forget their gray foul path to the rotting paupers' graveyard. It is the great populace, writing with the ballot its philosophy of life in a misconceived but mighty Rubáiyát. Books and events like these, holding up stern facts before all eyes, compel more than attention:

> "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—*lest we forget!*"

THE HESPERIAN HILLS, WITH SOME LAUDATION OF MOUNTAIN LIFE

HAMLIN GARLAND'S new book has the romantic and attractive name "Hesper" as its title. The title is not so good as was "Her Mountain Lover" or "Main-Travelled Roads," but there is no questioning the interest of the story. The new book, however, like "Her Mountain Lover," lacks the dramatic intensity one found in the much earlier work of "Main-Travelled Roads." There Mr. Garland was telling of the primal struggle of men with nature and the forces of social conditions; his people were unromantic, commonplace, sordid, crushed, but they were engaged in the great conflict with fate that made their lives a tragedy. It is not so in the later books; the two here named are semi-romantic laudations of the mountaineer's free life and enfranchised spirit, in contrast with the narrow life and moribund soul of "city people." What the author says is true, but it is only one-sided truth; he is holding a brief; he tells of struggles, but not with the intensity of earnestness

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he had when describing those crude lives of the prairie in combat with a too strong destiny. Even the type of character he lauds is, in the form he gives it, ephemeral. Something of personal conviction, something of the stirring of his own deepest feeling, is absent from the later work.

METROPOLITAN OPERA AND THE OPERA-HOUSE

AMONG the many changes wrought by Herr Conried since he took over the management of the American Grand Opera-House, none is more radical than that which he has effected in the opera-house itself. In the matter of scene-shifting and illumination the Metropolitan has always been behind all the great opera-houses in the world. In some instances it has been quite impossible to follow Wagner's stage directions, owing to lack of proper facilities; at all times the scenic effects obtainable have been crude and inadequate. Wagner laid great stress on the importance of setting, and on the close correspondence that should exist between the music and the pictorial effects on the stage. Realizing these defects, Herr Conried sent for Herr Lautenschläger, the builder of the Prince Regent Theatre in Europe, which is acknowledged the most perfect opera-house in the world, and for some months past he has been engaged in bringing the Metropolitan's stage up to date. While heretofore we have had to content ourselves with only two sides of Wagner's "art work of the future," we may now look for rounded and complete performances.

GADSKI, HAUSFRAU

A TRUE German Hausfrau is Madame Gadski, perhaps the only singer of the Opera Company who finds relief from her professional labors by turning to household duties. Although her Paris gowns are now elaborate and expensive confections, at the beginning of her stage career she spent little upon dressmakers and milliners, constructing much of her wardrobe with her own hands. The gorgeous bridal robe she wears to-day in "Lohengrin" is quite a different affair from the wedding-garment of five years ago, a white satin on which the Lion of Brabant, rampant and nearly life size, clawed the air. He was an awesome beast, but Elsa regarded him with natural pride, for she had embroidered him and knew what myriads of beautiful stitches were in his make-up. Needlework, however, holds only second place in Gadski's favor. She loves to cook and does it like a chef. No one enjoys more the good things of the table, or believes more in the necessity of abundant nourishment, and she will remind you that her system is a success, since she never has to abandon a performance on the ground of "sudden indisposition," nor to lie abed beyond rehearsal hour because of "nerves."

A GENEROUS PRIMA DONNA

ONE of the prettiest acts of a great singer is an occasional burst of generosity with her talent. Mme. Schumann-Heink recently won the whole heart of a small Connecticut town, whose women's club was inaugurating its existence with a song recital, by spontaneously doubling her programme at the last moment. The arrangement had been made for the singer by the Metropolitan Opera-House authorities while she was away on a tour, and a few days before the event the club president was dismayed to receive the typewritten copy of a very meagre programme, containing only two groups of songs and an aria. She wrote an appealing letter to the singer, who did not return to read it until noon the day of the concert. Meanwhile, of course, the programme had been printed, and a disappointed president met the singer at the village station that evening. They drove straight to the hall, where the audience was already assembling, and when they parted at the stage door, the president was beaming. Ten minutes later it was announced that Mme. Schumann-Heink, noting that the programme was rather short, had brought with her some music, and would open the recital with selections from Schumann's "Frauenlieben und Leben." She gave six songs from the wonderful cycle and an aria from St. Paul, singing her best, although she had been out on the road eight nights running. At the end an enthusiastic crowd surged about her, and a happy president waited in the background till they were alone. Then, approaching with both hands extended, she suddenly found herself lifted bodily by Schumann-Heink's strong arms

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and folded in an ample embrace. The impulsive act was characteristic of the singer, whose heart is as warm as her voice.

A GREAT CONDUCTOR

INAUGURATING its new policy, the Philharmonic Society, of New York, gave its first concert under the baton of Mr. Edouard Colonne, one of the five noted European conductors whom the Society has invited to direct the orchestra during the coming season. For twenty years Mr. Colonne's Sunday afternoon concerts have been a feature of the Paris musical season. Made up of serious and cultivated musicians, thoroughly learned in their leader's methods and lines of thought, the Colonne orchestra is famous in Europe for the breadth, the scholarliness, the vitality of its readings. That Mr. Colonne should obtain as fine results from an orchestra unversed in his traditions and with whom he could have had but one or two rehearsals, was not to be expected, but the two Philharmonic concerts which he conducted were a complete vindication of the theory that the controlling will and the interpreting mind are the chief factors in successful orchestral rendering. To Mr. Colonne undoubtedly were due the fulness of tone; the exquisite rhythm; the logic of interpretation; the delicate nuances which characterized the Philharmonic's playing under his leadership.

EDWIN GRASSE, VIOLINIST

THAT Mr. Edwin Grasse, the young violinist, is blind had certainly to do with the triumph he achieved at his recent début in New York, as perhaps had also the fact that he is an American. Greater artists have delighted New York audiences and received no such ovation. Nevertheless Mr. Grasse's performance showed great musical intelligence and considerable emotional quality. The next few years will undoubtedly add that breadth and dignity which it now lacks. Mr. Grasse is only nineteen. He has been blind from his birth. Six years ago he made up his mind that, notwithstanding the handicap nature had imposed on him, he would become a great violinist. He went to Brussels and studied under César Thomson. Aiding him to overcome his deficiencies is a tone-sense so perfect, and a musical memory so retentive, that lack of sight has stood but little in the way of his acquiring a large repertory. Moreover, he has become an accomplished pianist and has always been the favorite accompanist of the little group of musicians among whom he has lived. The dauntless courage and pertinacity which have overcome the most serious of physical disabilities are plainly visible on this boy's face, which is somewhat drawn and set and over-old for its years.

THE RICH WAGNERS

IN the course of the "Parsifal" feud, obloquy has been cast on Herr Director Conried as the oppressor of an unfortunate widow, and much sympathy has been felt for the reduced circumstances in which the American production of the opera will leave Frau Wagner. In view of these facts, some details as to Frau Wagner's income may prove not uninteresting.

In 1902 the Wagner family received anywhere from between $58,000 to $115,000 in royalties from the performances of Wagner's operas in Germany during that year. The Bayreuth profits average another $50,000 a year. Since 1891 Frau Wagner has received $20,000 a year in royalties from the Paris grand opera. Many others of the 300 annual performances of the operas given outside of Germany yield royalties, so that a very conservative estimate puts the Wagner family in possession of an income of $120,000. It has yet to be shown that the Bayreuth festivals will suffer financially from Herr Conried's productions of "Parsifal," but even should that prove the case Frau Wagner would seem to be in no immediate danger of destitution.

PRIZE OPERA

THE Moody Manners prize of $1,250 went this year to Mr. McAlpin's "Cross and Crescent," but the opera did not prove a masterpiece, or unmask a future genius. These prize competitions seldom bring very notable results, Mascagni being almost the only famous composer who has been "discovered" in that way. As a rule, the great do not compete, and to be less than great in musical composition is practically to be nothing. And even if music of a certain originality is unearthed, the librettos are usually so hopelessly poor and weak that the score cannot surmount them.

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Inside Facts About Authors

By CAROLYN WELLS

FOR how much did Eugene Sue?
For what he let George Borrow.

But wasn't he Owen Wister?
Yes, but so did Harriet Martineau.

When did George Ade?
When he found Clement Shorter.

Why did Mary Abigail Dodge?
Because she thought she saw Elmore Elliott Peake.

Why didn't Charles Dudley Warner?
Because he was watching Josephine Dodge Daskam.

Why did Josephine Dodge Daskam?
Because she had George Wither.

Why did Charles Lever?
Because he didn't wish to see Samuel Lover.

What made Victoria Crosse?
Because Albert Herter.

What made Winston Churchill?
Because he let Eliza Cook.

Why couldn't Joseph Cook?
He didn't ask Julia Ward Howe.

Why was Madeleine Lucette Ryley?
Because Elizabeth Custer.

What made Oscar Wilde?
To see George Madden Martin.

Why is it William Dean Howells?
Because he saw John Boyle O'Reilly.

What gave Albert Bigelow Paine?
To see Grace Duffie Boylan.

What made Maxwell Gray?
Because he saw Jesse Lynch Williams.

How do you know Mrs. Campbell Praed?
Because Johann Herder.

Whom will Mrs. Humphry Ward?
Hamilton Wright Mabie.

What did William Ware?
John Godfrey Saxe and Edward Noyes Westcott.

Why was Irving Bacheller?
Because he couldn't Marie Corelli.

When was John Gay?
When he saw Henry Blake Fuller.

When did Anthony Hope?
When he saw Robert Treat Paine.

When did Susan Marr Spalding?
When she saw Julia Dent Grant.

What is it William Hazlitt?
The Henry Francis Lyte.

Is that the kind Robert Burns?
Yes, and I saw Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

Why doesn't Clara Louise Burnham?
She and Molly Elliott Seawell enough without.

Where did Henry Cabot Lodge?
On A. Quiller Couch.

When did James Berry Bensel?
After he had William Hearst.

Where was Charles Buxton Going?
To see where had Curtis Hidden Page.

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THE MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA

With "Everybody's" Publishers

LOOKING out from EVERYBODY'S windows we wish you, and most heartily, the same old, old wish: A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

How many times you will hear the wish and make it, too, during the Christmas season! For the next two weeks the Christmas spirit will breathe upon the business world. Hard-headed business men will reveal an unexpected capacity for generous kindness. All the world will go into the business of giving. Here's a strange thing: the more happiness we give, the more we have. That's true the year round.

OUR WISH FOR YOU

Last Christmas we had reason to be very happy. We had fine positions at big pay, considerate employers and royal fellow-workers. We left some of our hearts on the gate-posts when we came away. At this season particularly we think of the old associates and wish them the Merriest Christmas and Happiest of New Years.

This is the best Christmas we have ever known. After years of effort we are fairly started and with inviting prospects. We have health. And friends. And hopes. Our cup runs over. Is it any wonder our thought turns to you gratefully, since you have brought this all about for us? Your interest may we say your friendship?- has established us. Surely, then, we have a right to wish for you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We wish that we might reciprocate your great kindness. In so far as a good magazine will do it, we will try.

"EVERYBODY'S" POINT OF VIEW

When you have the opportunity you must see this view from EVERYBODY'S windows, for it is a magnificent sight. With Union Square beneath; Tiffany's famous store to the right; Broadway winding around directly in front. And, in the distance, Brooklyn Bridge and the Liberty Statue—clear and distinct—although nearly three miles away as the crow flies.

In all our previous years of work we never had such an outlook: perhaps our "point of view" has been broadened by being 'way up in the sky and being able to see so much.

We wish you could see this view—on a clear day or when a storm comes up—or in the evening as the sun goes down.

And at night—with the lighted buildings, the electric lights and signs, the moving street-cars and carriages—and 'way beyond, the torch upon the Statue of Liberty, with its enormous candle-power, seeming to be but the smallest atom of light!

REASONS "WHY"

On the November cover-page we asked the question, "Why has EVERYBODY'S MAG-

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FROM "EVERYBODY'S" WINDOWS

AZINE increased 100,000 circulation in four months, reaching monthly an edition of a quarter of a million copies?" We said, too, that $100 would be given for the best ten answers. Well, the letters have just poured in upon us, and some of our friends sent ten answers, instead of one. Did you ever act as a judge in any contest? Suppose you were called upon to select the ten best-looking babies at a baby-show, and there were a thousand babies, and all the thousand mothers were friends of yours. You know the difficulty you would have.

We have gone over the thousand and more letters, and we called in the services of an expert judge to help us, and the prize-winners are as follows:

Cark Boseek, Sheboygan, Wis.
E. A. Congdon, Room 609, Atwood Building, Chicago.
Will H. Evans, Phœnix Ins. Co., Bonham, Texas.
Julia H. Finch, Birmingham, Ala.
H. K. Johnson, 1229 North Halstead St., Chicago, Ill.
John K. Le Baron, 7 East 42d St., New York.
J. F. Montague, Carthage, N. C.
Harlan C. Pierson, 37 South Spring St., Concord, N. H.
W. L. Sawyer, 36 Claremont Park, Boston, Mass.
H. C. Wiseman, Springfield, Ohio.

We have put the names alphabetically, and we have sent the prizes. The names and places were not considered in the judging, and it is somewhat of a surprise to find that the winners are so widely distributed, Illinois being the only State having two successful contestants. One bank president wrote us that his interest in the magazine prompted the reply, and if his letter were judged to be one of the winners, he should use the money in giving ten subscriptions to friends.

To the bank president and to the many friends who have written us and whose names are not in the list of winners, we extend our appreciative thanks.

To give you an idea of the many bright thoughts that have been expressed by our readers, we give below just a few reasons in answer to the question "Why?"

"Because it contains more meat and less bone than any $1 package of literary food offered to the public."

"It's a voice, not an echo; a leader, not a follower."

"Each individual copy is a mute subscription agent whose silent, convincing arguments can seldom fail to add another 'constant reader.'"

"Because it is edited in the present tense for living men and women, has a policy and a conscience, is entirely readable, and leaves the purchaser with the pleasant feeling that he got a bargain."

"EVERYBODY'S can go into anybody's home, and leave no blot on the hearth or bad taste in the mouth. Its notable stand to absolutely refuse any and all unreliable advertising."

"The push behind, and in front, and all about, that gives a good, clean, wholesome magazine for a big, round dollar a year."

"There are only so many magazines published. They are of differing degrees of excellence and of cost. A quarter of a million people have proven again the buy-

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> ing shrewdness of the American public by selecting the 'Magazine that gives the most and asks the least.'"

Some of the above quotations were from letters which were not prize-winners; one was written by the editor of a very prominent magazine.

ROASTED THE CORN

We have had many letters about the turkey and the ears of corn upon the November cover-pages. Folks in the great Corn Belt criticised the corn. One of EVERYBODY'S friends in Illinois asked if it was Pop Corn. Below is from the *State Press*, Iowa City:

> "The publishers say a twelve-mile drive into Connecticut was necessary to find the models. No exception can be taken to the turkey, but the ears of corn are not those that have made Iowa prairie famous the world over and worth $100 an acre. It is that 'Yankee' 'flint,' '8-rowed,' or King Philip's corn—long, slender ears, grain as hard as wheat, famous for its meal qualities, but kine and swine would get thin in the effort to fatten on it. A red and a yellow ear are shown; as illustrations they are superb, but they aren't of the great American royal family."

We suspect that the editor of this well-known paper came originally from New Canaan, Conn.; otherwise he would not have recognized the corn with such unerring instinct.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS

So many of our readers have asked WHY the doll on our December cover appeared with closed eyes, courtesy compels an explanation, even if it is at our own expense.

It was care that did it. The same variety of care that killed the cat. Every young mother who has arrived at years of doll discretion, knows that a doll with eyes that open and shut is often tricky, and if roused too suddenly sometimes needs a smart shake to make her open her eyes.

Wishing to avoid a too violent agitation of the whole design, our enthusiastic and conscientious designer used a drop of glue to make the eyes stay open. This was done in a warm room and the glue apparently did not "set." Subsequent travel out of doors in a horizontal position did set the glue, but the doll's eyes were then hopelessly closed and the glue was doing all that its makers claimed for it. We were unaware of these various tragedies until the finished color-proofs were laid on our desk too near the time of going to press to permit a correction.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

There is much to be said for the good old custom of stopping once a year to wipe out old scores and start a clean page with the New Year.

A friend strolled into our offices a couple of months ago and said: "Have you seen the imitation of your cover on the news-stands, or as near an imitation as could be made without the use of the human brain?" We confess we thought it rather shoddy of an old publishing house like Street & Smith to borrow our covers for their new magazine and then make a botch of them. We thought the imitation of our "With Everybody's Publishers" was even worse than the covers, but of course we are prejudiced. This borrowing business has become a sort of habit with Street & Smith. Some years ago they started *Ainslee's* as a ten-cent magazine and successively borrowed, but not successfully, the ideas of every successful ten-cent magazine. They were ready to give up when a new idea appeared in the shape of the *Smart Set*. Street & Smith borrowed it, hook, bob, and sinker. While the *Smart Set* was a Fiction Magazine of Cleverness, *Ainslee's* became a Magazine of Clever Fiction. Encouraged by their success in getting away with the *Smart Set* idea they looked around for more. Mr. Munsey's *Argosy* seemed to be thriving—why not borrow it? EVERYBODY'S covers and Publishers' talks seemed to be good circulation-makers—why not borrow them? And forthwith they did. It is fair to say that it would be impossible to start a magazine now without appearing to borrow some of the ideas of other publishers—ideas that possibly they themselves have borrowed. But when a man gets a new idea it would seem that he should be allowed to enjoy a monopoly of it for a few weeks at least.

Well, what suggested all this? Oh, yes, we are getting into a proper frame of mind for the New Year and in order to start with a clean page we are going to wish Street & Smith a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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